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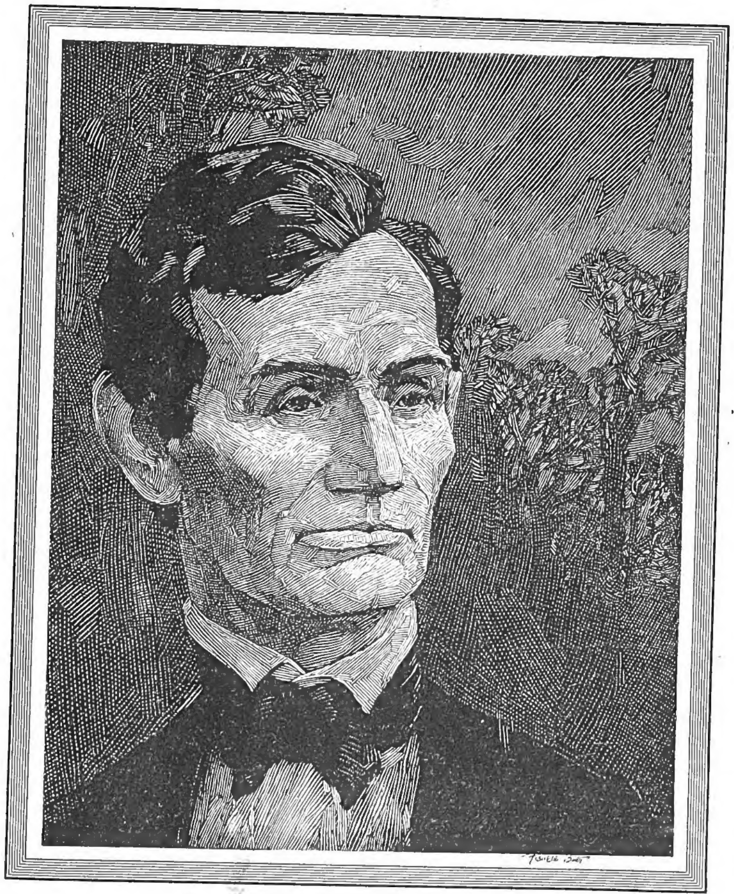
AT LAST - - - THE REAL LINCOLN



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"THE UNFATHOMED LINCOLN"

BEGINS IN PICTORIAL REVIEW FOR OCTOBER, OUT OCTOBER FIRST

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on the last page

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JUDGING BY HIS EXPRESSION, CARL SANDBURG MUST BE LISTENING TO SOME VERY PLEASANT SECRETS FROM HIS TWO DAUGHTERS

Photo by Steichen

Carl Sandburg—Poet of the Prairie

A Delightful Biographical Sketch of Lincoln's Most Understanding Interpreter

By HARRY HANSEN

IN THE early nineties of the last century, when Carl Sandburg, the poet, was about fifteen years old, he might have been seen most any morning trudging through the streets of Galesburg, Ill., delivering milk. He was a tall, lean lad then, with a strong jaw and a mop of hair and hands calloused from much hard labor. In the dawn his route took him past historic Knox College, and to shorten his task he would cut across the campus and walk by the buildings.

One of these bore two bronze tablets. They told that on October 7, 1858, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas had met at this spot for the fifth joint debate in the famous Senatorial contest that brought Lincoln before the nation as the spokesman against slavery. The lad would often stop before these tablets, read the lines that spoke of freedom, and ponder over their meaning.

Often he tried to reconstruct the scene: the platform of rough boards draped with flags, the farmers from miles around with their families packed into the old "democrat" wagons, the glib, polished "Little Giant," and the plain, slow-spoken "Honest Abe." It was easy to bring back the past in the morning half-light, with the houses still shuttered, the grounds empty of students, and an expectant hush under the ancient trees.

Over thirty years have passed since then; the lad who rustled milk-cans in Galesburg has wielded scythe and hammer, has painted barns, washed dishes, tramped across the farmlands of the Middle West, and worn the soldier's khaki—and built a career as a poet and a singer of folklore. He is still tall and gaunt, but his mop of hair is mostly gray and his eyes are deep and brooding and filled with what they have seen. And viewed solely as a poet, he has gone far enough for Carl van Doren to call him "a genius, not an average man."

To-day, at forty-seven, he comes forward as the biographer of Abraham Lincoln, whose career first touched his life when he read his name on the bronze tablets of Knox College. Not one line of biography has come from him in these thirty-odd years, and yet it is obvious that he has lived Lincoln's career over with him, has found him on the farms and in the cities, and touched the deep humanity which makes Lincoln a living personality in our own time.

YET Lincoln, the man, lived in another century, and when we recall that the centenary of his birth was observed in 1909, we are likely to consider ourselves remote from his day. Even so men are still living who knew Lincoln with varying degrees of intimacy, and a whole generation can tell of legends repeated often enough by fathers and grandfathers.

Moreover, when Carl Sandburg was born in Galesburg, Ill., in 1878, Lincoln had been "sleeping, sleeping on the hill," only thirteen years, and in Sandburg's youth Galesburg recalled him not as a fantastic demigod, but a plain-spoken politician who had a lot of horse-sense.

If you examine a map of Illinois, particularly the northern half, you will find Galesburg in the west, about thirty miles east of the Mississippi river. Proceed due south for sixty miles and you reach the point where the historic Sangamon flows into the Illinois. This is the heart of the Lincoln country, and within a radius of fifty miles nearly every town and hamlet in Sangamon, Menard, Cass, and Macon counties recalls some association with Abraham Lincoln.

It was in Macon county that Lincoln left his father's farm in 1831, and floated down the Sangamon to Springfield in a canoe to meet Denton Offut—Springfield, the city that was to know him again as lawyer, Assemblyman, Congressman, candidate for Senator, and eventually President. Eight miles below Springfield on the Sangamon lay Sangamon town, now a memory, where Lincoln built the flatboat that was to carry him to New Orleans, twelve miles beyond was New Salem, where the flatboat stuck on the mill-dam, and where Lincoln became clerk and storeowner and the lover of Ann Rutledge.

In Sangamon and Menard counties Lincoln carried his surveyor's instruments and measured the land; at Beardstown, just below the confluence of the Sangamon and the Illinois, he met with his company for the Black Hawk war of 1832, and down these waters he traveled on that voyage to New Orleans, where he beheld slaves sold on the auction-block for the first time.

Roundabout, in a widening circle, are cities bound up with his fortunes: Decatur, near the Lincoln farm, where the Republican State Convention of 1860 indorsed Lincoln for President; Bloomington, where the Republican party of Illinois was organized in 1856; Charleston, where the fourth debate with Stephen A. Douglas took place; Vandalia, where Lincoln sat as an Assemblyman before the State capital was moved to Springfield.

In all these towns Lincoln spoke at one time or another in the campaigns that engaged his attention, and it was at Galesburg, during the fifth debate, that Douglas flung at Lincoln the charge that he was a liquor-dealer, to which Lincoln later replied that if, during his short period at New Salem, he had sold liquors in his general store, he was to be found behind the bar, whereas Douglas was in front of it.

Galesburg was within the orbit of the Lincoln tradition; it lay among the fertile farmlands of which Carl Sandburg was to sing later: "I was born on the prairie, and the milk of its wheat, the red of its clover, the eyes of its women, gave me a song and a slogan." Affectionately he described its potential powers: "I am the prairie, mother of men, waiting."

To Carl Sandburg, the lad, Lincoln was far from being a remote legend. When men and women who were growing gray gathered in Galesburg there was much talk about the country lawyer and the prairie politician who got elected President on a fluke and carried his country through the tempestuous period of war and hard times. At intervals the Galesburg *Republican-Register* printed a filler of gossip about Lincoln, touching on his law cases, his amusing stories, his political astuteness.

Carl Sandburg read these columns and remembered them. He heard the tales about Henry Sanderson, Mayor of Galesburg in 1858, the only man known to have seen Lincoln stripped, and who was able therefore to boast of him as "the strongest-looking man I ever saw." It was at Sanderson's house that Lincoln awkwardly received a group of college girls who came to give him a banner and later remarked to his host: "A woman is the only thing I am afraid of that I know can't hurt me." Here also lived Clark E. Carr, who knew Lincoln when a lad, and in later years wrote "The Illini"; and Carl Sandburg treasured the remark that Bill Green, who clerked with Lincoln, once made to Carr: "He can make a cat laugh."

Thus the conception of Lincoln that Sandburg nourished was that of a plain man possessing many human qualities, a practical man, and a commoner. Gradually his own experience brought him closer to the mood of the man and gave him a sympathetic understanding of his subject that is rare in biographical writing.

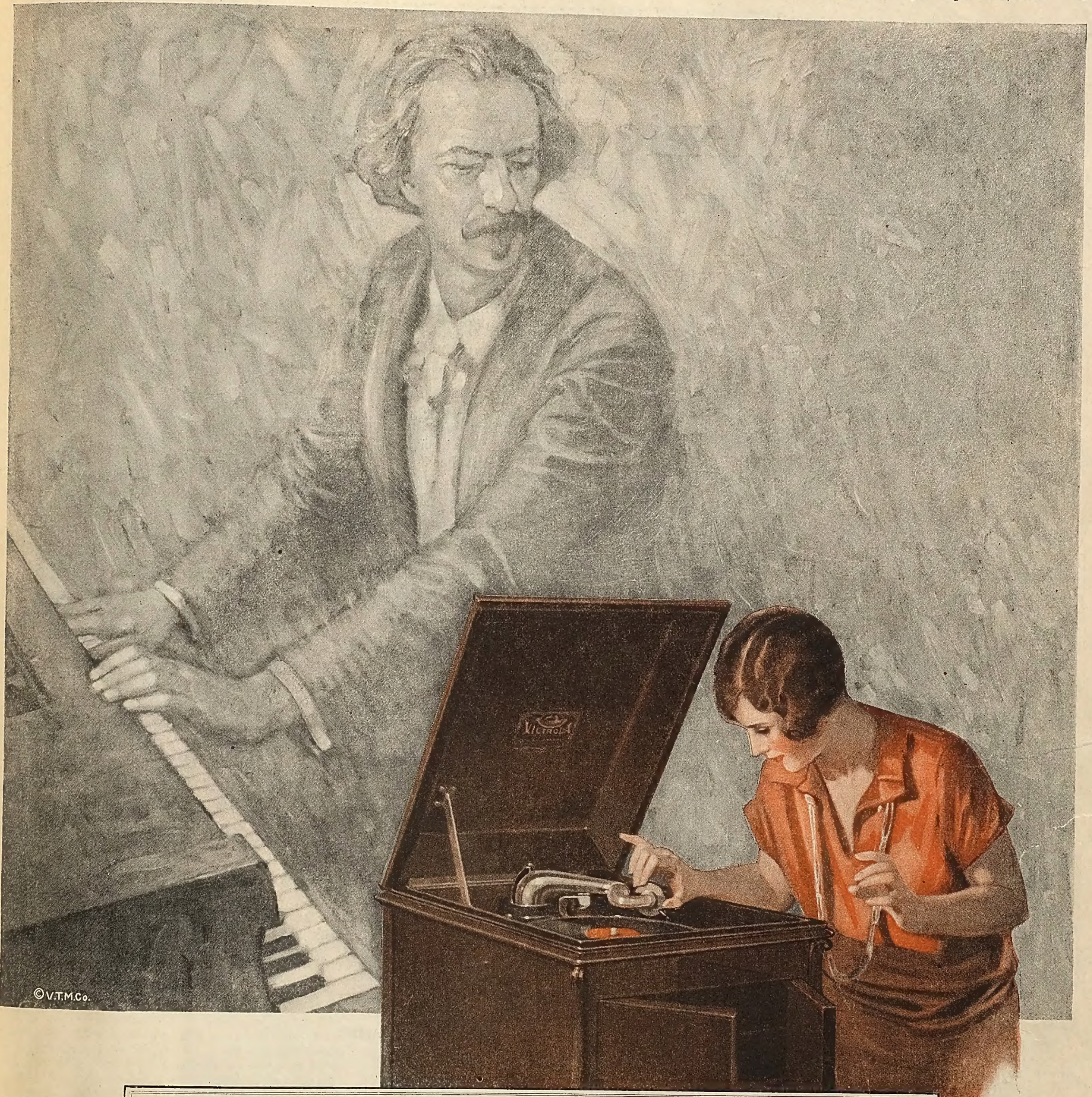
ONE can not help remarking the strange parallel experiences in the lives of Lincoln and Carl Sandburg. Sandburg, the son of a hard-working railway blacksmith, found the family need crowding out his chance for a schooling. He tackled the tasks at hand, carrying milk, blacking boots, doing whatever was offered, and read when he could.

Lincoln's mother could not write her name, neither could Sandburg's father, and just as Abraham Lincoln as a boy in Indiana wrote letters for his mother and the neighbors, so Carl Sandburg, through many a Winter night, wrote letters for his father and the neighbors in Galesburg.

Abraham Lincoln was twenty-three when the Black Hawk war broke out and he joined the army at Beardstown; at twenty Carl Sandburg enlisted for the Spanish-American war—"and they were very similar picnics," he remarked once. He might have said that he saw as few Spaniards in Porto Rico as Lincoln did Indians in the Middle West, and added the explanation that Lincoln made in his attack on General Cass in 1848: "but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes."

Sandburg emerged from the war as "high private in the rear ranks," but this did not affect his nomination for a cadetship at West Point, which, however, he was not to enjoy. From then on Carl Sandburg began to mix with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



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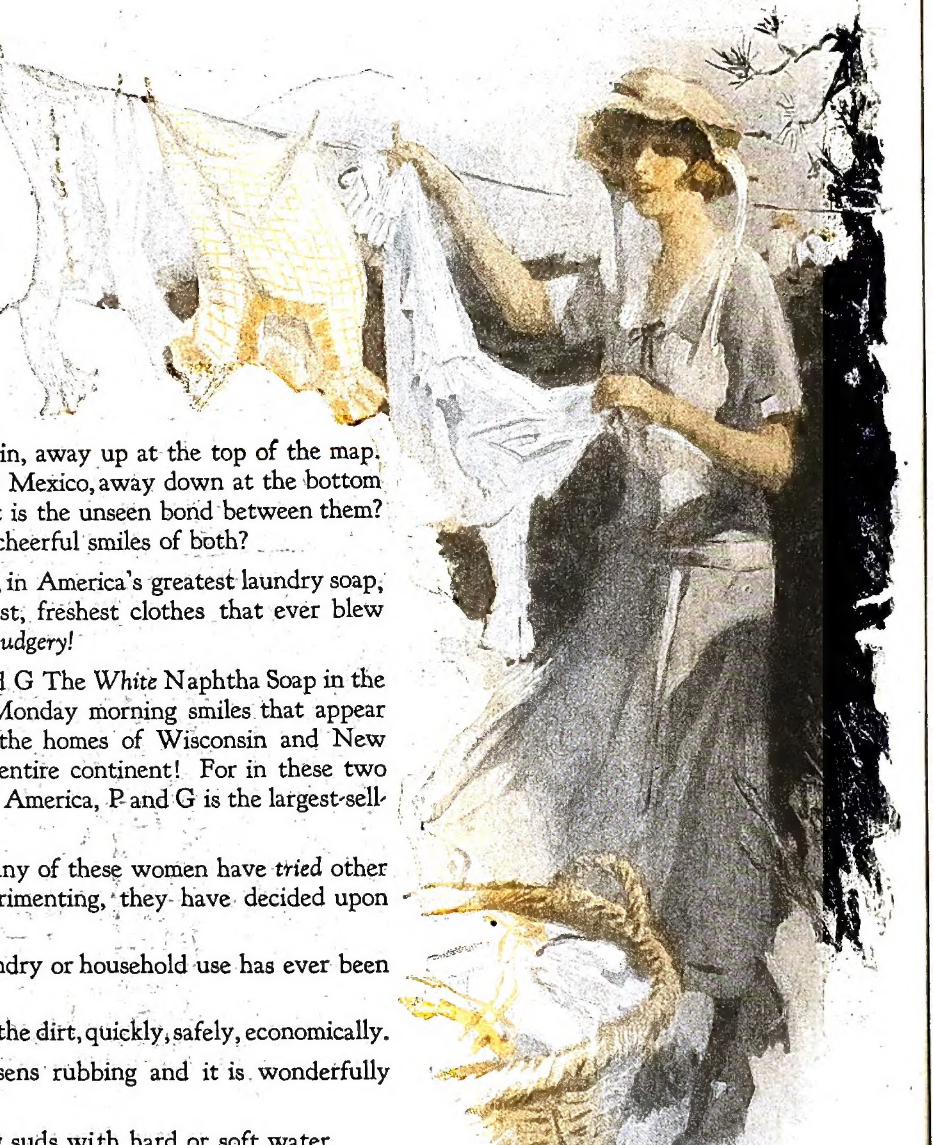
Wisconsin *says* *to* New Mexico

"I'm glad you agree, too."



THERE'S Wisconsin, away up at the top of the map. And there's New Mexico, away down at the bottom of the map. What is the unseen bond between them? What accounts for the cheerful smiles of both?

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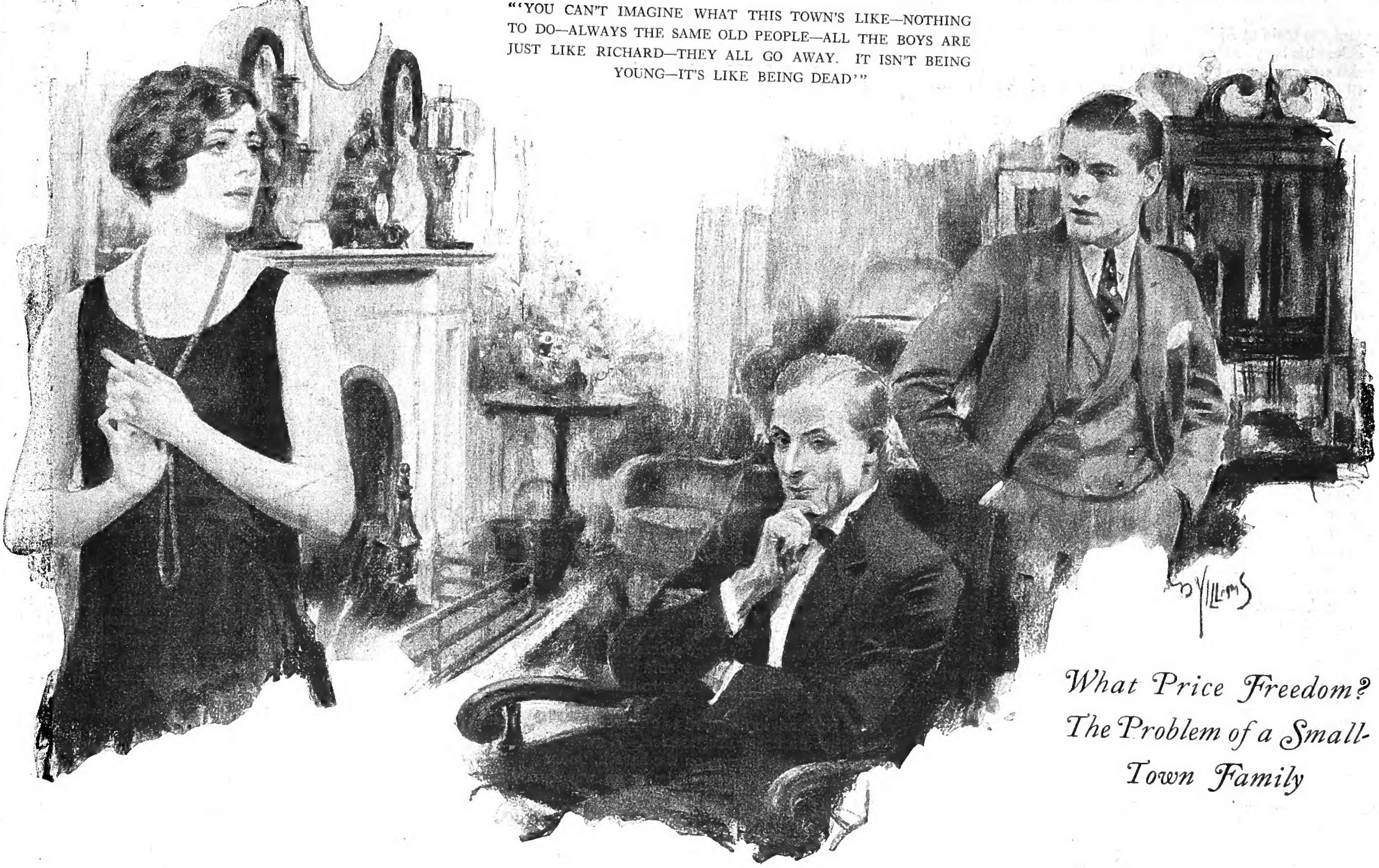
THE LARGEST-SELLING LAUNDRY SOAP IN AMERICA



"'YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THIS TOWN'S LIKE—NOTHING TO DO—ALWAYS THE SAME OLD PEOPLE—ALL THE BOYS ARE JUST LIKE RICHARD—THEY ALL GO AWAY. IT ISN'T BEING YOUNG—IT'S LIKE BEING DEAD'"

What Price Freedom? The Problem of a Small-Town Family

The Great City

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

DR. HOLLAND was amused to find that his guest had really annoyed him. She had, as a matter of fact, done almost everything which from a New-Yorker's point of view is undesirable. In the first place she had been an hour late—irritating to a busy practitioner obliged to take an afternoon train out of town. Then instead of apologizing she had scolded the Hollands for the condition of New York traffic.

"It took me," she said, "almost half an hour to get here from Thirty-third Street." The Hollands exchanged a glance, for it was obvious Lilian must have left her hotel already half an hour late. Then she had entered exclaiming, "I hope I haven't missed cocktails." The Hollands never had cocktails, and certainly would not have had them for lunch. Jessie could not help saying, "You know, Lilian, you wouldn't dream of taking a cocktail at home."

Their visitor was not a bit ashamed, and answered, "Oh, no, of course not, but in New York——"

That was the keynote—New York, the prices, the crowds, the cabarets, the violation of law, the indecency of the theaters—Jessie and the doctor grew weary of saying, "I never go to such places—I haven't seen it—I never heard of her—I don't get my clothes at those notorious robbers——"

Lilian evidently regarded them as entirely beneath her in luxury and fashion and in knowledge of the world. It was annoying to find that she regarded herself as their superior in all the domestic virtues as well.

She was leaving town soon after luncheon, and Jessie said to her, with a trace of irony in her tone, "I suppose you're crazy to get away from it all and go home."

"Oh, yes," said Lilian, looking at her new hat in the mirror with the intensity of a hunting-dog pointing game. "Oh, yes, indeed. Do you like this hat? Not expensive—only fifty-five dollars."

"I never paid more than twenty-five for a hat in my life," said Jessie.

"Oh, my dear, nonsense! Where can you get them for that price in New York?" But the question was purely rhetorical, for, like Pontius Pilate, she did not stay for an answer, but returned to the original thesis.

"Yes, indeed, I'm crazy to get back to Charlie and the children— I *did* try to change my reservations until to-morrow and see that new show, 'Classic Crime'—they say it's almost certain to be raided, and that would be a story to take home, wouldn't it? but I couldn't change, and so— Oh, yes, I long to get home. I see so much of my children—I'm not like you New York women who just have their children brought in to say good morning and good night. Mine lunch with me every day of their lives. I can't imagine bringing children up in New York—poor little pasty things! But then, of course my idea of a home is a big house and open fires——"

It was a triumph of self-control that they allowed her to sink from their view in the elevator without telling her that the only reason why the three Holland children had not lunched with their parents that day was because the guest had been so late.

As soon as she had gone the exiled children came rushing in to say good-by to their father—handsome young creatures of the best pink-and-gold variety—two boys and a girl ranging from twelve to six.

"Good-by, sir," said the elder boy, getting a certain sense of dignity out of this new form of address. He was off to the school football-field.

"By, Pops," said the second boy, very easy and casual, because he was obliged to go back to school and do a task, and he hoped his father would get away without knowing it.

"Bring back lots of bread and butter," said the girl, springing straight at his neck, and burying his nose in the dry, fluffy smell of her hair. She knew, of course, that he did not bring back bread and butter, and even in the long-ago days when she did believe it she had always considered bread and butter a paltry reward for his labors; but she used the expression as a friendly convention. She was about to go to the park for the afternoon, where she was exercising her will-to-power by gradually becoming the leader of a group of well-dressed ruffians of her own age who met daily in the mall.

When they had gone Jessie went and packed her husband's bag. They had been desperately poor when they were first married—he was just back from studying abroad—and in those days she had done everything for him—cooked and dusted and taken his notes and answered his telephone. Now she still packed his bag for no other reason than that she liked to do it.

He stood a moment at his window with some ties in his hand. He allowed himself to think that his native city was beautiful. The apartment was on the fifteenth floor, and it was four o'clock of a Winter afternoon. He looked south over the snow and the evergreens of Park Avenue, through blue shadows and the pink light, to the general murkiness obscuring the Grand Central Station at the end of the view. It was all very quiet and peaceful, except for Jessie, who, as she packed, was expressing her opinion of the conduct of out-of-town people in New York.

USUALLY Holland was more interested in observing the reactions of living organisms to the stimuli of their environment than in criticism of them; but Lilian having irritated him he approached the subject more as a human being and less as a scientist.

"Yes," he said, "it's for the out-of-town people that most of these joints are run. We see a lot of them in the hospitals. Not only naughty boys and wayward girls, not only lonely business men, but respectable married women—they all use New York—they check their moral principles outside. If there were only New-Yorkers in town it would be quiet enough. You don't know, Jessie—" And he launched into those medical experiences of which every doctor's life is so rich.

Jessie drove to the station with him, gave him an unembarrassed hug at the gate of the train, and went home feeling forlorn, altho he was to be back for breakfast in the morning.

He was attending a medical dinner that night in Alderney, reading a paper, and taking a midnight train home—not an attractive prospect. He always thought when he was asked to do such things that he must accept because it was a good mental discipline for a practising physician to get his ideas clearly down on paper; but when the time came he always bitterly regretted the loss of time. Besides, he hated to go away from his own home, in which he was able to spend so few hours as it was.

"I'll never do this again," he said to himself as he got out of the train at Alderney. He went into the station and checked his bag, so that he could pick it up easily in a few hours when he came back to take the midnight train. "So futile," he thought, "just to make a Roman holiday for a lot of old docs."

Sometimes he enjoyed these evenings, sometimes he found something stimulating in the informal discussion, or in just seeing men who were doing a new piece of investigation; but this evening he had bad luck. The two men he sat between were interested in some matter of local medical politics, and all through dinner they talked about it across Holland. It seemed very trivial to Holland, as other people's political complications always do.

Then Dr. Eldon, who introduced him, did it badly, being both too laudatory and too long. Holland thought, "He must be unusually boring to bore even me while he's talking about me." He had time to speculate as to what it was that made one man a bore, and another, saying exactly the same words, interesting. Eldon was a worthy, good fellow and no fool in his profession, and yet one simply could not keep one's mind on what he said. Holland had known him years before when they were both studying in Munich. He had quite an affection for Eldon.

His own paper he hurried through as a sort of protest against Eldon's prolonged introduction, and sat down thinking it certainly had not been worth while to come so far and give up an evening at home with Jessie and the children. He felt almost homesick as he thought of them.

When it was all over, he saw, glancing at his watch, that it was not yet eleven o'clock. He decided to go straight to the station and get on board his train at once and go to sleep; but Dr. Eldon would not hear of it. He had the sort of hospitality which seems almost relentless to the dweller in a great city.

"No, no, my dear fellow," he said, taking hold of Holland's arm. "It's all arranged. You must come home with me and meet my wife. She'll have a bite of supper for you, and I've kept the children up especially to see you."

THERE was nothing to be done but to yield. "Yes," Eldon went on, "I think you may be interested to see an old-fashioned home—I find the New York men usually are—Baker was up last month, and Edelstein—they had never seen anything like it. My house belonged to my wife's grandfather—old style, you know, open fires in every room, and mahogany doors, and Adam mantels—we've been offered great sums for some of the mantelpieces. Comfort, Holland, space—sunlight. I wouldn't exchange it. When I started practise I had an opportunity to go to New York. I've never regretted refusing it. You may say it's the desire to be a big frog in a small pond——"

"No doubt about your being a big frog, Eldon, but I'm not sure the pond's so small," said Holland civilly; but Eldon did not want to be interrupted even by compliments.

"I've brought my children up in a sane, healthy, simple atmosphere—not theaters and parties every night—no bootlegging—very few motors—no petting parties, I think you call them in New York—and this air, Holland, isn't this splendid, invigorating air after the damp smoke of New York?"

It was good air. Holland agreed to that, but it was bitterly cold. The two men stepped along briskly, with the collars of their overcoats turned up about their ears.

"How many children have you, Eldon?" Holland asked. Eldon had always bored him in that particular way that made it impossible for him to initiate any conversational ideas of his own. The only thing to do was just to keep Eldon going—not a difficult feat.

"Two—I have two," said Eldon, "Richard, who goes to college next year, and Elizabeth, just seventeen. She is finishing school. You know, I suppose, that we have here one of the most remarkable girls' schools in the country." A description of the school, its ideals, its distinguished graduates, its founding, and its methods occupied him until they reached his house. "Here we are," he said, throwing back his coat to get at his keys.

Holland could most sincerely admire the exterior. It was a low, wide city house, built of red brick, with white-marble steps. The door was particularly beautiful, with delicate tracery on the side-lights and the fan above it.

Dr. Eldon rapped the silver-plated door-plate. "How long is it since you have seen a door-plate?" he said. "For, I suppose, like all New-Yorkers, you live in an apartment."

Holland confessed that he did. He thought that if any more of these out-of-towners mentioned open fires to him he would let them see how he felt, altho he knew it was unjust to be cross to Eldon—a most worthy and domestic man—on account of the follies of that flibbertigibbet Lilian—still it was silly to talk as if New-Yorkers were all like nomads and had never seen a home.

The hall was very broad, so that a wide staircase, mounting in a leisurely way to one landing and then to another, left plenty of room for large pieces of furniture, a marble-topped console, and a long sofa on which Eldon flung down his hat and coat, in order to usher his guest into the drawing-room.

Even Holland, in no mood to admire if he could possibly refrain, gave a hasty exclamation. A great fire of cannel coal and logs was blazing on the hearth, under a beautiful gray-marble mantelpiece. The room was lit by lamps with dripping crystal lusters, and all the furniture was good—eighteenth-century English and American pieces. The doors were of mahogany inlaid with curled maple, and framed in white pilasters, decorated with acanthus capitals.

"There's something in it, after all," Holland said to himself. He thought of Jessie and himself in such surroundings. For the first time in his life he saw why it was that people live somewhere else than in New York. He thought of the approach to his own place of residence—the jam of cars and trucks, the New York Central trains shaking the foundations, the doorman, the elevators——

Eldon's son and daughter were already in the room when the two doctors entered, and tho they rose civilly, and turned welcoming faces to the door, Holland saw that they were still continuing a discussion which must have been fairly acrimonious, for he caught a phrase or two—"other girls have"—"well, you know what *I* think." Their father was utterly unconscious of any tenseness—unconscious, Holland thought, as he always had been that people had been living a moment before or would be living a moment after he happened to touch their lives—that was Eldon.

"Where's your mother, children?" he said. "Is supper ready?"

"Yes, I think so," said the girl. "Mother was a little tired and has gone to bed."

"Gone to bed?" exclaimed Eldon. "She can't have gone to *bed*——"

"Please don't disturb her," put in Holland, who perfectly sympathized with her action. He longed to go quietly down to his train and go to bed himself.

"NO, no, no," said Eldon. "She hasn't gone to bed. It's ridiculous. She particularly wanted to meet you—she knew I wanted her to. She hasn't—" He left the room still talking.

"My father," said the son with a faint smile, "never having been tired in all his life, is incapable of understanding that any one else can be. My mother had a headache."

"Dr. Holland," said the girl, "will you tell me how I can get into the——"

"Oh, good Heavens!" exclaimed Richard with some violence. "After all I've said to you!"

"It made no effect on me—what you said," retorted the girl. "As if you weren't going away to college in the Autumn yourself."

"I have to go away to college."

"Not if you didn't want to."

They fell to arguing this point—he did not have to go away—he was not obliged to be an engineer—if he were a doctor he could study there and become father's assistant and spend the rest of his life in Alderney. Ah, there it was, he didn't want to live and die in Alderney—well, neither did she.

As they talked Holland observed the girl—she was very lovely, with a fierce, firm chin, a pale, smooth, oval face, and beautiful bronze-colored hair. She reminded him of some one. Who? Some one whose recollection stirred him a little—touched some emotional moment—and yet he could not remember who it was. The boy interested him much less—hardly at all—a solid, good, young Eldon, but the girl——

She turned to him with her extraordinary vitality. "Dr. Holland, how do I get into the medical school in New York? I want to be a doctor."

"You want to go to New York," said her brother.

"I want to work. Of course I know if I leave home I must support myself."

The boy now appealed to Holland. "It's my mother I think of," he said. "She hates being alone—to have Liz go off and leave her by herself—why, it will almost kill her."

"She'll have father," said Elizabeth, but her tone admitted this wasn't much.

"I can't understand your wanting to leave her. If I were a girl and didn't have my way to make—" the boy began, but she cut in:

"Oh, Dr. Holland, you can't imagine what Alderney's like—nothing to do—always the same old people—all the boys are just like Richard—they all go away—from the highest motives, of course, but they go. It isn't being young—it's like being dead."

"Well, mother's stood it for a great many years—stood it—she loves it. Mother loves Alderney."

Holland had both the professional man's repugnance to the idea of women entering his profession, and every man's belief that this repugnance was based on his consideration for woman's own best interests. He thought of the desperate competition, the physical strain of a doctor's life; he felt the spacious calm and safety of the house in which he found himself. He resolved to tell the girl that she was wrong—that her obvious young brother had the right of it, but as he began to speak the door opened, and Eldon came in with his wife.

"Here she is," he said in a tone not boastful, yet the tone of a man who is convinced you will think more of him when you have seen his wife. "Here she is. This is my old friend Holland, dear." He pushed her forward. She stood perfectly still and looked at

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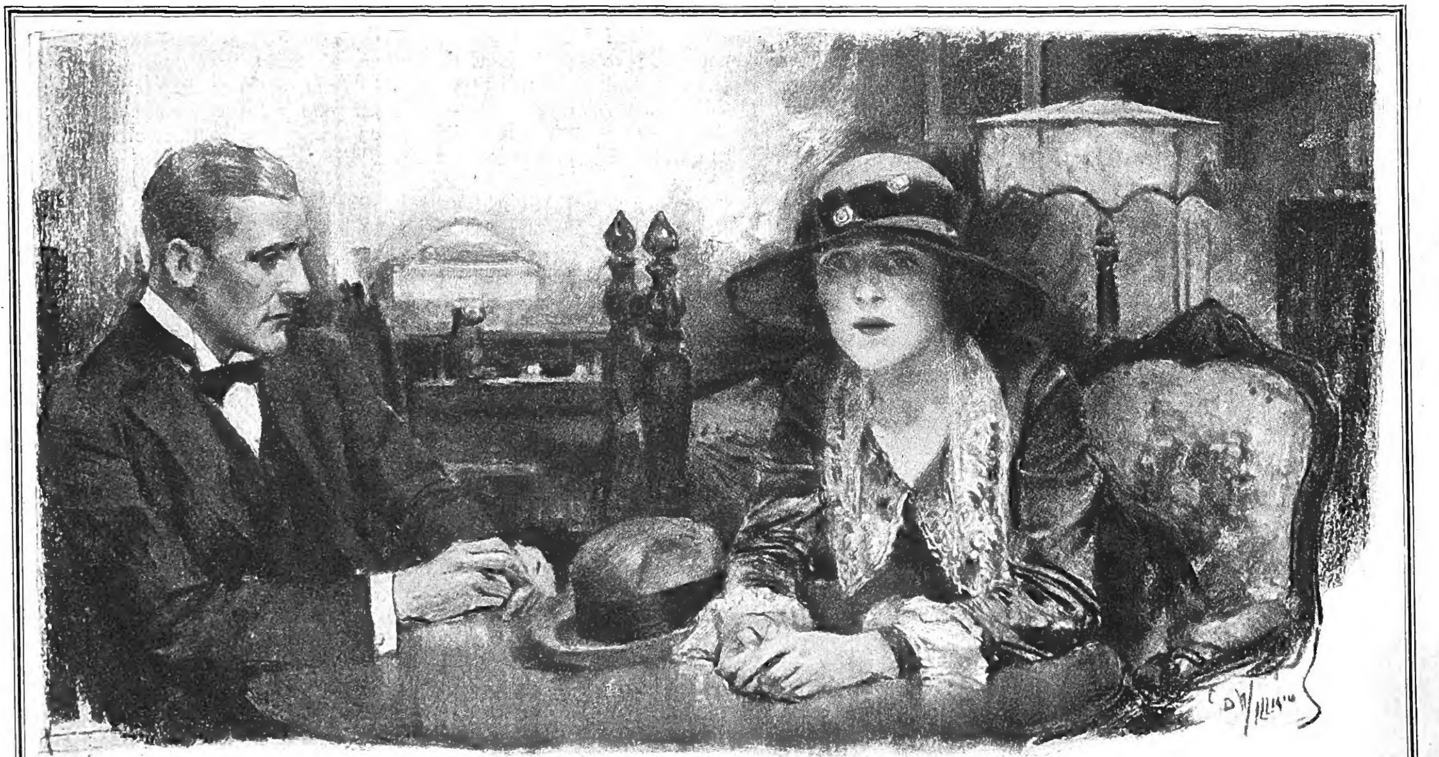


"'YOU SEE, IN A SMALL TOWN EVERY ONE KNOWS EVERYTHING. EVERY TIME HE CAME UP THE STEPS OF OUR HOUSE HE WAS SEEN AND TALKED ABOUT. A LITTLE COMPANIONSHIP—WE COULDN'T GIVE THAT UP, AND WE WERE AS MUCH PUNISHED FOR BEING FRIENDS AS IF WE HAD BEEN LOVERS'"

The Hand of Gladys Cockley

Accompanied by a Most Discerning Heart

By W. L. George

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

A HIGH wind blew this October night, shaking the roof of the old house, causing slates to leap and fall, a wind-vane to turn upon its axis, casting into the night what might be the voice of the ghost which the Stoford family possessed. As if some communication came from the darkness and the whirling wind, two men, who sat after dinner in the long dining-room, were silent, pulling quietly at cigars, from time to time raising to their lips a glass of port, after holding it to the light and savoring its aroma, as do men who are worthy of wine.

These two suggested resemblance and contrast, as do brothers. The elder, Sir Alastair Stoford, was unduly tall for his breadth, too thin, too delicately built about hand, ankle, and knee; fair to the point of sandiness, blue-eyed, and endowed with a slightly sulky, distinctly childish mouth; he was a pleasant enough man of thirty-five, and that was all. He was akin to the majority of the men whom one may see in the afternoon entering a good West End club, in West End clothes, to think West End thoughts. There was no vice in him.

His younger brother Stephen was at least three inches shorter, built more sturdily; tho he had the family sandy hair and the blue eyes, the mouth was more resolute, and now, as he watched his brother, his teeth gripping a cigar, he looked intent.

"It's all very well, Ally-Pally," he said, using a nickname naturally in a sporting family, "but it can't go on."

"But I've told you things aren't as bad as you make out," said Sir Alastair querulously. "I know I'm in a bit of a hole for the moment, but, hang it all, one's got to be optimistic. Something'll turn up."

"The last man I knew who was an optimist," said Stephen meditatively, "was hanged. And what turned up was his chin.' It's no use making any bones about it; you're losing a lot of money, and you're going to lose a lot more."

"That's all you know about it," said Sir Alastair.

"And you're going to lose a lot more," said Stephen mercilessly. "You've been fooling with timber, fooling with pigs, fooling with the home farm. Good Heavens, man, you can't expect the bank to let you have overdraft after overdraft. One of these days they'll cut up rusty. And do you know what'll happen then? It won't be only that the bank'll call in your loans, but it won't finance your mortgage. Then you'll have to get a second mortgage. You'll be mortgaging to get the money to pay the interest on the first mortgage—and five years later you'll be sold up."

"Seems to me, Stephen," said Sir Alastair loftily, "that if you know my business so much better than I do, and if you're so much more competent than I am, you'd better come and manage the bally place yourself."

"No, thanks. I've got my own business to look after. As for you, it's no use getting shirty. You've got to face the facts. And you are facing the facts, tho you won't own up. You know perfectly well that what the estate needs is more money. If you could get hold of forty thousand pounds, even thirty thousand, in hard cash, you know you could pay off the mortgages, pull in a bit here and a bit there, give Greenway a chance to put the farmhouses in repair, and after a while the estate would pull round."

"Yes," said Sir Alastair, tugging at his small, fair mustache. "Even thirty thousand pounds would be enough. Greenway says so. Only how the deuce am I to get hold of it?"

Stephen looked round the long dining-room, a very beautiful, quiet old room, painted white, sparingly decorated with George Morlands and a few color-prints by Wheatley. Jolly old place! He wished for a moment he had been the elder son and not had to become a stock-broker just to make a living. He loved the old place. Therefore it was up to him to prevent Alastair from fooling it away. It was not entailed, so there was no reason why, if he did not interfere, Alastair should not make a final, irremediable mess.

"What are you brooding over, you old owl?" said Alastair, on a fond note, the brothers being much attached to each other.

"I'm brooding over what I said to you last night. It can't go on. You've got to get married."

"My dear fool," said Sir Alastair, once again making a vain attempt to be dignified, "we've had all that out. Won't do. I'm not a marrying man. Never been married before; why should I get married now?"

"You've got to make a start in everything," said Stephen. "You may take to it. Anyhow, I don't know what else you're going to do. You want me to lend you five thousand pounds, and I haven't got half of it to spare. You've got to get married."

"Well," said Alastair, "supposing I did want to get married? How do you know I'd find a girl with thirty thousand pounds?"

"Leave that to me," said Stephen. "I'll fix it."

"Why, Steve, I thought you were a stock-broker. Taking up matrimonial agency as a side-line?"

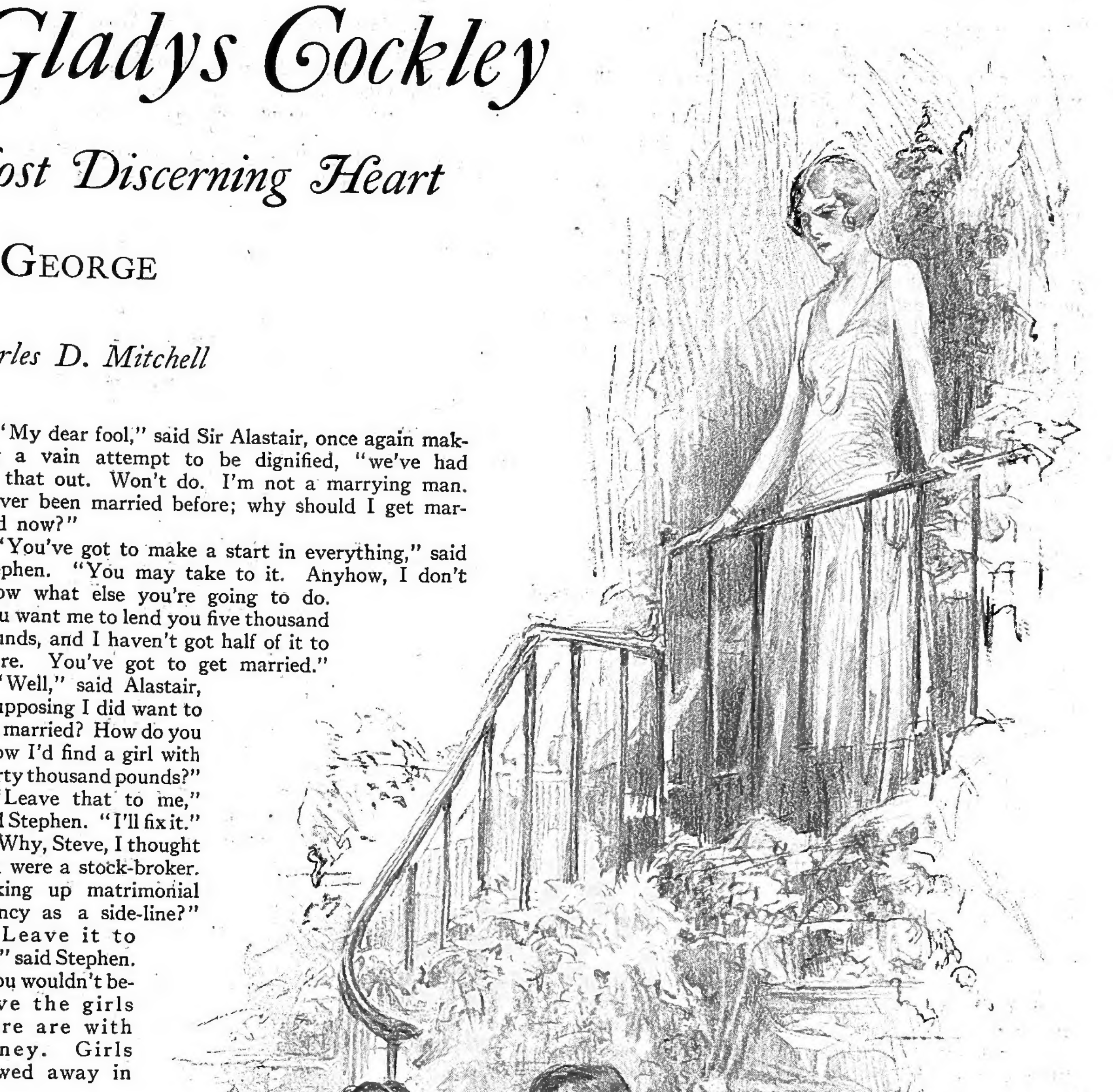
"Leave it to me," said Stephen. "You wouldn't believe the girls there are with money. Girls stowed away in places you've never been to; places I hope you never will have to go to—Birmingham, Sheffield, awful places. Those girls have got fathers without an aitch and money more than they know what to do with. Why, man, it's not thirty thousand pounds down they've got. I know of one who's got that a year. As for five thousand a year, well, my dear boy, you only have to bend down to pick it up."

"I don't see why they—" Alastair began.

"I do," said Stephen. "I've been living in London for ten years. I'm vulgar now. You silly idiot, don't you understand that you're a seventh baronet? The title isn't very old, I know, barely Queen Anne, but from the point of view of those girls in the north it's a good old crusted, moth-eaten, mildewed title. Say the word and I'll trot some out for you."

"What sort of girls?" asked Alastair.

"Well," said Stephen cautiously, "of course I don't promise you beauty chorus girls. No, I couldn't do that. Sometimes they're a bit heavy, bit on the broad lines, you know. Good, healthy, washerwoman stock, and look it. Some of them are getting a little long in the tooth, also. I used to know one of whom I can say that she was a girl, and that's about all I can say. But, you know, if you want your girl golden you mustn't be too particular.



"'I CAN'T STAND HIM ANY LONGER,' WHISPERED JANET. 'ALASTAIR, YOU MUST TAKE ME AWAY. LET'S BOLT ON TUESDAY'"

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Come up to town next week. I've got a man called Cockley coming up from Liverpool; he's bringing his only daughter with him. Quite a nice girl. All the money you want and not a bad girl at all."

"Oh, no, I can't come up to town," said Alastair in a sudden fit of timidity. "Oh, no, I can't do it, really."

"Why not?"

"I'm busy. There's the pigs, you know; I'm awfully keen on the pigs."

"Rats! Greenway will wash the pigs' faces."

"It's not only the pigs," cried Sir Alastair on a querulous note; "I've got to look after everything here, the timber and the home farm."

"Rats! man, I know what you're looking after."

Sir Alastair jumped up. "I don't know what you mean."

Stephen's face grew humorous. "You silly idiot. Don't you think I know all about it? It's no good; if she did run away with you she wouldn't have a penny. Braunton wouldn't give her anything."

"Stephen," said Sir Alastair solemnly, "Lady Janet Braunton's an old friend of mine, and I think it's a bit thick that you should start gossiping about her just because we're pals. And I won't discuss it any more. I sha'n't get married. And I won't go to town. Hang it all, I won't be insulted in my own house. Have some more port and shut up."

Stephen accepted a glass of port and shut up, for he knew his brother. Alastair could be wheedled and deceived, but if one tried to push him too hard he became wedged.

THE hounds found just beyond Selwyn Hanger, and the hunt straggled across the easiest country in Farnshire, low hedges, and plenty of gates for those who did not like even the low hedges. Sir Alastair, well mounted, his hat rammed down upon his eyebrows, his coat-tails flying behind him, was not thinking of his financial embarrassments, for as his mount galloped across the country, as the wind stung his cheek, he was given up entirely to the happiness of movement. Besides, by his side, upon a raw-looking, powerful bay, was a little woman with black hair, rosy cheeks, and blue eyes: a piquant little woman with a rounded figure, steady little hands, and in her eye the look which a damaged suitor had called, "Come on, dear, and then I'll hit you."

It was Lady Janet Braunton, daughter of a northern duke and wedded to Braunton, the local profiteer, who had bought ten miles away the place which the owner could no longer afford. He now inflamed the countryside with his little house-parties of forty, his Russian ballet and Italian opera performances, the companies being brought down complete from London. Under his roof it was always possible for a guest to say, "I don't like this imported car. Bring me another one."

She was a good rider, and for the last five minutes they had not spoken, their energies entirely occupied with the going, which was rather heavy, with the fences that had to be taken carefully because the take-off was rather soft. They were united, these two, by a long, affectionate acquaintance and by the community of physical effort. So they went on for another eight or nine minutes, both gaining ground. Indeed, at one moment they had a clear view of the huntsman's coat.

"Steady, old girl," said Sir Alastair; "you'll be among hounds in a minute."

Lady Janet laughed. "I wish I could be in at the death. Think of it! I'm twenty-eight and never had the brush."

Then they perceived a wavering before them, and slackened. The scent was broken by a stream, and as they trotted their horses toward it they saw the unforgettable gay scene which every one in England knows: the hounds scurrying about the banks of the stream, nuzzling with their muzzles in the soft turf, while one adventurer waded into the water, snuffing the cool air. It was half an hour before the scent was picked up again, for the fox was an old one and knew the game. He had waded into the stream, tolerating the water for nearly a hundred yards, landed on the opposite bank, and after a while doubled, taking to the stream again higher up. His subtlety saved him his life, for his tracks were confused. It was two hours before the pack found again.

"Alastair," said the Lady Janet during these uncertainties, "what's the matter, dear boy? Got the hump?"

"Nothing in particular," said Sir Alastair.

"Now, don't try to be clever with me. You aren't, and you never will be. What have you got on your mind?"

"Oh, same old thing," said the man wearily. "No money. It's costing a lot to plant the new plantation. Of course it'll bring in something by and by, but meanwhile I've been unlucky with the pigs. Caudle King is dead."

"Oh, Alastair," said Lady Janet, sympathetically laying her gauntleted hand on his arm. "I'm sorry. And you gave four hundred guineas for him."

"Best hog in the country," said Sir Alastair gloomily, "and four hundred guineas isn't so easily found."

"Do you know," said Lady Janet, "it's a little bit your fault. You take on too much. You ought to pull in. Don't go on with the plantation. Then you'll be able to collect a little ready cash——"

"Look here, Janet," said Sir Alastair, sticking out a slightly weak chin, "are you going to try and get at me like Stephen? I don't come to you to be told I'm doing the wrong thing. I know what I'm doing. But you're changing. You used to buck up a fellow, and now you're grousing. Might be my sister, the way you go on."

"Don't be silly," said Lady Janet rather irritably. "I'm sensible, and I want you to be sensible."

The reply came suddenly. "Oh, I know what's sensible. Stephen's right. I ought to get married. A girl with pots of money would put me right."

Lady Janet was silent for a moment, and so was the man. Both knew that something sad and inevitable had been said. All the same, Lady Janet had to speak, tho her upper lip trembled.

"Ally," she whispered, "you wouldn't do that, would you?"

"What'd you want me to do?" snarled Sir Alastair.

She looked about her. No one observed them, and they were alone, so she laid her hand for a moment upon his shoulder.

"Ally," she said, "I'm sorry you're worried. Poor old Ally. Rotten shame. But you know what it's meant, you and me, these four years; I'd have gone crazy if it hadn't been for you."

"What's the good of it?" said Sir Alastair. "I know what you feel; I feel the same. But we can't get married. Can't run to it. And we're not the sort who sneak into corners."

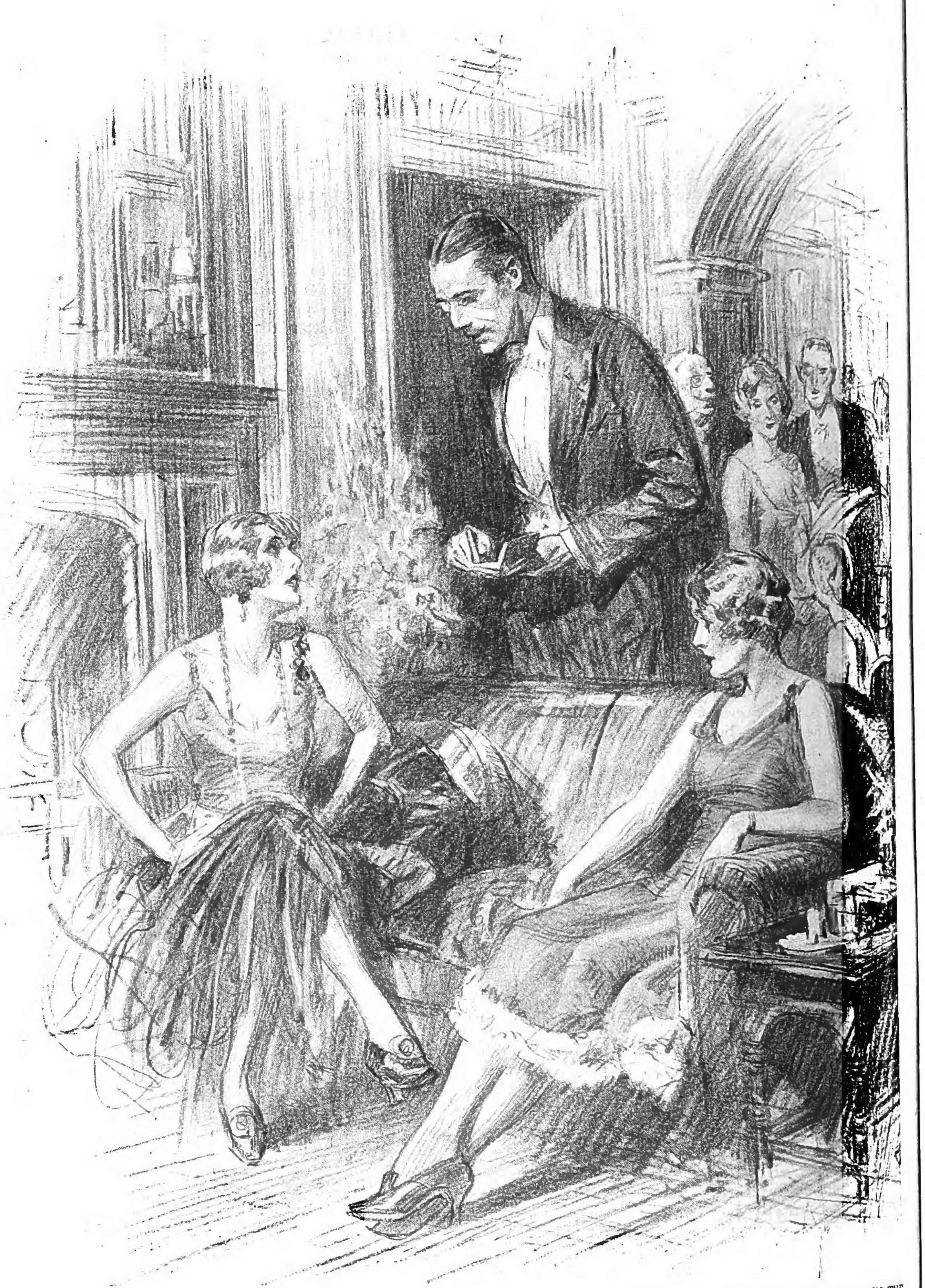
"No," said Lady Janet firmly, "we're not. We're straight. I suppose we're fools. Still, Ally, don't do it. Ally, I won't have it. I won't let you. I couldn't stand it. Not even if you didn't care for her. Couldn't. Ally, you sha'n't do it."

Her little hand gripped his shoulder viciously, and as if from her fingers strength poured into him, Sir Alastair said in a soft voice:

"All right. Sha'n't do it. Something'll turn up."

Silently they put their horses to a canter and went on.

The embarrassments of Sir Alastair Stoford were terrible indeed, and the fact that they were due to his own folly did not serve to pacify his mind. Mr. Greenway, the



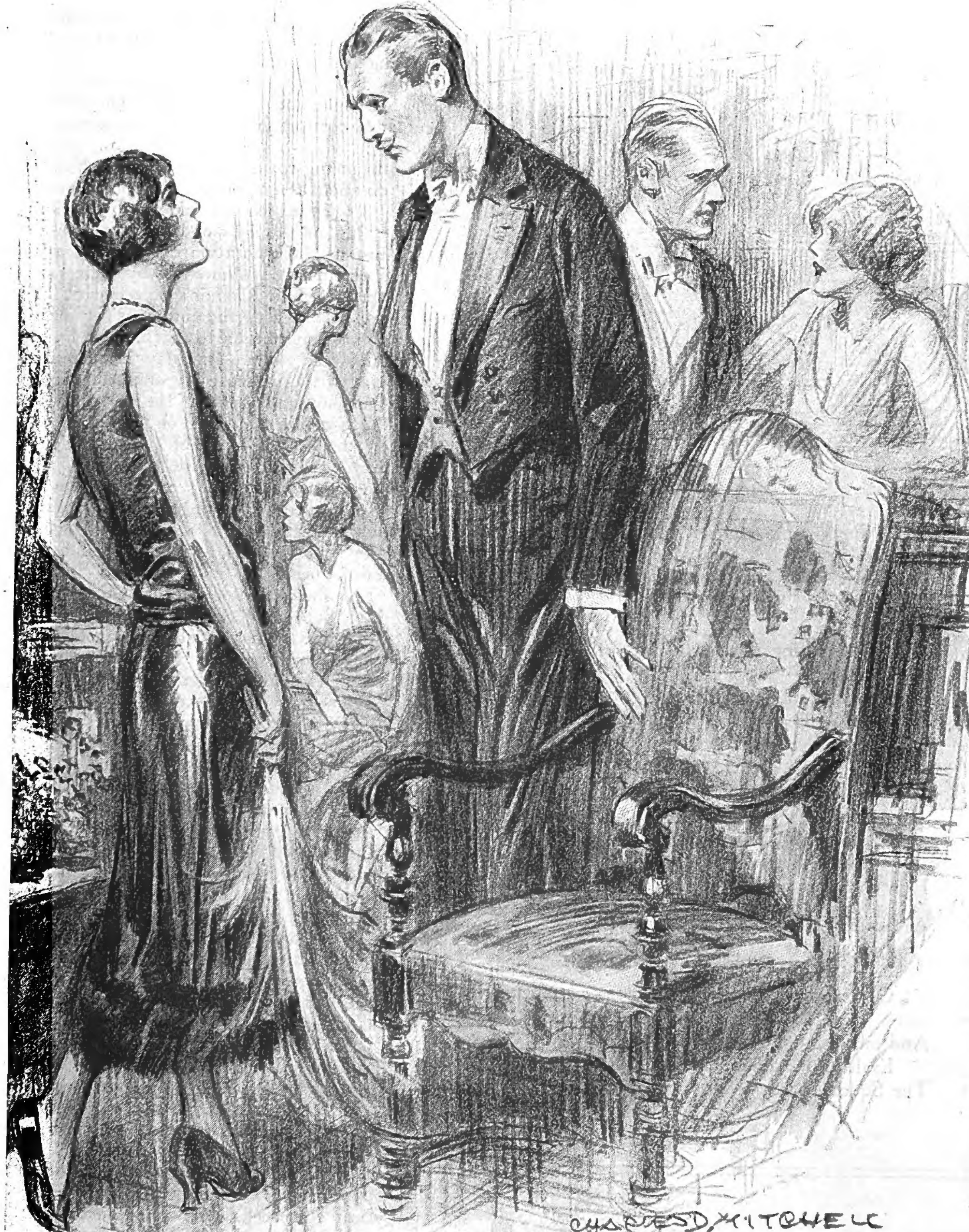
"LATER JANET GAVE HIM A HINT OF HER QUALITY, WHEN SHE SPOKE TO HIM ALONE IN THE
MYSELF THE TALK OF THE COUNTY BY CUTTING YOU.' THERE WAS ABOUT HER, AS

agent, whom he had inherited with the property five years before, could not conceal from the young baronet that he had thought him too experimental, and only his dislike of rough speech prevented Sir Alastair from dismissing him.

The Stoford estate had led a quiet and comfortable life for two hundred years when Sir Alastair, nephew of the late baronet, arrived, after an expensive education varied by unsuccessful gambles on the Stock Exchange, to show the county what a really modern young man could do with it.

Sir Alastair had lost money on the Stock Exchange, lost money on horses, invested in succession in a motor-garage and a manicure-parlor, both of which went bankrupt; as he put it, he had much experience in commercial affairs, and he harnessed this experience to the Stoford estate: many a governess cart has been upset when a warlike pony that happens to be full of corn is harnessed to the light equipage.

Sir Alastair could not wreck the estate at once, because it had been standing for a long time; because it was beautifully found in hedges, ditches, rails, roads, drains, farmhouses; because it was a fat, happy estate. But within five years he managed to create chaos in his finances.



DRAWING-ROOM. WHAT SHE SAID WAS BRIEF: 'YOU'RE A CAD, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE SIR ALASTAIR PUT IT, 'SOMETHING, WELL, DASH IT ALL, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN'"

He did not do this by extravagance; he did not keep more hunters than a man need, nor did he entertain wildly. But he had a mania for experiment.

The estate was famous for Jersey cows; so Alastair introduced Friesians, which looked as smart as Dalmatian dogs, but proved poor milkers. Having heard that Scotch farmers knew how to get a great deal out of the land, he introduced two specimens from Inverness-shire, Macpherson and Macdonald; these certainly got a great deal out of the land, but they gave none of it to Sir Alastair. He decided to become the pig king of Farnshire, and to this end erected buildings which amounted to a pig palace; but the pigs were bewitched. Either out of spite or because they did not like the modern white-tiled floors of the sties, they died with monotonous regularity.

Finally Sir Alastair, having visited a friend in the north, came back inflamed with the idea that there must be more trees on the estate. He therefore planted a small rich valley, ignoring the favorable slopes. Drainage was difficult; weeds were favored by the warmth and dampness, but the trees were not.

One morning Mr. Greenway informed Sir Alastair that his experiments, possibly beneficial to posterity, had placed the Stoford estate in a condition where at least thirty thousand pounds was needed to restore it to its former slumbers.

This had happened three or four months before Stephen came to his brother with matrimonial suggestions. Secretly he was not opposed to the idea of marrying for money; besides, the name Cockley was famous, associated as it happened to be with Cockley's Cough Comfort. Of course there was Janet; he was fond of Janet, very fond of her, but, dash it all, and hang it all, a fellow couldn't run away with his neighbor's wife. Especially when she hadn't tuppence a year of her own. It would be a wrench to give up Janet. She would feel it, too, poor kid.

Sir Alastair was not clever, but he was clever enough to realize that Lady Janet was much fonder of him than he was of her. His meditations took an unexpected form: he telephoned Janet in adoring terms, wrote to Stephen that he was not to be bullied and wasn't likely to be up in town for months, and told his valet to pack his bag.

ALBERT EDWARD COCKLEY, clad in clumsy but expensive tweeds, played with the gold chain that bore a Masonic sign and a swimming-medal won at the Polytechnic sports many years before. He was a fat, large, elderly man, with a square head, square finger-nails, and square-toed boots. He was puzzled.

"But look here, my girl," he was saying, "you've only just met this Piccadilly Johnny with the glass eye. And you don't even say you're fond of him."

"Well, I like him, Father."

Mr. Cockley surveyed adoringly his only daughter, telling himself that she ought to be a duchess. Indeed, Gladys Cockley was rather an attractive girl, not quite so attractive as her father imagined, but fairly tall, with agreeable, rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and rather blunt, broad features. She was what is called a nice girl, or a dear. Also she spoke well, since the Cough Comfort money had come early enough to allow her to go to a good school.

"Look here," said Mr. Cockley, "I'm a plain man with no nonsense about me. If you like your Johnny, he's not proposed to you, has he? No? That doesn't matter, my pet. Sure to. Well, as I was saying, if you like him I've got nothing against him. Only I'd rather you married plain Tom Smith at the works than be a baronet's lady if you don't care for him."

"You don't understand, Father," said Gladys Cockley. "I think he needs taking care of."

"Looks healthy enough."

She laughed, showing good tho large teeth. "I don't mean his chest's weak, Father, but he wants somebody to help him."

"Yes," said Mr. Cockley cynically, "and the person he wants to help him is me. They're all the same, these gilded scions of the aristocracy—no, not gilded, because it's me who'll have to do the gilding. Well, dear, if you want him you shall have him. You shall have what you like, and I'll pay what you like."

SIR ALASTAIR hurried to London when the engagement was announced. He had an idea that Janet would take it badly. In fact, he was marrying for very confused reasons. He was marrying because Mr. Cockley was not only making upon his daughter a substantial settlement, but investing forty thousand pounds in the Stoford estate. He was not doing it nicely, for he remarked that he would as soon invest his money in a machine for making soap-bubbles, but if Gladys wanted him to do it, well, he would.

Sir Alastair was also marrying because his long, tangled affair with Lady Janet had to end somehow, and because he did not see how it was going to end, since they could not run away together. Anyway, he was not sure that he wanted to run away. Finally, he liked Gladys because, as he put it, she was a nice little thing who couldn't say bo! to a goose. Just the sort of quiet, submissive wife he wanted.

Tho he was in town Lady Janet found him. She spoke over the telephone with a virulence, with accents of mingled rage and despair that left Sir Alastair palsied. "I hate you," she said. "All these years you've made me the talk of the county. I've never loved anybody except you, and now you throw me away like an old glove. You're a cad——"

"But, darling——"

"How dare you call me darling, you cur! And if you think I'm going to call on that scullion with red arms that you're going to bring home, you're mistaken. She ought to know what sort of man you are."

Sir Alastair soon ceased to protest, and when at last he was allowed to put down the receiver, told himself with a sigh of relief that, after all, perhaps it was just as well, for Lady Janet would have given him a frightful time. With Gladys he would at least have his own way. Then, because he was kind-hearted, because he was fond of Janet, because he was treating her a little shabbily, he went to Bond Street and bought her a diamond pendant. He could now afford it.

Sir Alastair was very happy. Six months had elapsed since his marriage, and Gladys was really a perfect wife.

Slightly to her husband's surprize, she showed herself cool, able to discuss what the county chose to discuss, since she had hunted, since she played golf, and since she, to his delight, proved herself a good shot.

Money was abundant, Greenway was charming, and Sir Alastair was developing in peace one of his newest ideas: a fish-pond to breed trout which he would sell at a great price to the owners of neighboring streams. One evening while he sat alone with his wife, smoking a cigar, he told her all about the fish-pond.

"Oh," she said, "that will be very nice. Then we shall always have some fish when we want it. But do people buy trout? I suppose they do." Then she reflected. "Yet why don't they breed their own?"

"Because it's too expensive."

"Oh! If it's too expensive for them, why will it pay us?"

"Because," he replied rather testily, "we shall breed millions. But I can't expect you to understand."

"I suppose not," said Gladys submissively.

Nothing more was said, but Gladys was a Cockley, and it was not for nothing that there ran through her veins the blood of a man who had lived by selling newspapers at the age of twelve, who had managed to save on an income of seven shillings a week, who had kicked, shoved, broken his way into finance, collecting millions in the smoke of crashing corporations.

She began to think. Somewhat given to fancy-work, she drew her needle and she thought. She was happy in her marriage, being of a placid nature. She liked country life, and Alastair was a dear. But something disquieted her in the trout idea.

Why should Alastair have the monopoly of breeding trout in the south? She had never heard of anybody breeding trout. So, next day, she took an opportunity to talk to Mr. Greenway, who liked and respected her.

"Well," he said, "trout, yes. There's a market for young trout, yes. But of course you've got to get into it."

"Mr. Greenway, will it pay?"

"Oh, you ask too much, Lady Stoford. I don't know. There was a man tried it in Dorset, I remember."

"What happened?"

"Well, I really don't know. I believe he went abroad, or something."

"He went bankrupt, Mr. Greenway?"

"Perhaps he did."

They smiled at each other. Without another word they criticized Sir Alastair from eye to eye. They liked each other, and immediately an alliance was born.

SIR ALASTAIR met Lady Janet Braunton with tremor. It happened at a dinner-party given by her, where he was surprized to be asked. He was afraid of Janet. She might make a scene, and it would irritate her to see that Lady Stoford had not large red arms. So his hand-shake was cool and his eyes were furtive. But Janet was splendid. It was only later that she gave him a hint of her quality, when she spoke to him in the drawing-room. What she said was brief.

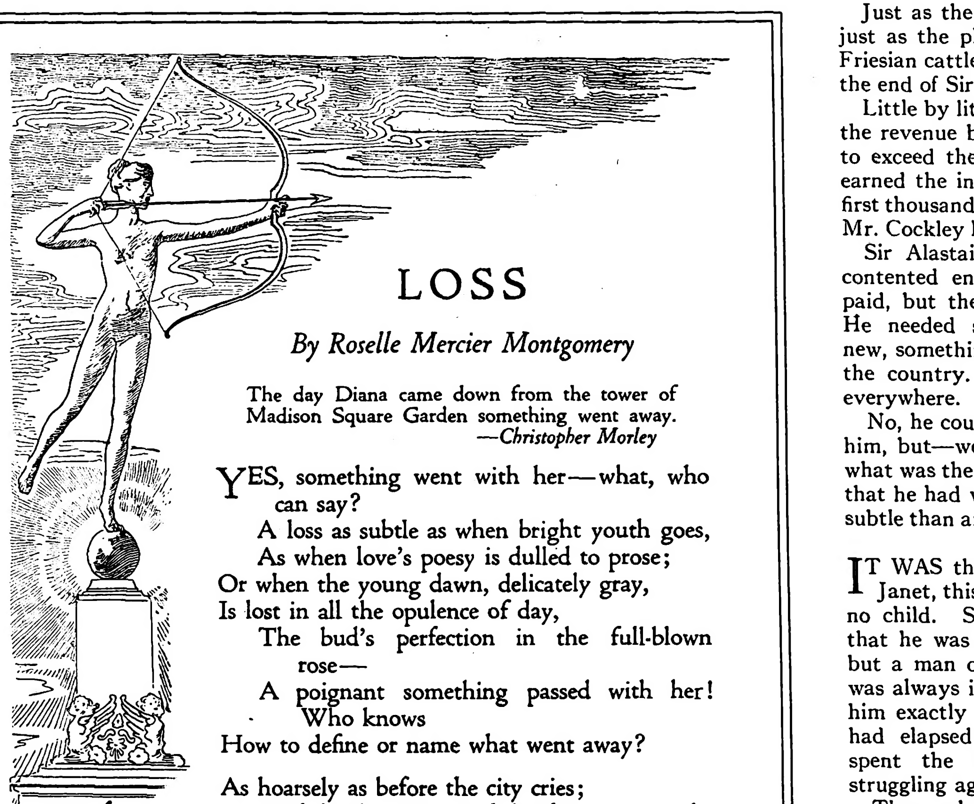
"You're a cad, but I'm not going to make myself the talk of the county by cutting you."

Sir Alastair did not like this much. He hoped that Janet had got over it, since she was making no scene; he wanted to be friends with her. She reminded him of a vicious but spirited mare, while Gladys, dear old Gladys, he was very fond of her, but she was a quiet girl. However, he knew that all was for the best; Janet could never have given him a chance to breed millions of trout. And he had other ideas of making the estate famous for grapes and orchids. So all went well.

The Branntons came to dine at Hennings. The two families met occasionally at a ball or in the hunting-field. Sir Alastair grew a little plumper. But there is something deceptive about comfort, and within the comfort that swaddled Sir Alastair, Gladys was behaving in an extraordinary way. Not only was she becoming a familiar friend of Mr. Greenway, a man rich in knowledge of all that grows and all that moves upon the fields, but she was quietly reading.

She began with a book intended for small farmers. She discovered with interest the way to feed a cow, the proper selection of wheat. The Cockley blood bade her ignore nothing. Within eighteen months she knew about timber, about manure, more than Sir Alastair had ever glanced at. And thus the shock came.

The secret alliance between Lady Stoford and Mr. Greenway resulted in their taking a short walk to the valley where Sir Alastair had planted larch- and fir-trees.



The statue of Diana by Augustus Saint-Gaudens surmounted for thirty years the tower of Madison Square Garden, New York City, lately demolished to make way for an immense business building. The statue is now at New York University.

LOSS

By Roselle Mercier Montgomery

> The day Diana came down from the tower of Madison Square Garden something went away.
> —Christopher Morley

YES, something went with her—what, who can say?
A loss as subtle as when bright youth goes,
As when love's poesy is dulled to prose;
Or when the young dawn, delicately gray,
Is lost in all the opulence of day,
The bud's perfection in the full-blown rose—
A poignant something passed with her! Who knows
How to define or name what went away?

As hoarsely as before the city cries;
And louder yet—and louder—comes the roar
Of commerce, now grown greater than before;
And tall and ever taller towers arise,
Exalting Mammon ever more and more—
The Square is empty for remembering eyes!

"They don't look too good to me," said Mr. Greenway.

"There seems to be a lot of weeds," said Lady Stoford.

"What's to be done?" said the agent. "You can't weed a plantation. It would be all right if the trees were full grown, but these young ones don't get a chance against the weeds."

"Phew!" said Lady Stoford. "The place is full of flies."

"Rather marshy," said Mr. Greenway.

That evening, without a heart-beat, Gladys went into action. "Alastair," she said, looking up from the fancy-work, "I went into the plantation to-day. The trees don't look to me as if they were doing well. What was there before you put the trees in?"

"Pasture."

"What a pity, Alastair! They say, 'Make a pasture, make a man; break a pasture, break a man!'"

"I say," remarked Sir Alastair, "you seem to know all about it."

"I try to learn—I was only thinking that it was a pity you didn't plant the slopes instead of the valley. Then you could have drained properly, and if you had had a main cutting through the valley you'd have had fine, heavy pasturage."

Sir Alastair hesitated. "Look here," he said, "you're not going to teach me farming, are you? Best thing you can do, Gladys, is to mind your own business and get on with your fancy-work."

He took up *Punch*. His wife did not that evening return to the subject, but she brought it up next day, then again, and again. She ascertained the type of soil upon which trees flourish, and gave this information to her husband. She obtained information from neighboring landowners and confronted Sir Alastair with it. Finally she produced books on forestry, and gently compelled Sir Alastair to listen to them.

The baronet was bewildered. He had met obstinacy before, but he had never met determination. Then the situation was solved as Sir Alastair would have liked it to be solved. There came a great storm in the course of which nearly every sapling was blown down.

Three days later Sir Alastair remarked to his wife, "Awful shame those trees being blown down. Still, it'd be expensive to start a new plantation, so we can use the land as pasturage for the time being."

Thus the plantation disappeared without Sir Alastair quite knowing how. The whole episode had taken five months, controlled more or less by Gladys.

She was greatly strengthened by this victory, because Sir Alastair could not help realizing that somehow she had got her own way. This discovery at first disquieted him, but he set it aside, managing in fact to convince himself that he needed more pasturage for the Friesians.

But he discovered that Gladys had a prejudice against the Friesians. She began continually to complain of the quality of the butter and the cream. He saw that she wanted him to get rid of the herd, and he clung to them. They were decorative, these black-and-white cows, and no one else had any in the neighborhood.

He did not have a quarrel with his wife, but he avoided her, saying that he would see, that perhaps he ought to change the feed. But Gladys at last broke through his defenses when she presented him with eight handsome Jersey cows. Sir Alastair could not refuse them. Then, being rather overstocked with cattle, he tried to rent grazing-land. This was not to be had.

Finally, Mr. Greenway suggested that they must get rid of some of the cattle, since it did not pay to buy hay; and the Friesians disappeared.

Thus, within two years, Sir Alastair found himself hemmed in. He could not deny his wife's knowledge of farming, and could comfort himself only by asserting that he knew more.

"How a girl from the town can know as much as you do about the country I can't make out."

"I try to learn," said Gladys dutifully.

Just as the fish-pond had not been dug, just as the plantation disappeared, as the Friesian cattle followed, so by degrees came the end of Sir Alastair's experiments.

Little by little the outgoings became less, the revenue began to catch them up, then to exceed them. One day Mr. Greenway earned the intimate joy of discharging the first thousand pounds of the mortgage which Mr. Cockley had taken on the estate.

Sir Alastair was not happy. He was contented enough with the estate, for it paid, but these four years had been dull. He needed something to do, something new, something drastic that would light up the country. And there were difficulties everywhere.

No, he could not say that Gladys bullied him, but—well, he was dashed if he knew what was the matter. He never told himself that he had wedded a brain infinitely more subtle than any he had ever encountered.

IT WAS this brought him back to Lady Janet, this and another fact: Gladys had no child. Sir Alastair resented this, not that he was particularly fond of children, but a man ought to have a child, and he was always injured when life failed to give him exactly what he wanted. Four years had elapsed since his marriage; he had spent the first three in unconsciously struggling against his wife.

Then, when he settled down into what might have been content, he was bored, and Janet was there. Her anger had passed. She had become accustomed to seeing Alastair married, and tho she cared for him as she had done for no man, she was content that life should continue as it was. So Alastair occasionally drove over to see her, to take tea with her, to talk in a vague way of horses, of births, marriages, and deaths, the conversation of the county.

He found Janet a more stimulating companion than Gladys. She had an amusing turn of speech. Only once, in the fourth year, did he say anything against his wife.

"You know," he said, "Janet, my wife's a funny woman. Knows everything that's going on at Hennings. It isn't like my house."

"Poor old boy," said Janet imprudently. "She bullies you, doesn't she?"

That was foolish. "Bully me? What do you mean, Janet? I'd like to see the woman who could bully me."

"Of course I didn't mean that," cried Janet, seeing her mistake, but Sir Alastair grew petulant and soon retired crossly. For at least two hours he wondered whether he was being bullied. He decided that Janet was right; he was being bullied. He must assert himself. So he bought a Clydesdale mare because it was the largest thing he could think of, an emphatic assertion of his personality.

Within a month the Clydesdale died of glanders. Fate was against him. It was this brought him closer and still closer to Janet. Little by little they talked less of births, marriages, and deaths, more of themselves. Sir Alastair described his temperament to a kindly woman.

"I may be a bit impulsive, I know. But I know what I'm doing."

"Of course you do," said Janet. "It's being so clever leads you astray. You see further than other people do."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

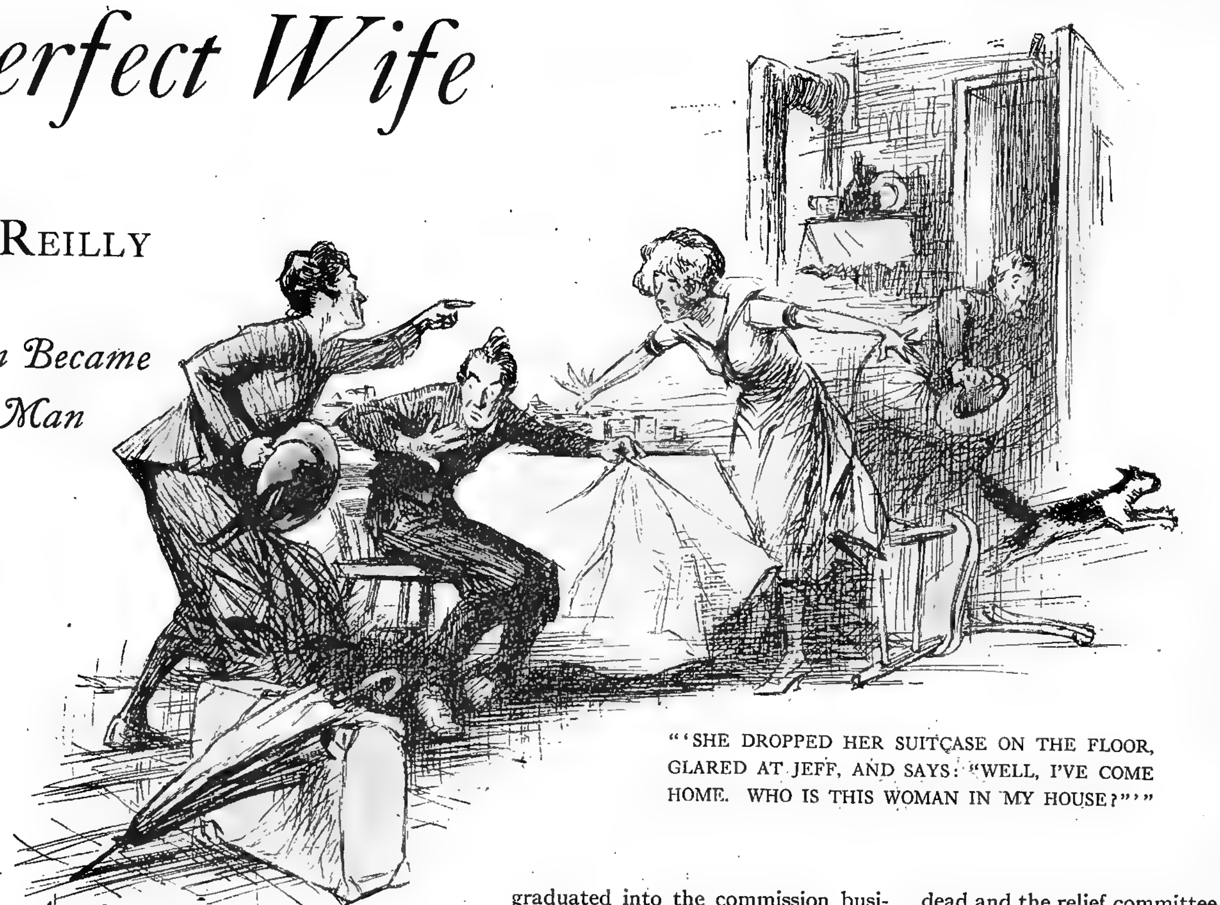
His Perfect Wife

By

EDWARD O'REILLY

How Jeff Calhoun Became the Happiest Man in Town

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe



"'SHE DROPPED HER SUITCASE ON THE FLOOR, GLARED AT JEFF, AND SAYS: "WELL, I'VE COME HOME. WHO IS THIS WOMAN IN MY HOUSE?"'"

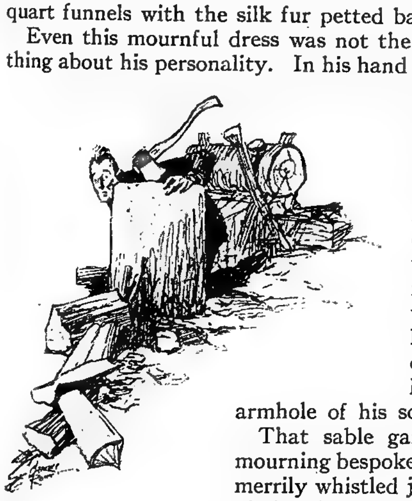
THE old cattle-buyer was dramatizing himself on the front porch of the Stockman's Hotel when I sat down beside him.

For a time we talked of cows, politics, the League of Nations, what are the women coming to, and, of course, prohibition. That is, the old cattle-buyer talked while I listened. When it comes to the spoken word the old-timer is like the tide that waits for no man.

I interrupted his monolog at the sight of a strange figure jauntily approaching down the street. Long but not wide, his arms and legs moving in loose-jointed lack of rhythm, his progress reminded one of a man trying to drive a hen through a gate. But it was not alone his figure that caught my eye.

He was dressed entirely in black, his coat one of those long-tailed trick-garments affected by Southern statesmen and preachers. Around his arm a band of crêpe was draped, and his hat was one of those old-fashioned four-quart funnels with the silk fur petted backward in spots.

Even this mournful dress was not the most compelling thing about his personality. In his hand he carried a huge bouquet of lilies. As he walked he merrily whistled a ragtime tune, and as he whistled he beat time energetically with the flowers. His mortician hat was cocked over his left eye, and one thumb was hooked in the armhole of his somber waistcoat. That sable garb and band of mourning bespoke sorrow, but that merrily whistled jazz-tune, the set of that hat, and the jaunty hop, skip, and jump of his walk indicated a mission far from sad.



Even as I questioned the cattle-buyer the stranger halted on the sidewalk before us. Waving his bouquet, he cheerily shouted to my companion:

"Hello, you old horse-thief!"

Then twisting his hat sideways on his head, and thrusting his free hand between the buttons of his vest, he assumed a Napoleonic pose and added:

"They shall not pass."

With another wave of his lilies he resumed his whistle and erratic gait down the street.

Before I had time to voice my question the old cattle-buyer settled back in his chair and let the wind sigh through his vocal cords.

"That," said he, "is our esteemed townsman, Jeff Calhoun. He is the only man I ever heard tell about that has solved the problem of matrimony. He has the world's only perfect wife."

"Oh, he's married, is he?" I remarked. "That explains the habiliments of mourning; but why the ill-concealed merriment? There is mystery here. Tell me about it."

"Might as well begin in the beginning," agreed the cattle-buyer in the elocutionary manner in which he was wont to declaim a story. "Known old Jeff a long time. He started on the range about twenty years ago and graduated into the commission business.

"Settled down here in Tondo City and did right well. Boys kind of liked him, altho Jeff ain't what you might call a deep-thinkin' man. Never had the advantages of travel and contact with bright minds, like myself, for instance. He's so untutored he thinks Rex Beach is a Summer resort and spells 'can't' with a 'k.'

"Spite of them handicaps he amassed a modest competence and was regarded as one of the town's solid citizens. Then he made one of them fatal errors even the best men are prone to. He married a woman.

"Now, there are women and women, but this wife of Jeff's was the champion fifteen-minute egg. She was a natural-born commanding officer, and never took no for an answer in her life. How she stayed sentimental long enough to lead him to the halter is more than I know.

"He hadn't been married many months before he had to change all his preconceived ideas about himself. Everything he ever did before was wrong, and she proceeded to make him over. Far as I can see her idea of a perfect husband was a kind of human jack-rabbit with its spirit broke.

"There was nothing complicated about her methods. When he said yes, she said no, and vice versa. She could talk louder, hit harder, and didn't know how to surrender. From a happy, decent, care-free kind of a citizen that liked sugar in his toddy and played a snappy game of seven-up, Jeff became a meek and lowly varmint that made you sad to look at. He was just about as independent as a worm on a fish-hook.

"We all felt mighty sorry for him, but then we dassent interfere. It's always the peace-makers in these affairs that have to pay the indemnities.

"One Summer Mrs. Calhoun decided she'd like to visit some relatives up in Oklahoma. Jeff kicked a little because he knew that was the surest way to get her started.

"I was at the depot when she left. After givin' him one last long, lingerin' ballin' out she got aboard and the train rolled away. Jeff stood dutifully on the platform wavin' his hand until the train turned the curve; then he turned around, gave a whoop, and threw a rock through the depot window. For the next week he was a fightin', carousin' desperado, and the town stood around with baited breath watchin' to see what he'd do next.

"It's always that way when one of these henpecked husbands tries to act like a caveman. He always overdoes it. Some of these scientific sharps have it all figured out as a case of suppressed ideas, or a complex of some kind, but in Jeff's case it was mostly bootleg liquor.

"Then one day came the news. A terrible thing had happened up in Oklahoma. One of them cyclones came pirouettin' across the prairie and hit this town where Mrs. Jeff was visitin'. It just wiped that town off the map, killin' a lot of people and makin' hospital cases out of the rest.

"Jeff sobered up when he heard about it, and sent a telegram askin' about his wife. He got an answer that she was among those dead and the relief committee would be much obliged if he would do something about it.

"Jeff did the right thing, all right, and did it in good taste. He wired that committee to ship her F. O. B. Oklahoma and he'd be glad to bury her.

"They did, and Jeff gave his late wife a right nice funeral. He put up a pretty soapstone monument over the grave with her age and pedigree on it and had a motto chiseled on it at extra cost.

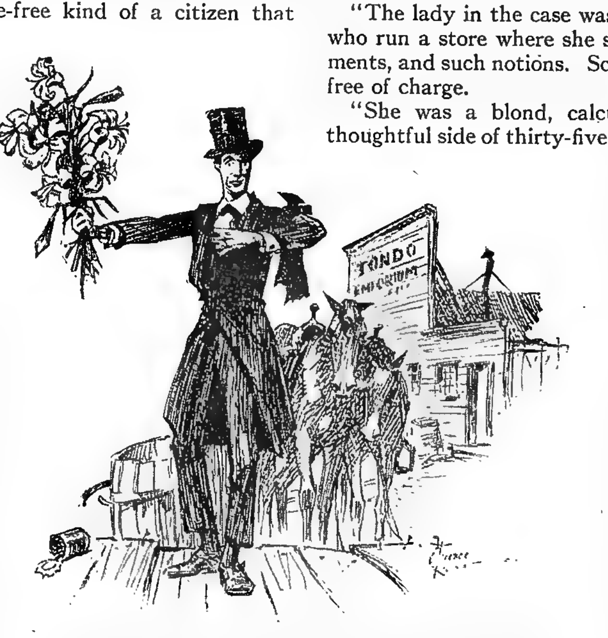
"'O Lord! Let her rest in peace,' it read.

"Rather a neat sentiment, I thought. We all condoled with old Jeff and welcomed him back to the hotel gang, where he once more assumed his rightful place as the best seven-up player west of the Pecos. For a time he was his old good-natured self again, and then one day we all noticed a change for the worse.

"He began wearin' store clothes, shoes that hurt him, and neckties that were an insult to the eye. Another woman had put the Injun sign on poor old Jeff, and he didn't have no more chance than a watermelon at a camp-meetin'.

"We all tried to talk him out of it, and pleaded and insulted him and tried to make him listen to reason, but it weren't no use. When a man has that kind of a complex there ain't no logic in his mind. When a woman sets her mind on landin' a man all hell and high water ain't goin' to stop her.

"The lady in the case was Miss Lulu Salling, a milliner who run a store where she sold ladies' hats, intimate garments, and such notions. Scandal and gossip she purveyed free of charge.



"THAT SABLE GARB AND BAND OF MOURNING BESPOKE SORROW, BUT THAT MERRILY WHISTLED JAZZ-TUNE INDICATED A MISSION FAR FROM SAD"

"She was a blond, calculatin'-lookin' person on the thoughtful side of thirty-five, but preserved the complexion and figure of one of these Eastern flappers. Technically she was a maiden lady, but actually she was super-informed on the odd ways of the world, judgin' from the barrage of yarns she used to throw out from that shop.

"Miss Lulu was what you might call a managin' woman. She could manage anything in the whole blamed world. She was president of the woman's club, secretary of the One Hundred Per Cent. Baptist League, president and chief reader of the Eminent Authors' Literary Club, and chief whip of the Woman's Single Standard Suffrage Association.

"That woman was just designed by the Almighty and hereditary influence to manage everything. Naturally Jeff was like putty in the hands of a puttier, or whatever you call fellows that putter with putty.

"She managed him into buyin' a flivver and takin' her

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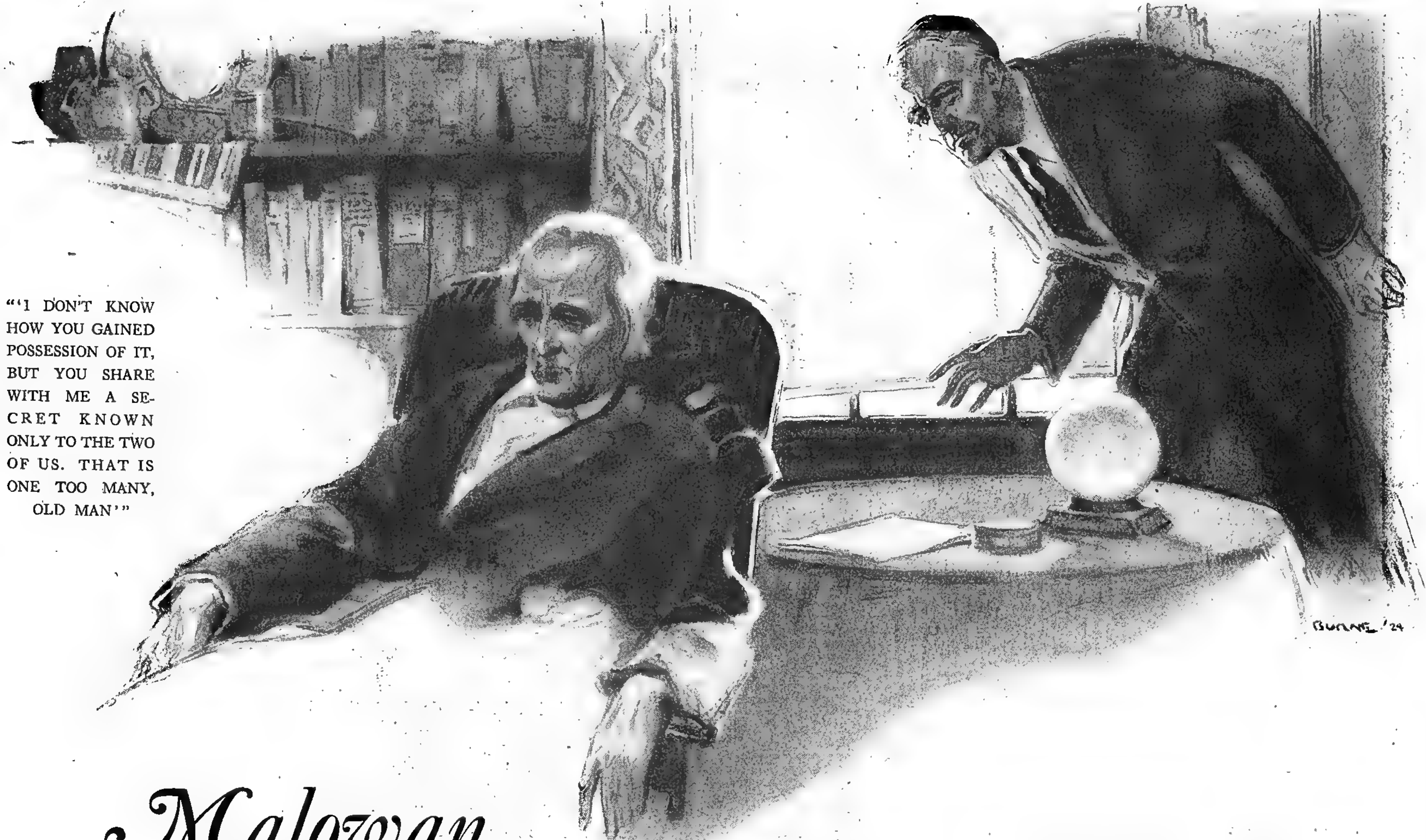


"'I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GAINED POSSESSION OF IT, BUT YOU SHARE WITH ME A SECRET KNOWN ONLY TO THE TWO OF US. THAT IS ONE TOO MANY, OLD MAN'"

Malowan

A Stirring Tale of an Arch-Criminal's Struggle Against Fate

By RAYMOND LESLIE GOLDMAN

Illustrations by Harry H. A. Burne

AS MALOWAN strode unhurriedly down the street—one of the cross-streets of Manhattan's upper West Side—one might have taken him for anything but for what he was. A business man, perhaps; a man of independent means. There was that executive manner in his firm step, his erect carriage; in the bold outline of his aquiline features and the predatory glance of his quick gray eyes.

He was about forty years of age. There were patches of gray above his ears, but the rest of his hair was dark brown, unstreaked. His dress was fashionable and quiet—a dark-gray suit, a white Madras shirt, and a black knitted tie; a soft hat with a rolled brim. His attire seemed to supplement rather than accentuate him. He carried a tan-leather suitcase. It contained everything he possessed. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in currency.

As he walked he took out his watch and looked at it. It was three o'clock, and his train did not leave until five. The intervening two hours presented a slight difficulty, for a cab would take him to the station in twenty minutes, and the remaining time was sheer vacuity. He paused to contemplate this, his lips pursed and his brows lowered with annoyance.

His eyes suddenly fell upon a placard in the front window of the house before him—"Bordassi, Clairvoyant." A smile came to his thin lips, a smile that was disdainful, contemptuous. But without hesitation he mounted the flight of stone steps to the door and touched the bell.

The door was opened by an old man whose fine white hair fell almost to his shoulders. He raised watery blue eyes to Malowan's and requested his business.

"I want to see the clairvoyant," stated Malowan.

"I am Bordassi," replied the old man. "Come in."

He led Malowan into a large room that opened from the hall. It was simply furnished: several chairs, and a table on which stood a gazing-crystal, the only visible object to denote the nature of the place. Malowan looked about him in disappointment. He had expected to see all the impressive flimflam of the trade—esoteric furnishings, a turbaned, bearded medium.

The clairvoyant closed the door behind them and stood before Malowan.

"Do you want a palm-reading," he inquired, "or a séance?"

"Which takes longer?" asked Malowan.

"The séance, of course," replied the other. "I can read your palm in ten minutes——"

"And the séance? How long will it take?"

"About an hour, sir. If——"

"The séance," said Malowan.

The old man bowed slightly, with his thin, white fingers clasped.

"You want the past, the present, or the future, or, perhaps——"

Malowan shrugged. "As much as you have time for. I don't care. I have an hour to waste."

"To waste?" repeated Bordassi. "No hour is wasted with me."

"I suppose not," returned Malowan, the disdainful smile again curving his lips. "But let us begin."

For a moment Bordassi did not move. He regarded Malowan's face intently.

"You are a man of courage," he spoke at length. "A man who is used to command others—and to be obeyed. You are a man of sudden determination, but not of impulse. Your actions, whatever they may be, might seem impulsive to others, but really they seem so only because they are decided upon in an instant. You have a quick brain and a shrewd one. You are relentless. I believe that you could be cruel. You have no temper, because you are too shrewd to have a temper. You are cool and deliberate under all circumstances. I should say that you have never married; have never really loved, man or woman." He paused. "That is what I read in a glance from your face, your manner, your bearing."

Malowan nodded approvingly.

"You are clever," he complimented. "I couldn't question one of your statements. But of course you need no spiritual guidance to discern that. Others, who can not claim to be so intimate with Almighty God, could judge as well."

"True," replied Bordassi. "And now I have learned something further. Not alone do you not fear any man or woman, nor love any man or woman, but you neither fear nor love God."

"Right!" agreed Malowan. "I'm an atheist, if you please. I don't believe in God."

"I am not so sure of that," declared Bordassi. "Rather I should say that you believe in Him, but defy Him."

"That might be true," admitted Malowan, "but He isn't a worthy antagonist. I can best Him every time."

"I wonder," said the old man, after a pause, "what you are."

Malowan was amused.

"You had better seek the spirits for that information. Or perhaps you could make a guess at it on your own. Go ahead. I'll not resent anything."

Bordassi shook his head. "I never guess," he replied.

He walked to the window and carefully lowered the dark-green shade, throwing the room into a half-light. Then he invited Malowan to seat himself at the table in front of the crystal globe; and for himself he chose the leather armchair opposite. Malowan dropped to the chair, placing his suitcase under the table with his legs about it.

"You will now gaze into the crystal," directed Bordassi in a low voice; "gaze intently and steadily. Do not look up at me no matter what I say—keep your eyes fixed on the crystal. If you see anything in it tell me exactly what it is you behold, and I shall interpret for you its meaning."

MALOWAN leaned forward, his arms resting on the table, his fingers clasped, and looked into the globe. At first he saw only its surface, a bright convex mirror that sent back to him vaguely his own image in miniature; but at length his eyes began to bore more deeply into the crystal, where played a thousand iridescent lights, a shifting kaleidoscope of color, a rainbow of flame. As he gazed, these variegated beams and flashes seemed to liquefy and coagulate, the colors merging and thickening until there was a single blood-red clot. He regarded it with interest until the voice of Bordassi broke into the stillness.

"Do you see anything? What do you see?"

Malowan forgot the clairvoyant's instructions and looked up. The old man was lying back in his great chair, his eyes closed as if in sleep, his white hair tumbled about his face, his frail arms laid along the arms of the chair, with the thin fingers dangling.

"All I see is a round, red spot," said Malowan in a low voice.

"Dried blood," murmured the old man without moving.

Malowan's brows came together.

"And what does that mean?"

"Gaze into the crystal," returned Bordassi. "I requested you not to look up at me."

Malowan lifted his brows. How did the man know he was looking up? But of course the eyes were not closed, merely veiled. He returned his gaze to the crystal.

The red clot had disappeared, had disintegrated into the thousand darts of color. But again, as he gazed intently, their scintillations decreased in velocity, and soon they formed a single black spot.

"Now I see a black spot," he said, keeping his eyes fixed on the crystal.

"Death," murmured the old man.

The spot of black seemed to be fading before Malowan's eyes. It grew lighter, less somber, and he saw that it had changed to green, with a rim of yellow about it. He informed Bordassi of this alteration.

"Money," returned Bordassi.

Malowan set his lips and gazed down through narrowing eyes. Rather grimly he observed the process as the colored spot again changed, this time to a liquid scarlet.

"Fresh blood," the old man replied to his subject's statement. And when the spot returned to black, "Death," he repeated.

A SMILE of contempt came to Malowan's lips. The old faker was certainly saying nothing enlightening nor prophetic. He was about to look up when his eyes were held by the drastic alteration of the black spot. A great silent explosion seemed to have occurred within the globe. The spot was shattered into many fragments, and each of these in turn became a separate disk of blue.

"Count them," ordered Bordassi. "How many of the blue spots are there?"

He totaled them with difficulty, for they were scattered about without order, and he was never sure which ones he had counted and which he had not. At length he said:

"I think there are about fourteen."

"Ah!" said Bordassi in a breath.

Malowan looked up impatiently.

"Old man," he cried, "I thought you were going to tell me things. I expected this to be a fake, but at least I hoped to be entertained. I have seen nothing but a mess of colors, and you have interpreted them as any child might have. Blood for red, death for black. Indeed! That takes a wise brain, or a silent communion with God and His playmates!"

The old man made no move. He was still lying back with his eyes closed, his frail body relaxed, and his breathing deep and regular. He might have been in slumber. But yet he spoke, his voice high and thin.

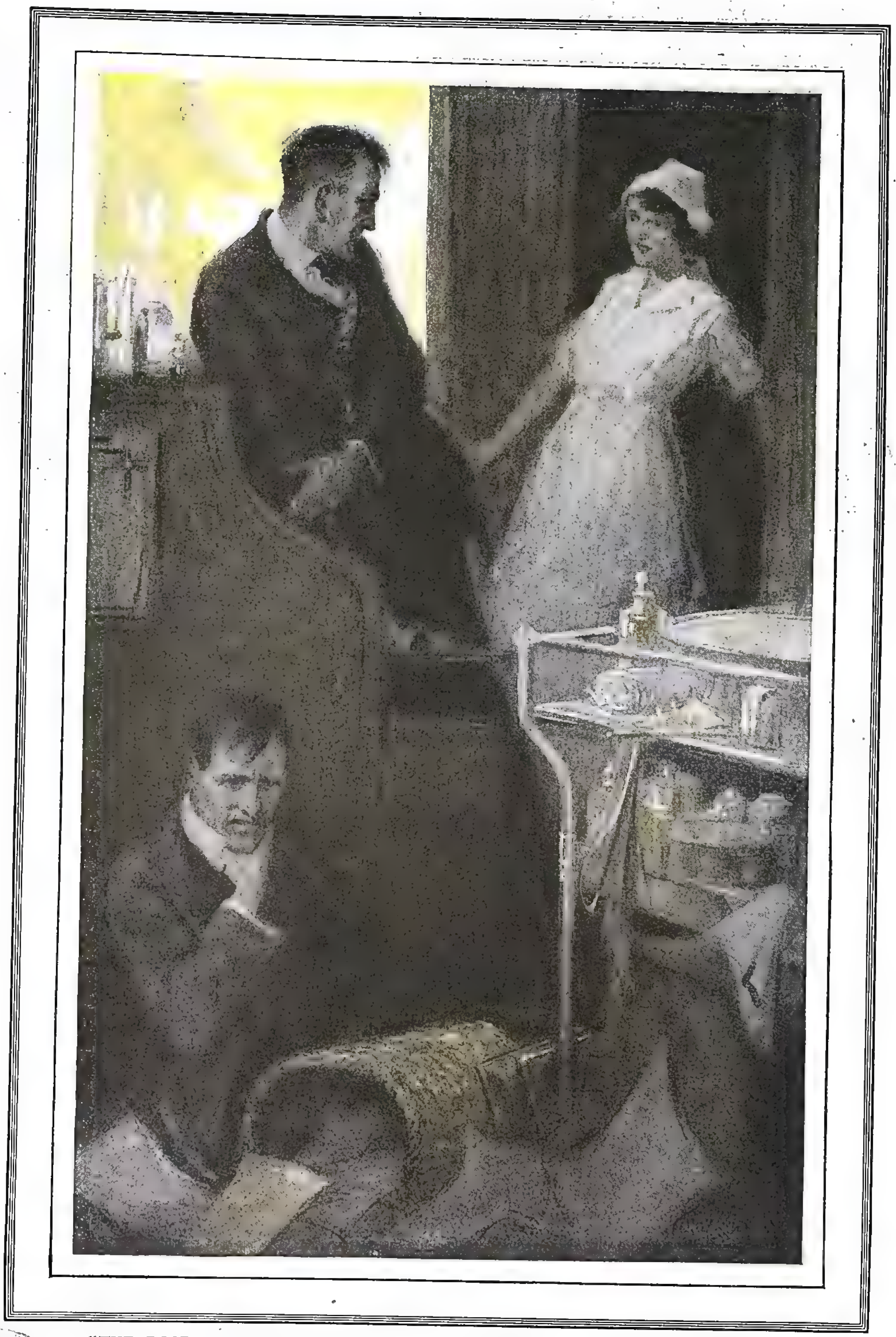
"Malowan," he said, and Malowan started violently. "Your name is Malowan. I hear no other name; you seem to be known only as Malowan. Perhaps only your most intimate associates know you as Malowan, and so they call you; and others know you by different names such as you give them knowledge of.

"You are one of God's accursed creatures, Malowan. But you, too, have served a purpose, even as the venomous snake and the poisonous insect each must serve a purpose. You have led a life of crime, for which you have been fitted in every way. You are the most clever, the most courageous, and therefore the most dangerous criminal the world has ever known.

"God's ways are past our understanding; yet, in the score and five years of your mature criminality, you have done more than any man to stem the tide of evil. Because, since you brought new and shrewder methods of crime into being, new and shrewder methods of detection became necessary. You have advanced the science of detection a century in those twenty-five years!

"But now you are nearing the end, Malowan. You have so far outwitted man, and in your egotism you thought that you were outwitting God. Two days ago you murdered a man, and it gave you much money—a great fortune. That crime is now on every one's lips; they are hunting the murderer, but he will never be found. You left no trace behind you, Malowan. You never do.

"Clotted red, and black, and green-and-yellow—blood, and death, and money. That is the past. Liquid scarlet, black, and fourteen disks of blue. That is the future.



"THE DOOR FLEW OPEN AND THE YOUNG WOMAN STOOD ON THE THRESHOLD, MUTE, TRANSFIXED WITH TERROR"

"You are about to take a journey, Malowan. But before you leave this city you will commit one more crime against mankind—your last. Within the space of fourteen days you will be dead."

He stopped. Excepting for his lips, he had not moved during the quiet reading of the indictment and the solemn passing of judgment. Now he continued to lie back in his chair, his eyes closed as before.

Malowan had listened in silence, the first shock of his surprize passing from his features and an evil leer coming in its stead. When Bordassi had finished he sat still a moment, regarding the old man's passive, pallid face; then he rose slowly to his feet, and with a padded tread walked around the table until he stood before the clairvoyant.

"Old man," he said quietly, his long, wiry fingers curling and stiffening as he spoke. "I don't know how you gained possession of it, but you share with me a secret known only to the two of us. That is one too many, old man."

Like the dart of a serpent's fang, his left hand shot forward and covered Bordassi's mouth; the fingers of his right hand found Bordassi's throat. Bordassi did not move. His breathing had the slow regularity of deep slumber.

The flesh of the old man's throat was soft and cool beneath Malowan's fingers; it yielded easily beneath the iron pressure of them. It was several minutes before Malowan removed his hands and stepped back to survey his work. Bordassi was lying as before, apparently asleep, but his bosom no longer rose and fell. Malowan smiled, and wiped his damp palms on the table-cover.

"I made a very delicate job of you, old man," he said lightly. "You look little different from when you honored us mortals with your presence. You should thank me for my care and that you need not go before that God of yours with your face blue and your tongue hanging out. You see, you were transported by an expert in such matters." The whimsy of his words delighted him and he chuckled his amusement. "Fourteen days more to live, eh, old fellow? And sealing your lips as I have done is my last crime? I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you in that. You and God had better get together on it, because I warn you I am more than a match for both of you."

With his usual deliberate care he set about to eradicate every personal trace of his visit. When, ten minutes later, he left the room there was not a finger-print nor the slightest clue to connect him with the murder of Bordassi.

Once again in the bright Spring sunlight of the quiet street, he consulted his watch and saw that it was a quarter past four. He looked up the street and hailed the taxicab which was approaching.

"Pennsylvania Station," he told the driver.

He settled himself back against the seat, stretched out his slender legs, and lighted a cigaret. He did not reflect upon the white-haired old man whose life he had just squeezed out with his fingers; instead he contemplated matters of more consequence. In his suitcase were seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in currency which had recently cost a bank cashier his life. It was a considerable haul, a bold, clever crime, and the entire nation was astir.

But Malowan knew that the nation's stir in such matters was like a nine days' gossip. There would be great official activity for a while, much heralded arrests and less heralded releases, and then all would subside in hopeless resignation. Meanwhile he would be quiet, patient, inconspicuous, unprodigal. In his pocket was a railroad ticket to Chicago, but he did not intend that to be his destination. He had not yet decided where he would leave the train. Circumstances would determine that.

THE cab was racing down Seventh Avenue at an immoderate speed. At a cross-street in the upper Thirties another automobile shot out from behind the screening wall of a building. Malowan felt the sudden defensive swerve, heard the shriek of applied brakes and the rending crash as the machines came together. The right side of the cab caved inward, but the window was open and the frame merely fell about him. The first shock of surprize passed in an instant, and he coolly extricated his suitcase and stepped over the wreckage to the street.

A large crowd quickly gathered about the demolished

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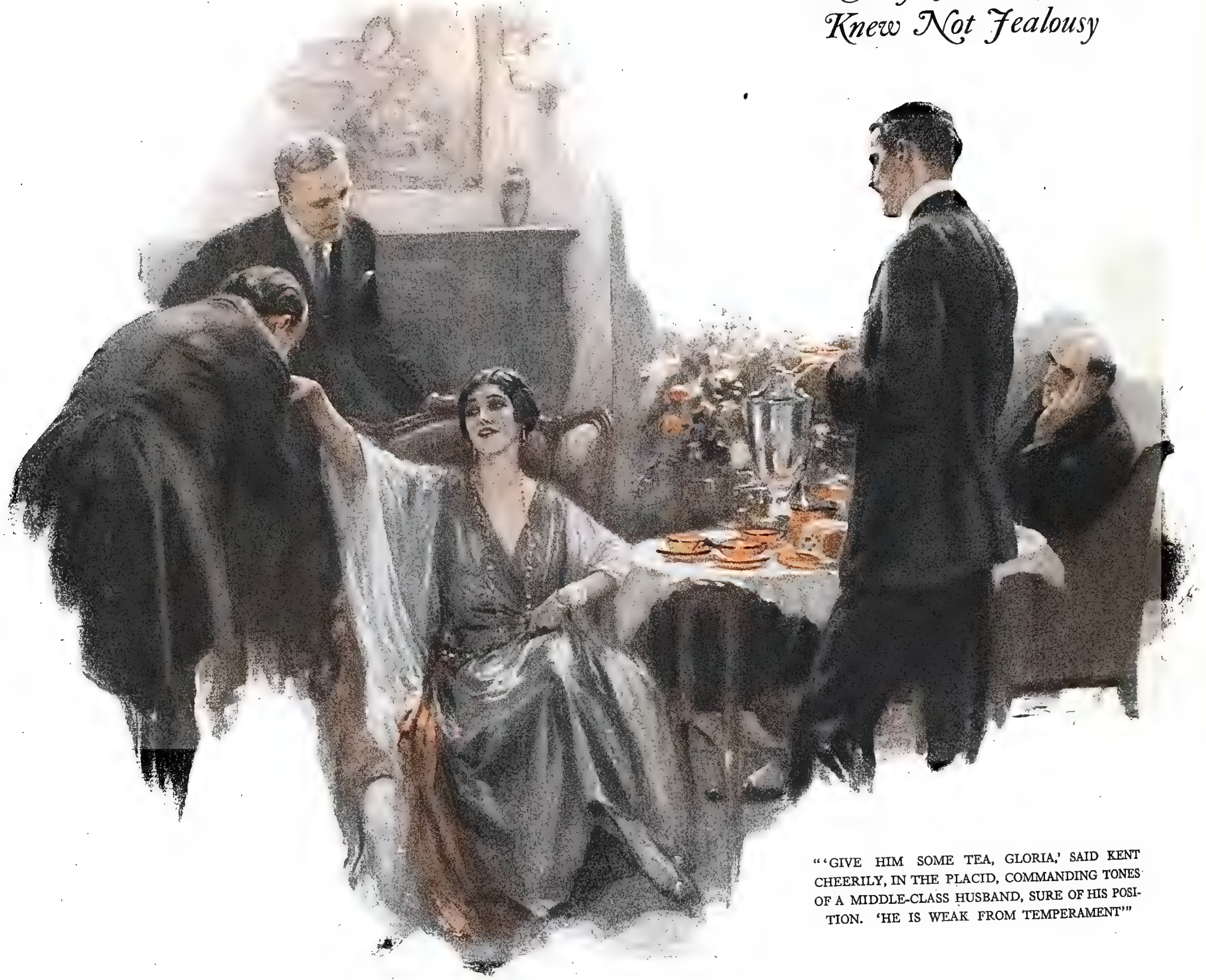
The Story of a Man Who
Knew Not Jealousy



"'GIVE HIM SOME TEA, GLORIA,' SAID KENT CHEERILY, IN THE PLACID, COMMANDING TONES OF A MIDDLE-CLASS HUSBAND, SURE OF HIS POSITION. 'HE IS WEAK FROM TEMPERAMENT'"

"You Are All Pardoned"

By STRUTHERS BURT

Illustrations by Joseph Simont

All the time they were playing the Queen never left off quarreling with the other players, and shouting, "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" . . . As they walked off together Alice heard the King say in a low voice, to the company generally, "You are all pardoned."

—*Alice in Wonderland.*

MENDOZA, pausing at Forty-second Street to allow the unkempt traffic of the congested byroad to cut across the suave insistency of Fifth Avenue, found his eyes arrested by the figure of the slim, gray-haired, good-looking man who had paused beside him. A very carefully dressed, slim, gray-haired man, with a foreign air about him, or perhaps not altogether a foreign air; rather the air of a fellow countryman who had spent much time abroad.

The dark-blue suit, the gaiters above the excellently plain shoes, the soft white hat, the stick, the tie, in which the suppressed masculine love of color had found vivid but judicious expression, seemed to have a trace, altho not necessarily, of the transatlantic, but about the thin and sensitive, clean-shaven face there was a lack of aloofness, a readiness, and interest in its surroundings that are usually native.

Mendoza's dark eyes, faun-like and humorously malicious, lit to a look of amused recognition.

"Hello!" he said, and touched the slim man on the shoulder.

The slim man started, stared, and then in his turn smiled, holding out a hand warmly.

"Pedro!" he exclaimed. "Of all people in the world! I haven't seen you for fifteen years. Are you living here?"

Mendoza made a rueful grimace.

"That comes," he said, "from being a mere painter and not the husband of a famous opera-singer. Yes, I'm living here—I've been living here a long time. I even manage to sell most of my pictures. Come along. Going up-town?"

He slipped his arm through that of the other man and drew him across the asphalt, where the released foot-travel had by now begun to skirt the waiting motors with a sullen lack of confidence in the ultimate good faith of those panting monsters.

Once on the other side, his ever-ready Latin tongue—Latin two or three generations back—broke loose again. But with another trait, also distinctively Latin, for all his apparent interest in the subject at hand, his thoughts maintained themselves upon a different plane.

Curious! Curious! And amusing. To be walking up Fifth Avenue with a man who in an odd way might have been himself. Was, as it were, a sort of ghost or simulacrum of himself. Was, in other words, the husband of the woman Mendoza had come within a fraction of an inch of marrying. Just a chance quarrel of more than usual severity and the thing was off, and the next news that Mendoza had heard was that Gloria Priest—that had been her name—had married Kent and had gone abroad to cultivate the really superb voice she possessed.

Here, then, "but for the grace of God," and so on.

Mendoza began to congratulate himself that the grace of God had intervened. He had done so before. He was more than ever satisfied with his state of forty-year-old bachelorhood. He was not a marrying man, and he was glad that he had discovered this fact, or, rather, that it had been discovered for him by chance, before the fairly irrevocable step had been taken.

Besides, two artists marrying; two temperaments, irritable and petty in small ways and imaginatively faithless as the temperaments of all artists are, trying to get on together! No, that would have been bad. The career of one or the other would have suffered. Probably by now he and Gloria would have been divorced, but that would have been bad, too. Divorce was always an unfortunate personal experience.

Unconsciously, but with the fiery, instinctive self-protectiveness of most really great people, Gloria had done just the right thing. She had married a rich, complaisant, not too determinate man, ten years older than herself, and accepting the sacrifice of his business future—a not too brilliant business future, Mendoza imagined, except where bolstered up by inherited wealth—had dragged him, a faint illumination, in the wake of her own flaming success.

Very satisfactory and very sensible. Mendoza liked people to get on well, especially women he had kissed. It relieved him of responsibility.

He smiled at the recollection of his agony of mind fifteen years before. He had suffered then—a dreamy, idealistic youth just out of his university. He supposed he had actually been in love. At least he had never felt anything like it since. And, by Jove! Gloria had been lovely—lovely. Dark and slim and starry-eyed and red-lipped. He remembered a June night and the smell of roses and an old orchard, woven with moonlight, that was beyond the garden of the white-columned Priest country place in Maryland. Ah, well——

"WHAT are you smiling at?" asked Kent suddenly, interrupting himself.

"I was smiling," said Mendoza, smiling more broadly, "because I wanted so much to see you and Gloria, and because I probably never would have except for this encounter. That is, not for a long while. I suppose, if you are staying here two or three months, we would have run across each other somewhere in the end."

Kent looked puzzled. "Why wouldn't you have called, if you feel that way?"

"One doesn't call much, at least I don't, unless especially commanded, on famous opera-singers and now a motion-picture queen. I'm shy of celebrities. They are always too occupied for the intimate, casual intercourse I prefer."

"Besides," added Kent absent-mindedly, "it's a fact you were engaged for three years, isn't it? And that always makes things a trifle awkward."

Mendoza colored. "How do you know that?" he asked.

Kent laughed. "Gloria is excessively articulate," he explained. "For the first five years of our married life we seldom quarreled without her telling me about you. I am glad to say that she seems to have forgotten the habit." He spoke with the light frankness of a man who is used to the publicity that is inseparable from fame.

Mendoza, on his part, was mildly gratified and also mildly uncomfortable. He was glad to learn that Gloria had remembered him, if only for five years, and, at moments, had regretted him, but he had at the same time the uneasy conviction that this gentle creature to whom he was talking, and whom he remembered as a colorless young banker, harmless except when he was a shadowy sort of nuisance as a fellow guest at the Priest house, had somewhere discovered a secret vein of laughter. And Mendoza did not like that; he was too fond of secretly laughing at people himself.

They had come to Fifty-fifth Street, and Kent, pausing, pointed with his stick to the huge gray façade of a hotel.

"Want to come in for a few minutes?" he asked. "It's just about four—not too early for tea. And we'll catch Gloria more or less unoccupied. She'll be glad to see you."

Mendoza hesitated, and then smilingly accepted.

I hope there won't be any of the usual number of managers and agents and sycophants and reporters," Kent added. "If there is we'll kick them out."

Mendoza wondered what it would be like to be married to a celebrity—especially a celebrity who was forced to undergo the manhandling fame that attaches itself to singers, or actors, or musicians, or motion-picture stars.

A famous painter was allowed a certain amount of privacy, and so even was a famous writer, but these other unfortunates— They liked it, however. They had different natures from the painter and writer. They did not need seclusion, not even for their work. But as to being married to one—Mendoza shivered. His underlying gentle contempt for Kent reasserted itself. He supposed Kent cut Gloria's coupons for her and totaled her bank-books.

The two men crossed from curb to curb and entered the heavy, sleepy foyer of the hotel and ascended in the noiseless, sleepy elevator. "I think," Kent was saying in his soft, rather absent-minded voice, "that the motion-picture world is even queerer than the operatic one. This is the first time we have had anything to do with it. And Gloria was not anxious to have anything to do with it now, but they offer such outrageous sums. We——"

"We!" Faugh! Mendoza wanted to spit. He had the dominating, rather selfish man's hatred of the rôle of prince consort.

"We came over reluctantly," Kent continued. "Gloria sings in London in the Spring. They're so queer—the motion-picture people, I mean. Inhuman. Opera-singers are great big noisy children, but motion-picture people are neurasthenically dry and quick and dehumanized as their own celluloid films. Their lives seem to be a series of ejaculations unrelated to fact. Ever have much to do with them?"

"Never," breathed Mendoza with almost reverent self-congratulation.

Gloria is going to act in some superfilm out on Long Island, called 'Delilah.' It's partly based on the opera and partly on the Bible, but mostly on a funny fellow named Fairfax, who's a producer."

The elevator stopped and admitted them to a long corridor, carpeted in dull red, overheated, filled with the dancing motes of a December sunset. Kent led the way down this, turned a corner, and paused before a door that evidently sheltered a suite of rooms, for, after he had rung the electric bell and the door had been opened by a maid, beyond was a narrow vestibule, ill lighted, upon which several other doors gave.

"Madame Kent in?" inquired Kent in French.

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

A small, dark heavy man in a morning coat, emitting a faint, sullen smell of perfume, suddenly burst out of a door directly opposite and bumped, with a guttural exclamation, into Kent's advancing figure. For an instant, as he opened and shut the door noisily, one had a glimpse of a suave gray room beyond, filled with silver and flowers, and basking in the final light of the departing day, and of the figures of a man and a woman sitting by a tea-table.

"——!" said the small, dark man angrily. "Excuse—oh!" He stared at Kent with raisin-like eyes and breathed quickly through his nose. "So!" he finished. "Meester Kent!" The words seemed to be both an accusation and a threat.

"The same," acknowledged Kent, good-humoredly. "Er—oh, Mr. Mendoza, this is Herr Brett, my wife's manager."

The short man drew in his breath and expanded his chest and throat like a frog at whom some one has thrown a stone.

"Vas!" he corrected. "Vas! Budt no longer."

"Since when?" inquired Kent gently.

"Sinss thees minute!" barked Herr Brett. He threw his right hand out in a gesture of despair. "Eet iss enough she comes out with thees peoples—thees low-down peoples—prostiduting her art, but when she makes eyes at thees fellow—thees big, black, ugly prod-ucer; when she say I am a nuisance, a German bore, or—she make a play on words—pig, I leave." He withdrew into himself for a moment. "I am a Swiss," he concluded sibilantly.

"OF COURSE you're a Swiss," said Kent with smiling emphasis. "Of course you are. Madame Kent knows that as well as I do. Didn't you go to a Swiss dinner in Turin last Winter and make a speech? Of course you did, and an excellent speech it was, too. They wouldn't have let you do that if you'd been a German, would they? No, certainly not. My dear Hans, you must learn to appreciate Gloria's wit."

He put out an appealing hand and rested it on the other's shoulder. Mendoza in the background, very much amused, realized what he never had before, that Kent had one of the most charming smiles he had ever seen—a pathetic, illuminated, twisted, irresistible sort of a smile.

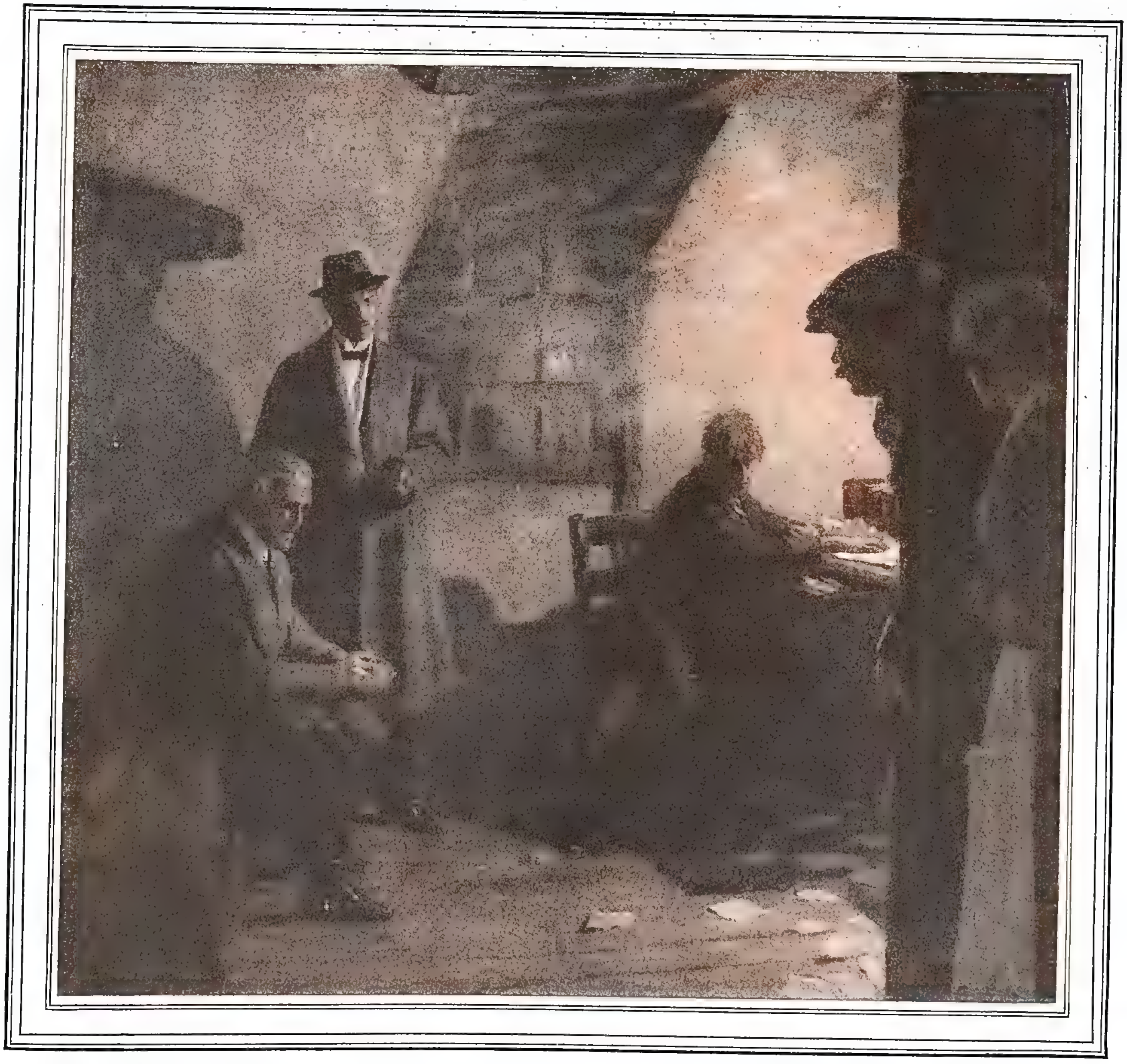
"My dear Hans," Kent was continuing, "have you thought about this seriously? Have you thought what a hole it will place Madame Kent and myself in? Have you reflected that you are by all odds the best man at your job in the world? And what have I done to you that you should want to hurt me? Haven't I always been considerate of you?"

Herr Brett shifted uneasily.

Kent's voice grew more eloquent. "After all these years of intimacy?"

Mendoza decided that an unusual smile was a bad thing for a man to possess; like too much charm. A man came to depend too much upon such things to make his career for him—if you could call it a career.

"Let me talk to you first, Hans," Kent concluded. "Come into the other room." He threw open the door through which Brett had just emerged and turned to Mendoza. "Will you excuse us for a moment, Pedro?" he asked. "I'll be with you in a jiffy. Meanwhile there is Gloria. Gloria, here is Pedro Mendoza. Yes, you remember—Pedro Mendoza!"



"AS CERTAIN AGHAST AND DISHEVELED HEADS APPEARED INQUIRINGLY AT THE DOOR, HE SLID BACK TO HIS PLACE ON THE BED. 'MR. BRAITHWHITE'S REVOLVER WENT OFF ACCIDENTALLY,' HE ANNOUNCED TO THE HEADS"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

Don't Be a Deadhead on a Letter-Head

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

IN ANSWER to the Bishop who was admonishing her to mend her ways, a certain lady said, "You know, Bishop, we are all human, and we all make mistakes." Whereupon the Bishop replied, "Yes, Madam, but let us make *new* mistakes."

In the coming club-year we do not have to repeat our mistakes. These mistakes we should profit by, and our experiences we should build upon for the best, most constructive, most satisfying year of our lives. We should consider honestly some of our failures, analyze our methods, and try to find out why we failed.

First, we should select our "causes" for the next season as carefully as we select our clothes. We are members of too many things. We think that all we have to do to save the world is to join everything in sight, and we end by saving nothing—not even our own dear selves. If all of the "deadheads" on all of the letter-heads of the country were to be decently buried the club cemeteries would be larger than the club conventions. It really isn't "square" to take this sort of free advertising and give nothing in return for it. It is not enough that we are on every board in town and that we send a casual check or two to a casual cause or two during the season. If we have any real interest in anything the only way in which we can show it is to make some personal sacrifice for it.

Among the letter-head deadheads the male of the species is more deadly than the female. Certain men have actually come into national prominence via the organization letter-head. "Just let us use your name—we won't ask you to do anything or to give anything." This is the cheapest, easiest, smoothest road to prominence there is. It is a sort of a climbing stair to fame. It doesn't have to be worked for or paid for. All of the machinery by which one is propelled is hidden. It is a super-refined, highly respectable method of social climbing. Women have not yet learned to cash in on it as the men have. You see the men started this fashion and we are still only imitating them.

This thing of selecting our Fall causes is a serious one, for causes beset us on every side, and how may we tell which is the most important among them? We hear about them at our club-meetings and in our churches; we read about them in our newspapers and magazines; and our children come home from school soaked in them. All modern, well-regulated causes employ professional flag-flappers who fling their banners to every passing breeze and they wave at us continuously. It's a sort of a permanent wave.

EDUCATION INCH BY INCH

EVERY woman should be able to answer these questions. Try them on yourself and on your friends. Read them at your next club meeting. Then watch the next number of Pictorial Review for the correct answers.

No. 1.—Only two important countries are now ruled by women. One of these rules over an empire containing eight million persons and comprising an area twice as large as Turkey of to-day and eight times as large as the State of New York. The other woman has colonies with a population of 47,000,000. Who are they?

No. 2.—For the first time an American woman has been elected a member of the National Academy of Science. Who is she and what is her distinguished contribution to science?

No. 3.—One of the best-known Protestant Divinity schools in America has inaugurated a special course in Divinity for women students, and a woman is on the faculty along with five eminent men. What and where is the school, and who is the woman who has been so honored?

No. 4.—The largest National organization of Jewish women in the world has 50,000 members and 308 branch organizations. During its twelve years of existence this organization has raised $114,000 for scholarships; the amount for last year being more than $24,000. Each individual organization supports at least one scholarship. What is the name of this organization?

No. 5.—It was a woman—and one from a small city of a Western State—who first thought of teaching by mail how to feed babies. She is now a Professor in a great University in which thousands of women are given correspondence courses in all branches of home-making. This is the greatest adventure yet undertaken in the field of practical education for the mothers of the race. Who is the woman who generated this big idea? What University gives Correspondence Courses in Home-making, and what two great American women are at the head of the new department?

No. 6.—A Professional Woman Acrobat, daughter of the keeper of wild beasts at the Hippodrome, once became Empress of the civilized world. She reigned in the greatest Capitol of the world, bathed on three sides by the sea, "Rising like a Marble Lily from a Lake of Lapis Lazuli." She was wise in council and magnificent in action, she was a great builder, a founder of the first charitable institutions for women, the inspirer of many laws in favor of women and their rights. Who was she?

A thousand well-to-do, intelligent women gathered for luncheon in the most expensive hotel in the most expensive city of the world. The chief speaker asked the pretty little president at her left, "What is your group most interested in?" And the president answered rapturously, "Oh, *everything!*" To her it was all "wonderful"—it was "simply grand." One lone man sat among the thousand women—a complacent, well-dressed, well-fed, self-satisfied man.

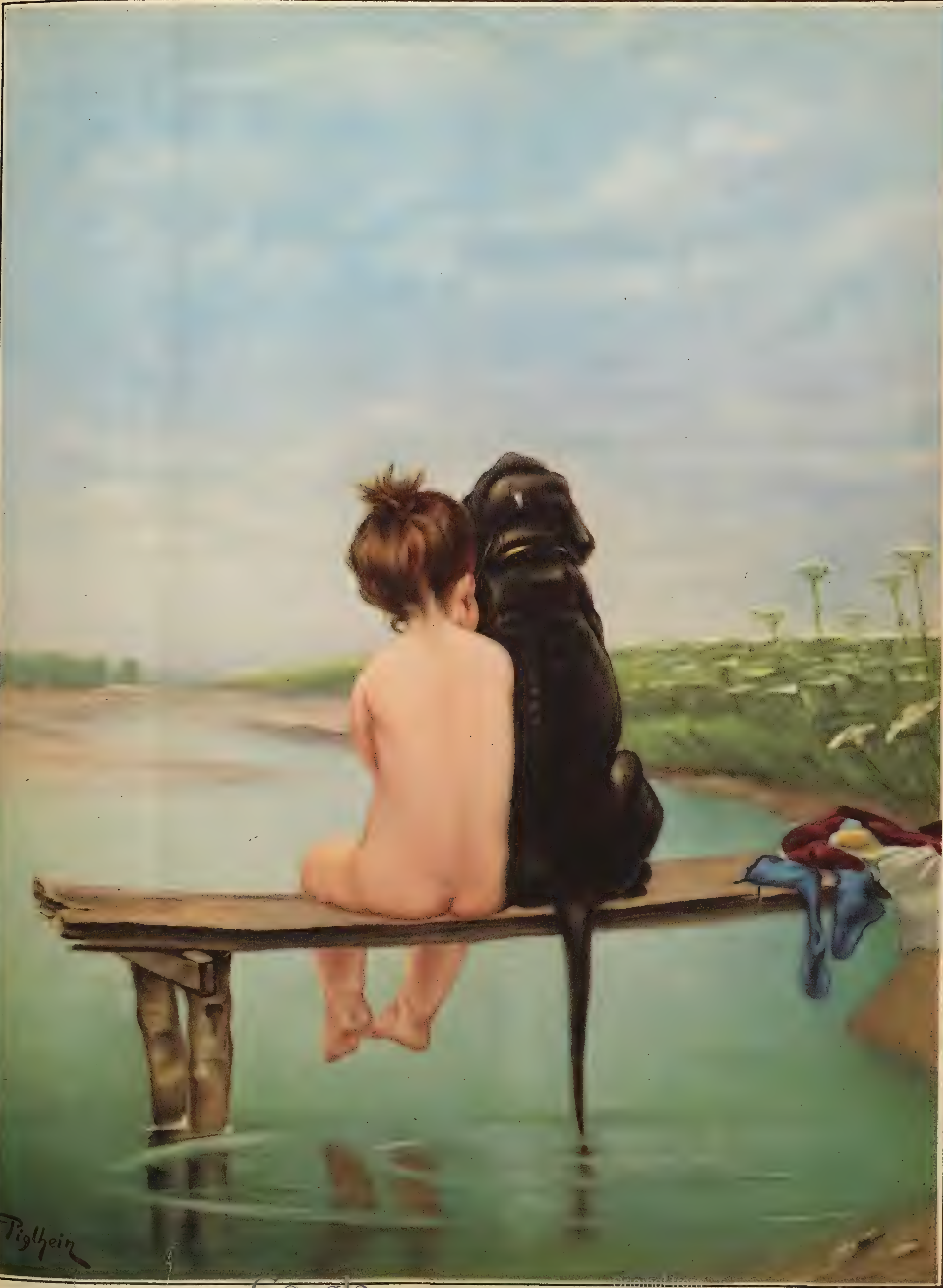
The president beamed at the mere sight of him. She said reverently, "He is our eastern manager, and he is perfectly grand." Some of us still seem to feel safer if we have an able-bodied man managing us. She said he had delivered a "perfectly wonderful course of lectures" during the past season—not on current events or anything like that—oh, no indeed! "You see," she said, her blue eyes shining under the brim of her *chic* little French hat, "he brought us *right up to Chaucer!*" No, this wasn't Main Street, it was New York!

So you see there is a wide range of causes to choose from—all the way from Chaucer to Child Labor. It really is hard to decide, isn't it?

Many times our cause is a worthy—even a noble one—but our method is at fault. Certainly the Get-out-the-vote Campaign undertaken by the National League of Women Voters was a worthy cause. But despite heroic efforts and really hard work the increase in the vote cast for President in 1924 over that cast in 1920 was only 8.33 per cent. In fifteen States there was an actual decrease. In Alabama, altho this State entered the contest, the decrease was 37.28! In so good a suffrage State as Tennessee, where the League has strong leadership and large membership, the percentage of decrease was 29.88. Thirty-three States entered the contest and California was awarded the loving-cup, given for the highest percentage, the increase in that State being 35.88. Wyoming was at the top of the list with an increase of 46.07, but this State did not enter the contest.

Without the incentive of a loving-cup—if indeed that loving-cup was an incentive—Germany did much better than we did. As a matter of fact, three or four words as a slogan—short, snappy words, alliterative and limpid—might have been better than a loving-cup. Women never have gone in for slogans and abbreviations. No woman in the world has ever been known simply by her initials. We know "T. R." and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



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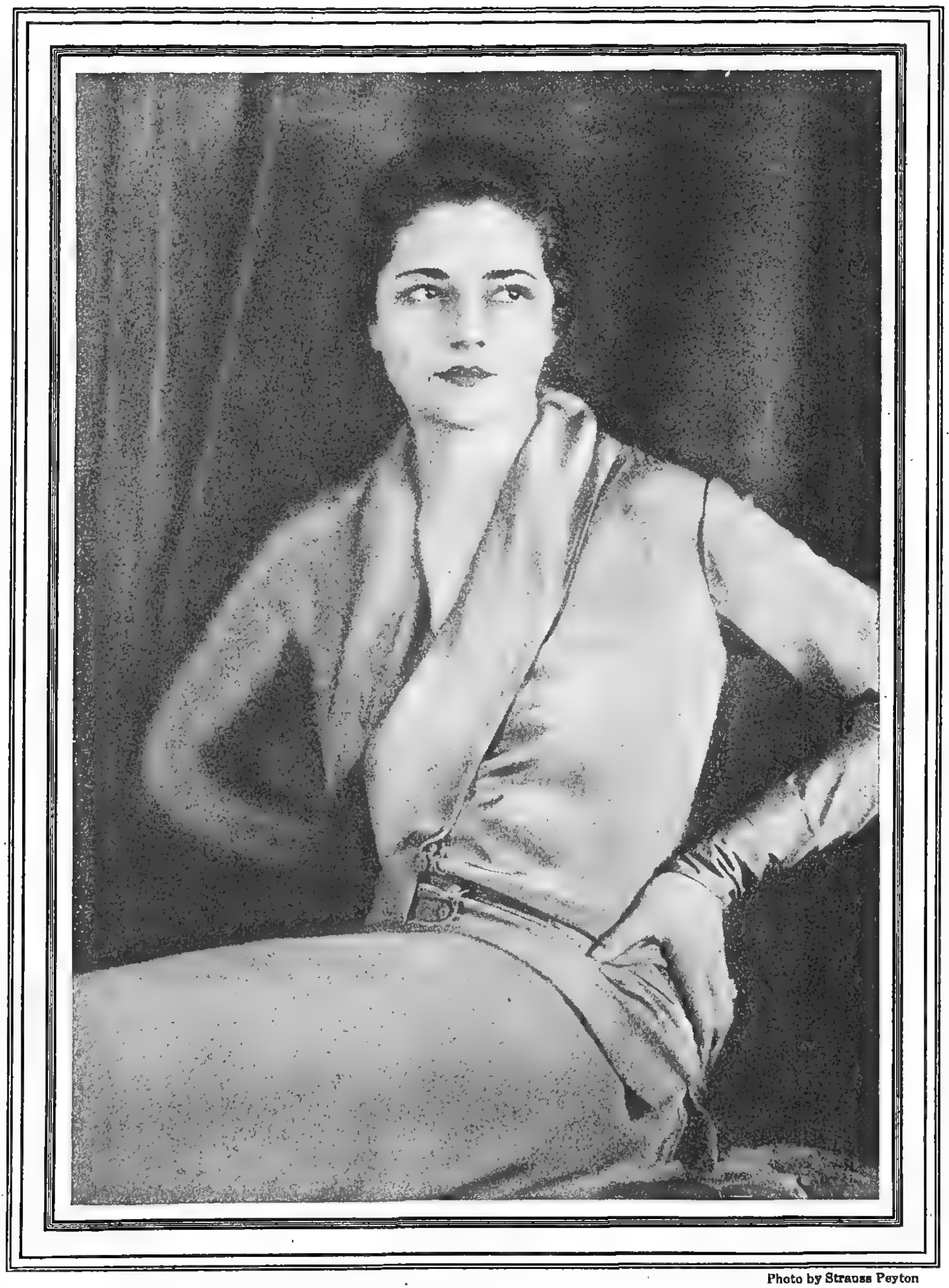
Is New York Society as Slack as It's Painted?

Inside Facts Somewhat Contrary to the Popular View of Smart-Set Life

By JULIA HOYT

THIS is the first of two articles by Mrs. Hoyt dealing with New York society. As a member of an old New York family and for several seasons a prominent figure in society herself, Mrs. Hoyt astonished even her closest associates a year or two ago when she decided to make practical use of the talents and beauty she has been gifted with, by entering upon a stage and screen career. In addition to these activities Mrs. Hoyt has now begun a promising apprenticeship as a writer.



MRS. JULIA HOYT

Photo by Strauss Peyton

THE remarks you hear about New York society, usually from those who know least about it, are generally more uncomplimentary than accurate. They are frequently on this order: "Society in New York has become absolutely depraved. Why, I hear that the things that happened at Mrs. So-and-so's party are absolutely impossible to repeat!" and so on at great length and with wonderful imagination.

I don't suppose there is a large community of any kind in which there does not exist gossip of one sort or another. It exists in the factory, the school, in the country village, and the town. New York and New York society, however, are naturally more heard about and written about than any other city or group of people in this country, for New York still stands in the minds of most people in America as the leading social center of the United States.

It is, with the possible exception of Washington, the most cosmopolitan of our cities. In fact, I think it safe to say that it even exceeds Washington in this, for in New York we not only have many visits from the Washington diplomats who give that city its claim to cosmopolitanism, but we also have as visitors most of the authors, lecturers, pleasure-seekers, etc., who come to America from other countries.

New York is the city to which every one wishes to go, at least for a visit, for it affords more opportunities for entertainment and development than any other city in America. Consequently, if it becomes the thing to say that society is "going to the dogs," quite naturally New York must bear the brunt of such an accusation.

Our ideas of society and its behavior are formed by two factors: the newspapers and society magazines, and mouth-to-mouth gossip. Unfortunately, human nature is so constituted that it is not particularly entertained by stories of parties at which every one is well behaved or of families living happily together; consequently papers and magazines must write of the opposite. People who want to amuse and interest their companions must tell tales that are more or less shocking. But in spite of the fact that I shall probably bore some of my readers, I am forced to say that, from my observation, the reputed great laxness and terrible behavior of the people who to-day make up New York society are greatly exaggerated.

Undoubtedly, customs, standards, and rules have all changed enormously in the last few years; but this is no more true of New York than of any other large city in America, and probably of smaller ones also. Of these I can not speak. Just as a man or woman who has led a cosmopolitan or rather free life is not shocked—does not even notice some things that might shock some one who has always lived a retired life—so there might be seen in New York things that would at first shock some one arriving from a very small town that might not affect the sensibilities of one long resident there.

Such a newcomer would undoubtedly form quite erroneous opinions of New-Yorkers, because to him their actions would be proof of laxness, almost immorality. What he does not stop to think is that the present generation has never known very much of the restriction that formerly prevailed.

Young people are not going to cabarets to-day, for instance, on the sly, but with the full knowledge and consent of their parents. One of the greatest causes of laxness of point of view and even of behavior is the sensation produced by doing something secretly and that is a little "fast."

To the young people of to-day, going out to supper—two or four of them, perhaps even unchaperoned—is no more unusual or thrilling than it used to be to go to a private house. Consequently they behave just as their mothers and fathers used to behave at a private dance, and probably are no worse off. It is merely a change in custom or convention, but is no proof of moral disintegration.

Another example is the modern dancing, which to many is shocking; but so was the waltz shocking to the older generation when first introduced as a devilish foreign innovation. To the young people, who have never known any other kind of dancing, it is unfair and untrue to claim that they dance as they do for any other reason than young people have danced for since the world began; in short, for the joy of a good dance to music.

I was interested the other day to hear the opinion of a man, with a son in college, on the younger generation. He claimed (and he knows of what he speaks, for he is very intimate with his son and his son's friends) that the college boys to-day are cleaner in mind and behavior than they have ever been before—certainly more so than when he was in college. He attributes this partly to the greater freedom permitted the young girl of to-day. In other words, if a boy wants to go out to supper and dance, he does not have to turn to some one he fears to be seen with for companion; he does not have to feel that he is doing something a little "naughty," but he can get all he wants of this sort of diversion with girls who are his natural companions.

Some people would probably say in answer to that, "That is because the young girl of to-day is much freer in her behavior than ever before; consequently he does not have to turn to the other type." I do not believe that to be true. I do not believe that there are any more—what are they called?—"petting parties" now than there were in the days when unchaperoned girls were not publicly allowed with a man. The very freedom they have acquired has made them less sex-conscious and more capable of a frank, unflirtatious relationship.

It is true that young people are much more frank than they used to be, but that does not prove that their actions are any worse. Young people have always wooed, and made love, and, thank Heaven, they always will, and I think our grandmothers did it no more sweetly or nicely, sitting on the sofa in the parlor, than the present generation does it motoring, playing games together, or even supping at a Broadway cabaret. Conventions, modes of life, the relationship of men toward women, have broadened and become more free and natural, but the feelings they have for each other—in other words, human nature—have not and never will change.

It is so easy to shake one's head and imagine all kinds of terrible things about the new generation. I want to be shown some proof of this terrible change before I shall believe it, and, as yet, I certainly have not been shown it. On the contrary, I have seen many more changes for the better than the worse in the average young person of society, and while the new freedom is abused by a few, by the majority it is being well used. There have always been some boys and girls who are not what one wants them to be, and there have always been people to hold them up as proof that the entire young generation was worthless. There is nothing new in that cry.

TO-DAY one hears many tales of the parties in private houses at which young boys and girls arrive with flasks and sit on the stairs and get drunk, etc. I can only speak from personal knowledge, needless to say, but that is probably worth as much as most people's opinions and worth more than some who are the main repeaters of tales. My observation is that it is a rare thing to-day to see any one intoxicated either at a private party or at a cabaret. Of course, there are exceptions, but that is not the point. The point is that the lurid tales of drunken orgies supposedly given by society in New York are absolutely untrue.

Many people are genuinely disappointed when some shocking tale they have heard is definitely proved untrue, or when they learn that their ideas of cabarets, etc., are wrong. Only the other day I was talking to an older woman who said, "No wonder a certain couple were robbed on returning to their apartment from a well-known cabaret. Those places are frequented by the most depraved and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

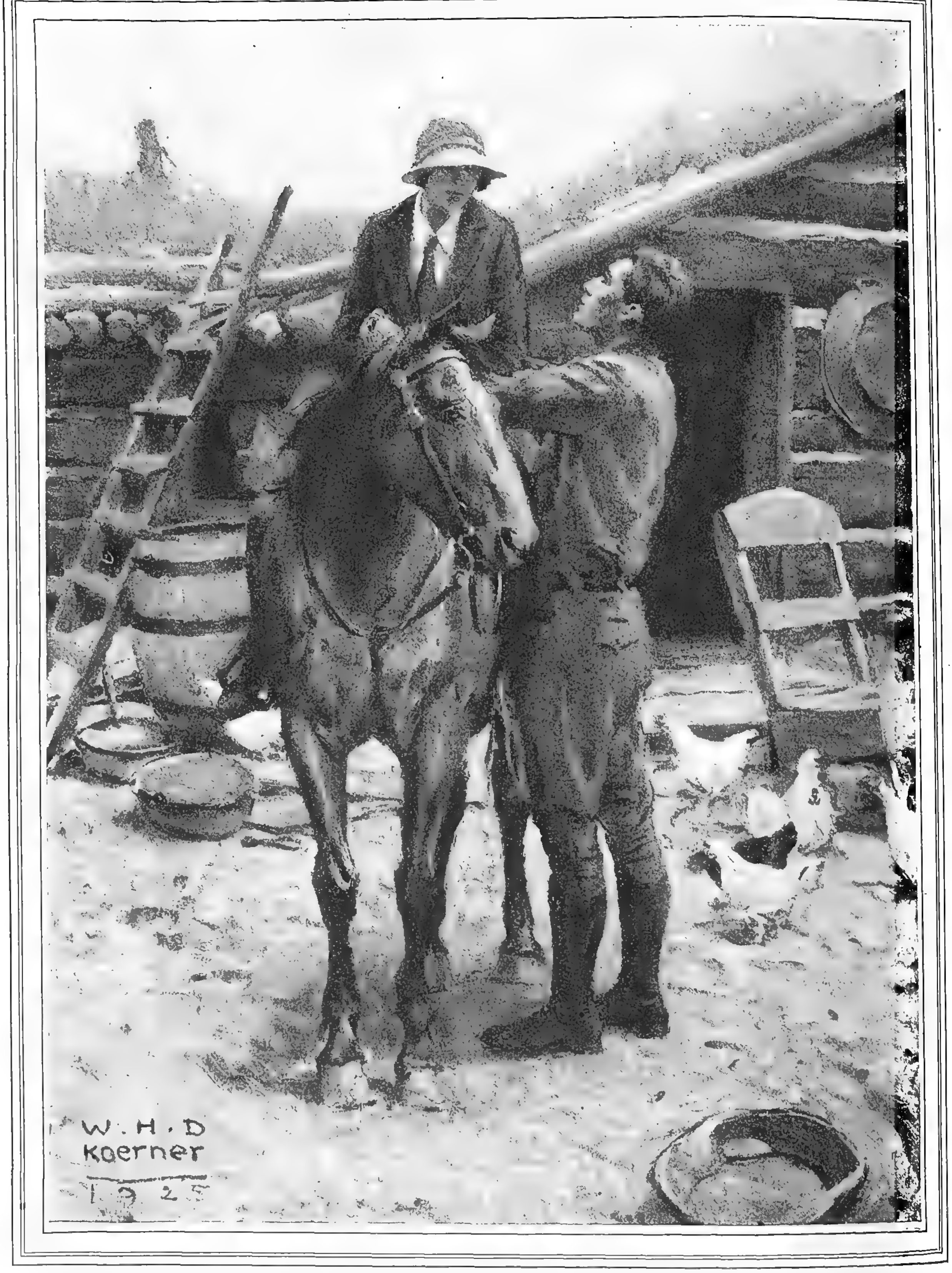
WILD GEESE

The Vivid, Dramatic Tale of a Girl Who Struggled to Make Her Soul Her Own

BY MARTHA OSTENSO

Illustrations by
W. H. D. Koerner

In Four Parts—Part Two



"'LIND,' MARK SAID SOFTLY, HIS ARM ACROSS THE POMMEL OF HER SADDLE. 'YOU ALWAYS COME AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, LIKE HOPE.' LIND LOOKED DOWN INTO HIS EYES"

THE three black-eyed Klovacz children no longer brought crocuses and violets to Lind on the May mornings. Their father, Anton Klovacz, was seriously ill, Lind was told. And because there was no mother in the family, all of the children left with him in the covered wagon for the city in the south, where a great physician would be called into attendance. All of Anton's savings would go, of course.

He had hired a man to look after his live stock during his absence, the children informed Lind on their last day at school. He was a very nice, strong man, they said, who had brought them candy from the city and had let them search his pockets and keep all the silver they found there. On the very first day they had got so well acquainted with him that the younger of them had scrambled all over him in a free-for-all tumble, until they finally got him on his back on the ground, where he lay laughing heartily.

A few days later he had gone to Yellow Post and had brought back a box that sang and made wonderful music. It had been sent after him from the city from which he had come. A number of books with shiny leather covers had come, too, but the children couldn't make out a word of them, or at least not a whole line. Whoever the man was, it was plain that the children had been won over by him completely.

The evenings were now so marvelously tender that Lind could not tolerate the imprisoned feeling on the Gare farm. She made a habit of going on long cross-country tramps alone, after school, returning barely in time for supper. She rarely met any one, either driving or on foot, to detract from the lonely charm of her jaunts. Wondering a little about the man from the city who had come to the Klovacz place, she had several times been tempted to walk over that way. Of course he would be only a laborer, and would doubtless not be bothered with talking to her, but merely a glimpse of him would restore her confidence that the world she had come from was still in existence.

One day the Sandbo children left their pony for her to ride. The evening set in with a fine gray web of rain, and Lind dressed in rough clothes, mounted the pony, and rode southeast, toward the Klovacz homestead. She took the narrow, winding trail that Caleb had driven on not long before. She passed the alder-bushes and came to a stretch where the choke-cherry trees on either side bowed toward each other and almost shut out the sky.

On the road Lind met a man walking bareheaded, with his hat in his hand, in the gray half-light. She recognized him as the man she had seen from the top of the ridge on her way from Thorvaldsons'.

He was tall and rangy, and dressed in the conventional "camp" outfit of the outsider: breeches and leggings, brown shirt open at the throat, mackinaw, and slouch-hat. When Lind saw him approaching she smiled faintly at his ostentatiously appropriate clothes. She knew immediately that he was Klovacz's "hired man."

As they passed each other they exchanged the furtive survey of strangers meeting in lonely parts. Lind saw that he was rugged and brown, with an odd overcasting of paleness, delicateness; that his eyes were thoughtful and well set. Mark Jordan saw only that here was a girl who was riding in the rain as if she were enjoying it.

Then they passed on.

But Lind could not continue. She was overcome with a desire to turn back and stop in at the Klovacz place, to make some pretext. He was not an ordinary laborer, after all. She held the horse on the road for fully a minute, trying to decide on what to do. Then it began to rain in earnest.

The little "sod" of the Klovaczs, and the few straggling outbuildings that the recent settlers had erected, stood in the downpour like huddling outcast things. Until two weeks ago this place had been "home"—a place to come to from the field, from the bush, from school. Lind's eyes grew misty as she thought of the Klovaczs, that plucky Hungarian family.

The pony trotted up to the "stoop" before the house, and Lind in a moment was knocking at the door.

Mark Jordan opened it.

"May I come in out of the wet?" Lind smiled, winking the rain off her eyelashes. "I am Lind Archer, the teacher at Oeland."

Mark stepped back and threw the door wider, checking the exclamation that came to his lips. His keen eye took in his unexpected guest in a quick sweep and left him a bit bewildered.

"Hello!" he said. "You're out in bad weather, I'd say. Come right in!"

Lind looked hesitatingly toward the pony, and Mark stepped quickly out of the door. "I'll tend to the horse, Miss Archer. You go in and make yourself comfortable." Standing on the narrow stoop, they looked at each other for a moment rather awkwardly, and then for no reason whatever both laughed outright. Mark turned away to the pony and Lind went indoors.

She looked about the kitchen into which she had stepped. It already bore that masculine orderliness where bits of rubbish were brushed out of the way and invisible unless one stooped and looked under stove or cupboard. Something was cooking on the stove. The oilcloth-covered table was set with a few dishes for a single meal. The rain pattered with myriad finger-tips on the pane. Lind pulled down the blind.

Mark Jordan came back into the house. The rain clustered in his dark hair like beads and streamed down his cheeks.

"IT'S a bad night to be out in," he offered by way of conversation, and then remembered that he had said something like that before. To tell the truth, the coming of Lind, when he had given himself up to friendless solitude for an indefinite period, had somewhat unmanned him.

"Oh, I love it," said Lind, happy and at ease. "I love riding or walking in the rain. If you turn me out, I won't be a bit concerned." She laughed up at him from the chair she had taken near the stove.

"Then why did you come at all?" he countered, regaining himself.

"Why—oh, I don't know. I was lonely, I guess," Lind said slowly. "You looked like a human being out there on the road, and I haven't seen a real one for over a month."

"H'm. Well, I hope you won't be disappointed," Mark smiled. Lind saw that he had good white teeth and a very attractive mouth. "I was just making a little supper. A hermit doesn't eat much for the reason that it's a lot of fuss preparing food for one person. Nearly always make too much or too little."

He had put his foot up on one of the kitchen chairs in front of the fire and rested his elbow on his knee while he watched the coffee come to a boil on the stove. Lind removed her soft hat and her jacket. She wore corduroy knickerbockers that were almost water-proof, and stout shoes.

"This is really a cozy little house," she observed.

"Yes," said Mark, glancing about it with her, "not bad at all considering what Klovacz had to go on. Poor devil! I don't expect to see him come back at all." He reached across the stove to a row of pans that hung behind it and took down a small skillet. This he placed on the open fire, dropping into it a spoonful of lard from a can. The lard began to snap and smoke, and he deftly broke two eggs into the skillet. Lind watched him as if she had known him for a long time. He turned toward her.

"Will you set in with me, as they say hereabouts, Miss Archer?" he asked. "Or have you a dinner engagement?"

Lind laughed and said, "Well, if you'll let me do the dishes afterward. I'm afraid there won't be anything left when I get home now, anyway, and Mr. Gare doesn't approve of feeding delinquents." She watched Mark comfortably while he went about setting the food on the table. His hands were fine and capable. Lind wondered about him, but asked no questions.

When everything was ready Mark beckoned her to come to the table. He saw for the first time that she had taken off her hat, and that her hair glowed, smooth and lucent, away from her flushed cheeks. She moved to the chair at the table across from him. They looked at each other. Mark felt suddenly that he could not take his eyes off her.

He pushed his chair back and squatted forward, leaning toward her. His eyes were dark and intent, with a regard that was almost impersonal. —— it! he thought, it wasn't fair for any one so lovely to come and take a man unawares. "I wonder where you came from just now?" he asked curiously.

Lind returned his gaze without smiling. For a moment she seemed to be in a spell of abstraction, unable to answer. Fine whips of rain lashed about the little house, and the wind whistled in the birch-trees outside, bleak as a lost bird. These sounds defined the feeling of enclosed warmth and safety in the kitchen of the Klovaczs'. But they did also the opposed thing. They stirred the fear of loneliness, the ancient dread of abandonment in the wilderness in the profounder natures of these two who found shelter here.

"WILD GEESE" is the story of one family's struggles for existence on the great prairies of the Northwest, where sturdy pioneers from Iceland have settled for generations. Into this closely knit community comes Lind Archer, a young, inexperienced girl, to teach the country school. She finds herself thrust into the household of Caleb Gare, a relentless husband, an unfeeling father, and a hard neighbor. He has made chattel of his spiritless wife Amelia. He has made sullen slaves of his children, Charlie, Martin, and Ellen, and a bitter rebel of his daughter Judith by his unjust persecutions. Over Amelia's head he holds the secret of her past, but Judith Gare is a being of a different breed and he can not break her will.

Into this struggling household comes Lind Archer all unsuspecting. To Judith the teacher's advent brings release, for at last the unhappy girl has found a friend. That young Mark Jordan should intrude upon their isolation brings only anxiety to Amelia, who is his unfortunate mother, joy to Caleb, who gloats in his wife's despair, and relief to ailing Anton Klovacz, whose neighboring farm Mark has taken over. For the love of his land old Gare will sacrifice them all, but Judith and Mark, tho unconscious of his schemes, are not his helpless pawns. In what direction lies their escape? In this, the second instalment, the way out is indicated.

For an imponderable moment they sought beyond each other's eyes, sought for understanding, for communion under the vast terrestrial influence that bound them, an inevitable part and form of the earth, inseparable one from the other. The moment was like a warm hand-clasp.

Lind's eyes dropped to the table. She lifted a fork, and put it down again precisely in the same place. Mark Jordan sat with his chin resting on his hand, watching her.

"Down," said Lind, pointing upward with her finger.

"I believe it," he replied seriously. "I think I shall love you."

Lind laughed nervously. He frightened her with his intent look. He had said that almost as if he wanted to hear how it would sound.

"Do you? Will you tell me what your name is, first?" she said in a light tone so that she might keep her voice casual. She picked up her fork.

Mark was suddenly astounded at his own boldness. Whatever had come over him to-night? He had probably driven her away.

"Forgive me—I didn't mean to startle you. But I'm quite sure of it. I want you to know that no one ever came to me as you have to-night—as if it were fated. I've been God-forsakenly lonely."

A wave of incredible feeling came over Lind as he spoke. Her impulse was to rush over to him and touch this strange man's hair, run her fingers through it so that he should no longer be a stranger to her.

"Oh!" she cried, "I know that—so well!" She stretched her hand out suddenly on the table and leaned toward him. He put his own over it with a light pressure, and they smiled at each other.

"But you haven't yet told me your name?" she reminded him.

He straightened in his chair. "Oh, no—I haven't! It's Jordan—Mark Jordan. Now let's eat. You must be hungry." He passed her the bread.

"How's the coffee?" he asked bruskly, after a moment.

"Very, *very* good," she assured him. "I think you're a surprizingly good cook."

The tension was for the moment broken, and they seemed to become fast friends in a few minutes. So they ate together, eggs and fried potatoes, bread and preserved wild plums that the Klovaczs had left, and coffee. They talked of the life at Oeland and of the harsh charm of it that each had felt upon arrival. Mark had not yet had time to get acquainted with the settlers. Lind sketched them to him in brief, sharp outline. He was amused by her observations.

"The Sandbos are your nearest neighbors," she informed him. "Mrs. Sandbo thinks she is happy in the death of her husband, but in reality he is more alive now than he ever was."

She told him of the Gares and the leaden spell that seemed to hang over them all.

"Judith is a beautiful creature. She's like a—a wild horse, more than anything I know of. But Caleb doesn't give her a moment to herself even to think in. I seldom get near her, much as I should like to know her better."

"H'm—you could do a lot for the girl, I should think, if you got the chance," said Mark. He told her a little of himself, of his upbringing among the priests in whose care he had been left upon the death of his father, whom he did not remember; the little he knew of his mother, an English gentlewoman who had died while he was still an infant; of his profession, and his hope of returning to the city at the end of six months with renewed impetus to work.

And Lind in turn told him of how she had happened to come here, and of her resolve to stay in spite of the rancor of Caleb Gare and the terrible oppression in his household.

Lind finally whisked the dishes off the table and washed them, while Mark dried and set them in a neat row in the cupboard. Then Lind looked out the window and observed that the rain had nearly stopped.

"Mrs. Gare will think I am at Sandbo's and will not worry. But I must be getting home," she said. Mark took his cap and coat off the wall and they went out together. There was still a thin rain, and the trees were great watery blots against the darkening sky.

Mark fed and watered Lind's pony, then saddled a horse for himself. Lind stood in the dark stable while he got ready. There was a snug intimacy about the low-ceilinged barn, with the drip of the rain faintly audible on the roof, that made Lind doubly aware of Mark's nearness.

He did not bother to light a lantern for the saddling of his horse. He worked hastily in the darkness lest the feeling he had toward this unaccountable girl should sweep him off his feet completely. When he was ready he walked the horse out, brushing against Lind, who did not at once see him. The brief contact made his heart beat unreasonably.

With the sensitive rain on their faces, they rode down the wood trail, the horses side by side.

Altho he had intended turning back long before, Mark rode with Lind over the miles that led to the Gare farm. The rain stopped, and finally overhead a great billow of hurrying cloud broke and revealed a misty star.

From the northern swamps came a solitary hollow call, as if it were blown by a wind. It was the honking of a belated wild goose, the last to fly over the land to the half-frozen marshes of the remoter north. Lind and Mark listened, standing still, then looked at each other. Suddenly it seemed the air had cleared, and the night stood over them, wide, infinite, transparent as a strange dream.

AMELIA was getting a pail of water from the well when Lind returned. "Have you had supper, Miss Archer?" she asked as Lind came up to her. There was an almost anxious note in Amelia's voice.

"Yes, thanks, I have," Lind replied rather breathlessly. She was flushed and preoccupied after taking leave of Mark Jordan.

Amelia looked after her keenly. Lind turned suddenly and came back to give the woman a hand with the pail.

"I've had an adventure to-night, Mrs. Gare," Lind confided. "I've been riding with a most interesting man, and a handsome one, too."

Amelia smiled. She thought Lind was joking. "Who is he? He must have dropped down with the rain."

"He is Klovaczs' hired man—just for a while. Out here for his health, or his nerves, rather. He's not a farm-hand by nature, of course," Lind told her, and then could have bitten her tongue through for her thoughtless words. Intuitively she felt Amelia wince.

"What is his name?"

"Oh, what is it, anyway? Jordan—Mark Jordan," Lind said.

"Wh-what?"

"Mark Jordan," Lind repeated, pulling at the pail, which seemed suddenly to have thrown all its weight into her hand. Amelia paused for a moment as if she were staring at something in the dark pasture beyond the fence.

"What is it?" Lind asked, looking in the same direction. For a moment Amelia stood dumb. Her hand on the pail was limp. "Do you see anything, Mrs. Gare?" Lind urged, glancing at her.

The woman's face in the indefinite light was expressionless, stony. When Lind spoke the second time, she started and jerked at the handle of the pail.

"No—no. I thought I saw something. Bears around," she murmured. "Martin must tend to those sheep-pens."

They went indoors, and Lind released the pail.

Caleb was reading his weekly agricultural journal in the light of the lamp in the sitting-room. After she had removed her outer clothing Lind came and sat at the table also, laying out her work for the morrow. Caleb did not glance up or speak to her. Lind had the feeling that he disapproved of her being absent from meals. She smiled to herself.

Amelia entered the room and changed the chimney of the lamp, polishing the one she had taken off with a woolen cloth. During the momentary flickering of the light Caleb hitched his shoulders impatiently.

Amelia spoke to Caleb lightly about the good amount of rain that had fallen, and casually mentioned the fact that she would soon have to be sending to the mail-order house for garden seed. Caleb made no response, but shifted his position finally so that his back was almost directly toward her. Amelia smiled at the teacher, almost mischievously. Lind had never before seen her in this lively, self-possessed mood. She wondered what had caused it.

The others, after an unusually heavy day, had gone to bed early. In a little while Lind also went up to the loft. Caleb and Amelia were left alone.

"You didn't tell me he had come here," Amelia darted out. Her eyes shone above white cheeks. She stood at the side of the table and began with both hands to roll up the edge of the table-cloth into a tight little furl.

Caleb turned slowly. "Heh!" he sneered. "You found out, didn't you?"

"Yes, I found out," Amelia repeated, holding each word as if she were trying to memorize it. "The teacher has talked to him."

Caleb raised his eyebrows, and drew his left hand across his mustache. So the teacher had done her little part, had she? He might have known that soft-eyed little chit would not keep her place.

"Well? Are you going to fall on his neck? He'll thank ye for it," he said. He turned the pages of the journal, and Amelia heard his short, chuckling laugh. Her hands tightened on the rolled cloth.

"No. I won't do anything," she said.

Caleb got up, looked into the stove, spat into it, and started to take off his shoes.

Without another remark he went to bed.

For the first time in his life it was uncertainty that kept him silent, not the confidence that his will was understood without the utterance of his word.

ANTON KLOVACZ had left a five-acre plot of scrub brush for Mark Jordan to clear. On the day after Lind's visit he began "slashing," going down into the bush with his ax after he had tended to the animals. The air was cool and clear, admirable for strenuous labor. He swung the ax with rapid, clean sweeps, enjoying the feel of the smooth wood of the handle on his palms.

He thought of Lind Archer. Late the night before he had lain awake thinking of her. She had made him feel for the first time in his life that he was not hopelessly locked within himself. Her physical radiance alone carried him beyond himself, but that might have been simply explained away since she was the only woman he had seen or was likely to see during his sojourn here.

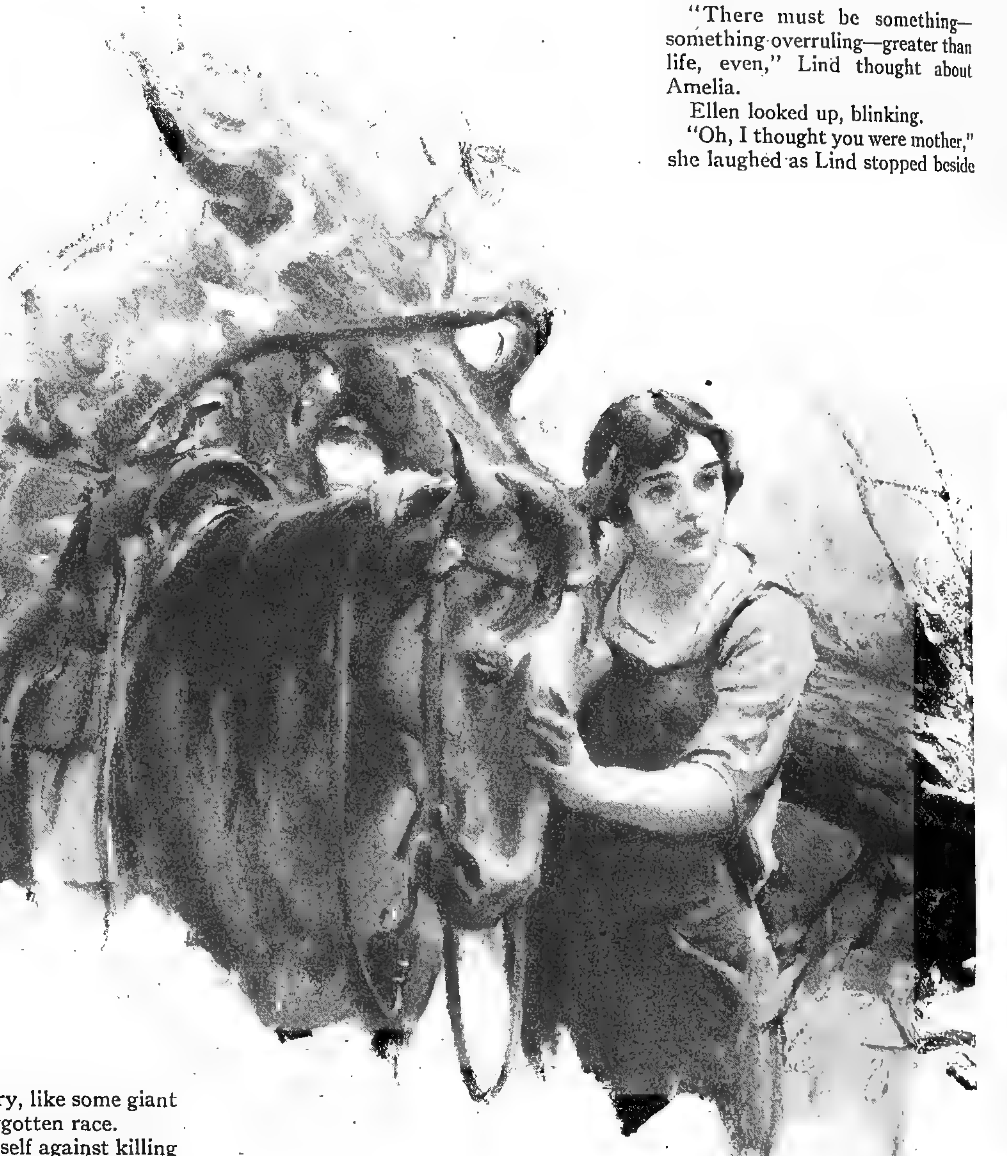
Unreasonable and out of keeping with his conceptions as it seemed, the deepest pulse of his being had leaped in recognition of her as he had looked across the table into her eyes the night before. The whole circumstance made him feel very humble and diffident now as he reviewed it. He must see her again, at once, and yet he feared to meet her lest he should disclose his feelings and find them unwelcome to her. And yet he could not persuade himself that she had not responded to him in part, at least.

He knew his own impetuous, strong desires so well, and he realized that to see much of Lind here would be a torment to him, especially if he should learn, for instance, that there was some one else in her life. He would have to see her again in a day or two, call at the school perhaps, and ask her permission to see her at the Gares'. That would be the proper procedure. The modest country swain courting.

He grinned as he thought of himself in the new rôle. And yet how different life seemed to-day! He rested one hand on the end of the ax and loosened his shirt about the throat. His eyes drifted down the stretch of Klovacz's land where the homesteader's elder sons had planted fodder-grains before their departure. The landscape seemed to have a gentler look than it had yesterday.

Lind. Lind Archer—what a pretty name it was! There had never been any one so suddenly complete, so gratifying to the complex and dubious thing that was himself—the self that had come out of nowhere and had always seemed to belong nowhere in spite of his advantages of education and natural endowment. Mark found himself wanting her again beside him, wanting her terribly as some one from whom he had never in his life been separated. He struggled to reason with himself. He had no right to dream about her this way. The next time he saw her he would keep himself well in check. He began again energetically slashing the ranks of choked birch-trees right and left.

Fusi Aronson, on foot, came to deal with Caleb Gare in regard to a bit of timber-land. He came with great strides across the country, like some giant defender of a forgotten race.



To fortify himself against killing Caleb Gare outright, he stopped to talk with the teacher in her school. "I would do it now, but you say it would be no good. That is true: somehow his time will come," Fusi agreed.

He shook hands with Lind soberly, and she admonished him once more against using violence on Caleb. Fusi, the great Icelander, proceeded across the road to make a sale of a certain piece of woodland.

DAYS flow on, even after the coming of an event of great purport. Even after great sorrow and great gladness, days flow on, and all things become the shining woof and the shadowed warp of the tapestry of the past. So went the day of Lind's finding Mark Jordan, and Amelia's learning of it.

The teacher came into the house after school on the day following the rain, to find Amelia bending over a half-completed piece-quilt which she had stretched out on the floor. She kept her eyes lowered to the bright squares and triangles of the quilt. A bar of sunlight, falling from the window across her sandy hair, cut the quilt diagonally.

"What a gay comforter that's going to be!" Lind exclaimed, stooping to touch a bit of yellow satin. "How long did it take you to collect enough pieces?"

Amelia did not answer at once, and when she did it was without raising her eyes. Lind divined that she had been crying.

Her impulse was to kneel beside Amelia and ask her what the trouble was, but she had come in a short time to know that sympathy would only embarrass the woman. Whatever her grief, she jealously kept it to herself, as if it were too intimate for unburdening. The gaudy pieces of the quilt shimmered and blazed.

"These are odds and ends I've been saving since the twins were born," Amelia said at last. "We don't have much use for silks here, you know. I thought I'd save up until the girls grew old enough to appreciate a nice cover."

Lind knelt and fingered one of the larger pieces of silk. "That's pretty—a kind of brocade, isn't it? Was it a dress?"

"Yes—one that I had a long time before I was married."

"It must have been beautiful."

Amelia made no reply, and Lind, with a dozen fancies about the dress and where and how it had been worn, got to her feet and went out-of-doors. Before what was called the front of the log house, Ellen was planting sweet peas under a window.

"There must be something—something overruling—greater than life, even," Lind thought about Amelia.

Ellen looked up, blinking.

"Oh, I thought you were mother," she laughed as Lind stopped beside her. "This light gets me all mixed up." Lind knew it was not the light.

"Ellen, when are you going to get new glasses?"

Ellen glanced down at the flower-bed.

"Oh, these will do till the doctor comes to the Siding again."

Lind knew that they had already done too long—perhaps forever too long.

"Ellen," began Lind, squatting on the ground beside the girl, "would your father let me buy glasses for you?"

"Oh, dear, don't say anything like that to him!" Ellen cried. "He intends to get them for me—only he forgets. It isn't the money."

Ellen's discomfort was so apparent that Lind could say nothing more. Her defense of her father was a pitiful thing. There was nothing she could do—no help she could give that would be accepted. Even Judith was proud and distant when it came to gifts. She would not take Lind's amber beads, for instance—insisted that they did not become her at all.

"Ellen, are you going to stay here all your life?" Lind asked quietly.

Ellen tore a corner off a package of seed and poured some of the contents into her hand.

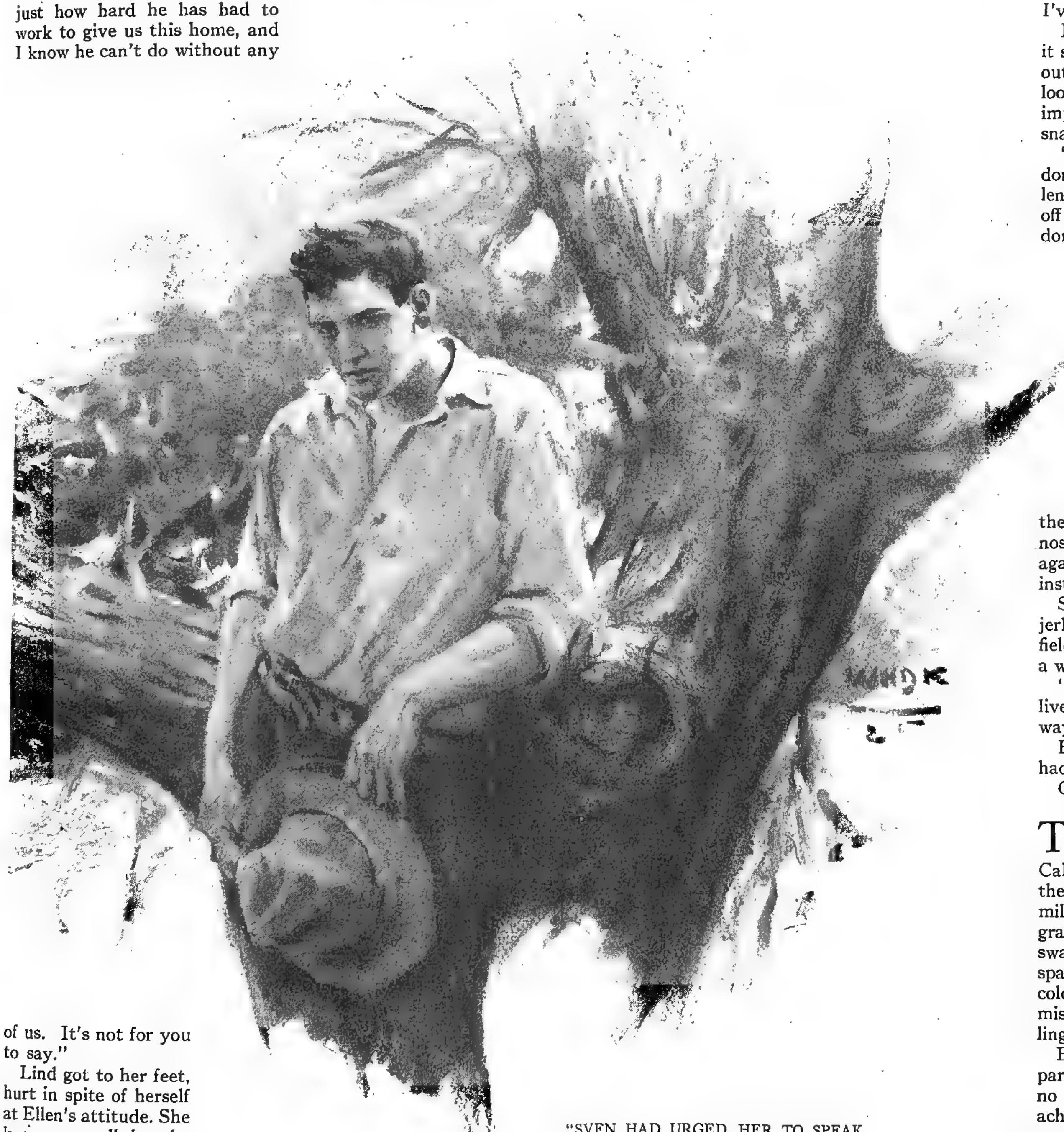
"What else is there for me to do?" she returned, a slightly hostile line appearing at either side of her mouth. "There's nothing the matter with this place, is there? I've lived here long enough to like it, if you don't." Lind had never before heard her speak with such emotion. Her hand was thrown back defiantly, her flat cheeks faintly pink.

"Oh, Ellen, you know what I mean! You are bright, intelligent—with a little education you could make a great deal of yourself. You are wasted here. Have you never asked your father to let you go away for a while?"

"No," she answered indifferently, "I don't want to go." Along the little trench she had dug she sifted the seeds.

"Don't tell me that, Ellen," Lind persevered. "You do. I don't want to turn you against your own home, or anything like that, dear. But I see such fine things in you—your love of music, for instance. Your father could afford to do without you for a few months every year, I'm sure. Why don't you ask him?"

"It's no use for you to talk, Miss Archer," Ellen returned calmly. She sometimes called Lind "teacher," but never used her first name. "I know just how hard he has had to work to give us this home, and I know he can't do without any of us. It's not for you to say."



"SVEN HAD URGED HER TO SPEAK TO HER MOTHER OF THEIR PLAN TO BE MARRIED. BUT JUDITH HAD PUT OFF DOING SO"

Lind got to her feet, hurt in spite of herself at Ellen's attitude. She knew very well that the girl did not really believe what she said. But the contorted sense of loyalty that had been inbred in Ellen had overrun every other instinct like a choking tangle of weeds. She reasoned only as Caleb had taught her to reason, in terms of advantage to the land and to him.

Lind went into the house and got a favorite book of verse, which she took with her down the wood road past the schoolhouse to a little green mound overlooking a marsh full of marigolds. Here she seated herself and tried to see the words on the page before her. But somehow her eyes would lift and lose themselves in the clear distance, where the long reeds stood like etchings of green and gold in the sun.

She found herself wondering about Mark Jordan and, ridiculously enough, connecting him with the auguring of the ancient grandmother of the Bjarnassons. She had not invited him to call on her at the Gares'. It did not seem fitting somehow, altho she knew he had wanted her to suggest it. So there seemed to be nothing for it but to make an errand to the Klovacz place.

With her long, smooth fingers she dug a half-black, half-white stone loose from the earth at her side.

"If the other side is mostly white, old Grandma Bjarnasson's tale is true. If black, not true," she whimsied. The other side of the little stone was all white. Lind smiled to herself.

EVERY evening that Jude went for the cattle her eye roved in the direction of the Sandbos'. Any day now Sven would come home. She knew that he would be looking for her, altho he would not venture actually to the Gare farm. Caleb had, in the past, made it clear that young Sven Sandbo was not welcome on the place. His smile and the easy swagger of his shoulders were a little too impudent.

At sunset one evening in the middle of May, Judith rode the colt, Turk, north across the grazing-land like some dark young goddess, her hair low against the horse's mane, her blood avid for speed. She was conscious of the picture she made, magnificently riding. And she was conscious of being watched. She reined in suddenly and threw up her head. Her cheeks, already crimson, grew hot with color, her eyelids dropped. Then, with a sweeping flourish of her whip, she rode forward to meet Sven Sandbo.

Sven was walking across the open stretch between his own home and the brush that belonged to Fusi Aronson on the north. From here one could not be seen by any one at the Gares'. Sven came up to her and rested his arms across the damp neck of the horse.

"You look great, Jude," he said, looking at her deliberately from head to foot. His hand ran over her overalled thigh. She drew her foot back in the stirrup with a jerk. Sven laughed and thrust his hands into his pockets. He threw his weight on one foot and crossed the other lazily in front of it. "How's everything to home?" he asked.

Judith returned his searching glance with equal deliberateness; took in coolly the city cut of his clothes, his flaming tie, his long shining shoes that had no bumps on the toes such as Martin's yellow Sunday ones; and she made no comment upon his appearance. She knew that Sven expected her to.

Sven was no fool. He laughed, and when he laughed there was no woman could withstand him, he had found. He had the most engagingly male smile in the world.

"Aw, come on, Jude; you ain't sore on me," he coaxed, shaking her foot. "How are *you?* That's what I'd like to know."

"I'm all right," she replied coldly. "How are *you?*"

"Fine. Couldn't wait till I got back. Thought about you all the time, and I would 'a' written, too, if I thought the old man wouldn't get hold of it. Gosh, you're prettier 'n ever, Jude. Girls in town can't hold a candle to you. I've seen 'em all."

He whipped out a sterling-silver cigaret-case and held it so that it flashed in the sun. It seemed that he kept it out unnecessarily long to draw a cigaret from it. Judith looked away to the horizon, and her horse stamped an impatient hoof. Sven put a hand on the horse's bridle, snapped the case together, and stuck it back in his pocket.

"Come riding with me some night? I'll rot here if I don't do something—or see somebody," said he, indolently blowing the smoke upward into the air and flipping off the ash of his cigaret with his forefinger. He had not done that before he went away. Do something—see somebody, that was what he wanted to do, was it? Not something or somebody in particular.

Judith sat silent, her eyes moodily on the horizon.

"Oh, that reminds me," he went on; "here's something I got you. All the girls are carryin' 'em." He drew a little package out of his pocket and unwrapped it. From the tissue-paper he took out a gold-plated vanity-case, which he held up to Judith, looking at her face for the smile of surprize he fully expected to see there. Judith gave the thing a quick glance.

Then with a swift twist of her body she forced the horse to rear upright on his hind legs, his mouth wide, nostrils distended, eyes swimming. She dropped her head against his mane, wheeled him about, and was off in an instant on an animal that had gone mad.

Sven, completely dazed, stared after her, saw the horse jerk from the road and take the fence that enclosed a hayfield at a fine long sweep, like a slender boat rising on a wave.

"Well—I'll be——" he marveled. "By gosh, she's a live one. Worse'n ever. What did she get sore at, anyway?"

But Sven felt uneasily that he knew. She thought he had been showing off.

Galloping away on the horse, Judith gave way to tears.

THE days grew steadily warmer and longer; the distance over field and brush took on a deeper green. Caleb's herds on the prairie westward sought shelter from the noonday sun under the trees on the bluffs, and the milch cows in the north pasture gave up nibbling sweetgrass for long moments to stand knee-deep in the tepid swamps already adrone with insects that ricocheted like sparks across the surface of the water. The season of cold morning dews changed to that of fireflies and evening mist. The yield of the earth passed from timorous seedling to rugged stalk and stem.

But in the life in the Gare household there was no apparent change, no growth or maturing of dreams or fears, no evidence of crises in personal struggle, no peak of achievement rapturously reached. There was no outward emotion or expressed thought save that which led as a great tributary to the flow of Caleb's ambition.

He talked now day and night of nothing but the live stock, circled the fields by day in the cart or walked abroad with his lantern alone at night, and compared the strength of his hay and his flax with that of Skuli Erickson or Joel Brund, the husband of Mrs. Sandbo's daughter Dora. The early Summer season was to him a terrific, prolonged hour of passion during which he was blind and deaf and dumb to everything save the impulse that bound him to the land.

His flax was growing in such a way that he scarcely dared look at it lest it should vanish like a vision. He would put off examining it for a week at a time for fear that in a twinkling something dire had happened to it.

But smoothly as affairs seemed to run on the surface of life at the Gares', there had been a subtle diverting of the undercurrent. Lind Archer perceived it and was troubled.

Sven Sandbo had come home. And Judith's behavior was incomprehensible. Lind had tried to talk to her about him, but she had walked rudely away. And when Lind had offered Judith a book to read which had been sent her from the city, Judith's manner had been much more like Ellen's than her own. She had no time for the book, she had said.

Amelia was preoccupied these days, and her attitude toward Caleb had become almost one of indulgence. There had been a letting down of the familiar tension on Amelia's part and a tightening of restraint on the part of Judith.

Caleb for a time was too engrossed in the affairs of the farm to notice any one. Unlike himself, he went puttering about haphazard trifles, constantly looking for something to do rather than, as usual, for something that Martin or Judith might do. Lind felt that something momentous had happened, and then realized how impossible it was for anything at all to happen here save the monotonous round of duty.

It was Lind alone who noticed these nuances in the life at the Gares'. She had much time to herself in the evenings when she sat at her desk after the children were gone, and fell often to thinking about the Gares. But since the evening of the rain she had thought more of Mark Jordan.

On the third day after her visit at the Klovacz place, Lind sat at her desk in the schoolhouse. The children had been dismissed. The room was heavy with the smell of chalk and choke-cherry blossoms. Lind felt tired and rather depressed. She closed her eyes and leaned her head against the palms of her hands. She went in detail again over the frightening and delicious night of the rain.

THE door opened slowly. Mark Jordan stood framed against the light, smiling, bareheaded, his hat in his hand. Lind clapped her hands to her cheeks. Then she laughed.

"You look guilty," said Mark. He came slowly down the aisle in the center of the room, looking at her happily.

"I confess I am," Lind said shyly. "I was thinking of inviting myself to dinner again at your house." She got up from her desk and stretched her hand out to him. He held it, looked at it, pointed to the chalk- and ink-stains.

"Salt of the earth: a school-teacher. I was one myself for about a month. Got fired for encouraging the kids to play hooky," he laughed.

He dropped her hand and strode around the room, examining the drawings and knickknacks the children had made and hung on the walls. Taking a piece of chalk, he drew on the blackboard a ridiculous figure with knock-knees and turned-in eyes, and under it wrote in a childish scrawl, "Teacher." Then he stepped back ten paces and took aim with the chalk, succeeding in tossing it on the ledge of the blackboard. This he did several times, stepping back a few paces farther each time.

Lind watched the game for a while half amusedly. Then she was conscious of a faint irritation. He apparently had forgotten she was there. His restlessness shut her out. Irrelevantly she recalled the words of the ancient grandmother of the Bjarnassons: she would never know the secret of him. As he stood in profile to her, her eyes outlined the well-bred shape of his head and shoulders. He turned to her so suddenly that she started.

"Let's walk," he said. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she answered. She would have to try to understand him. "I really don't want to walk now that you have decided upon it for me so peremptorily. But I'll use you as a means to control my temper, and go with you. You are terribly used to having your own way; I can see that. As if you were the only person on earth."

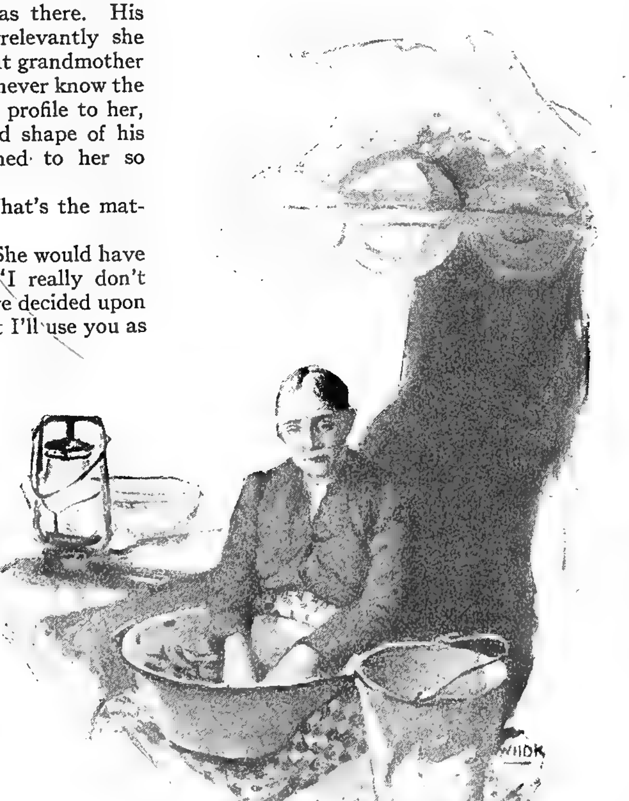
"I always was—until you came, Lind. I just have to get used to the idea of your presence," he said so seriously that she had to smile.

"Did any of the Gares see you come in here?" she asked uneasily.

"The Gares? Oh, those people? Don't know. I didn't see anybody except a robin in the road, and he didn't even turn a feather," he told her, going to the window while she cleared her desk. "Why? Are you afraid of them?"

"Oh, by no means," she said hastily. "It's just that I don't want them to—oh, I want to know you separately from them—in another world, so to speak. If you go there, or talk with them, I'll feel that the *idea* of you has mingled with them. See? I don't want you to see them or them to see you, except, perhaps, Judith—" She glanced at him thoughtfully, as if to make up her mind as to the good judgment that lay in the reservation.

"You walked?" she asked, after they had slipped out and taken a little path that insinuated itself through the thick growth of fir-trees behind the schoolhouse.



"AMELIA DID NOT GLANCE UP. HER SERENITY TROUBLED CALEB. IT WAS A CHANGE IN HER HE COULD NOT FATHOM"

"No, I came on an elephant. It evaporated at your door," he said, and they both laughed.

"But curiosity impels me to see this Gare family," Mark declared, a little later. "Especially Caleb Gare. They told me at Yellow Post that he's the devil himself."

"No, he's too cowardly to be the devil. He's too cowardly even for a man to want to kill him. That's why Fusi Aronson hasn't done it long ago."

She told him about Fusi.

"I'd like to meet him," Mark said.

They talked of the strange unity between the nature of man and earth here in the north, and of the spareness of both physical and spiritual life.

"There's no waste—that's it," Mark observed, "either in human relationships or in plant-growth. There's no incontinency anywhere. I've made trips around Yellow Post since I've been here, and I haven't talked with a single farmer who wasn't looking forward to the time when he wouldn't have a grain of any kind in his bins if he didn't rake and scrape for all he's worth now. They seem to have no confidence in the soil except in regard to what grows out of their own slaving with it. Think of the difference there would be in the outward characters of these people if the land didn't sap up all their passion and sentiment."

Lind nodded. "That's what's wrong with the Gares. They all have a monstrously exaggerated conception of their duty to the land—or rather to Caleb, who is nothing but a symbol of the land."

They sat down upon a flat rock near the trail.

"I spent some time farther north—went up to a mission when I was only a kid with one of the priests, and later after I had grown up," Mark told her. "That's a country for you. If there's a God, I imagine that's where He sits and does His thinking. The silence is awful. You feel immense things going on, invisibly. There is that eternal sky—light and darkness—the endless plains of snow—a few fir trees—maybe a hill or a frozen stream. And the human beings are like totems—figures of wood with mysterious legends upon them that you can never make out.

"The austerity of nature reduces the outward expression of life, simply, I think, because there is not an abundance of natural objects for the spirit to react to. We are, after all, only the mirror of our environment. Life here at Oeland, even, may seem a negation, but it's only a reflection from so few exterior natural objects that it has the semblance of negation. These people are thrown inward upon themselves, their passions stored up; they are intensified figures of life with no outward expression—no releasing gesture."

"Yes, I think perhaps human life, or at least human contact, is just as barren here as farther north" Lind remarked. "The struggle against conditions must have the same effect as passivity would have, ultimately. It seems to me that one would be as dulling as the other—one would extort as much from human capacity for expression as the other. There's no feeling left after the soil and the live stock have taken their share."

They talked about books and disagreed spiritedly here and there. Mark urged her to let him come to see her at the Gares' and bring with him two or three of his treasured volumes, and she consented to speak to Mrs. Gare about it.

To Lind it was miraculous that she should have found him here. To Mark it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should have found her.

"I may come to the schoolhouse then, any evening?" Mark asked almost timidly. It was time for him to go, and it amazed him that he hated so to leave her. She put out her hand to him simply.

"Yes, do," she said warmly. They had come within sight of the gate at the Gares'.

He looked at her oddly, then turned and walked rapidly down the road. He looked back once, and saw her standing where he had left her. Raising his slouch-hat, he waved his arm in a wide arc. Lind walked on into the barnyard of the Gares. Her heart was beating boisterously.

SHEARING-TIME was at hand. Thirty-odd sheep, so heavily coated that they looked clumsy in their own wool, were herded into the pen where Judith, Martin, and Amelia and Ellen proceeded with the work of shearing. The smell of the wool always nauseated Ellen, so Amelia contrived to have her indoors with the housework a large part of the time. Judith moved among the sheep, singling out her own to see that justice was done in regard to disposing of the wool.

It had been a pride with Caleb since the children were little to let them have a few animals of their own to bring up and sell, and in this manner pay for their own clothing. He contended that it gave them an active interest in the business of the farm and instilled in them early a feeling of independence. Amelia had long since seen through this mock generosity.

Caleb, altho he did not materially assist in the task, paused before the pen where the three were at work, after Ellen had gone indoors. Beside him stood Thorvald Thorvaldson, the Icelander, who prided himself upon being a master. Caleb rested his elbows on the board fence and gave arbitrary instructions in regard to the shearing. It gave him a gratifying feeling of overseer.

"Here, Jude! That's no way to clip! Get the shears under it more—come along! Come along! Can't take all day with a sheep, you know. Little closer there! Fine wool, eh, Thorvald? How many pounds do you reckon I'll get off that sheep?"

Judith turned her back directly on the two men and kept at her work. The sheep was one of her pets, an ewe who always bore well. Judith hated the Icelander, who stood glowering above her. She had glanced sideways up at him and found his piggish little eyes surveying her limbs and the backs of her thighs as she bent over, the overalls she wore tightening across her body. She dug down into the ewe's chest and clenched a fistful of the thick wool. There were limits to endurance, even for Amelia's sake.

Amelia did not glance up. Her serenity troubled Caleb. It was a change in her he could not fathom. It had come with her discovery that Mark Jordan was on the Klovacz homestead. You could never rely on how any woman would react to a thing, not even Amelia.

"Come, come, Amelia! Thorvald is thirsty. Plenty of time to finish that before dark," he said to her. His tone was like a sudden prod in the back. Amelia straightened quickly, brushed a wisp of dun-colored hair out of her eyes. The homely gesture gave her an uncouth look for an instant—a pitiful gaucheness.

"I thought you said Mr. Thorvaldson had no time for coffee?"

Caleb stared at her. "Mr. Thorvaldson will have coffee. He has changed his mind," he said finally, turning with the glum-faced, inscrutable Icelander to the house. No mention of coffee had been made to Thorvaldson. He grinned flatteringly at Caleb. Here indeed was control that was at once subtle and sure! The trouble was that Thorvaldson's women-folks had not the intelligence to understand and properly respect such ruling. More obvious tactics had to be used with them.

"How is your wife coming?" Amelia asked Thorvald when she had served him with coffee.

"She's coming long purty good," he responded, emptying the contents of his saucer down his throat. "Coming in soon, I t'ink, haa! Haa! Vun after another—such a voman!"

Amelia turned away from the man. He had grotesque, overhanging mustaches that trailed in the saucer he held to his mouth. Caleb was filling his pipe. He saw Amelia turn away. He saw the tightening about her lips.

Caleb smiled cunningly. "Sit down, my dear," he said, placing a chair for her directly in front of Thorvald. "The shearing can wait. Have a chat with Thorvald. Heh, heh! My wife gets sick of seeing only her husband around, Thorvaldson. A woman should have a change, eh?" Both men laughed heartily, Caleb tilting back his head and letting his eyes rest casually on Amelia, who had without a word sat down into the chair he indicated.

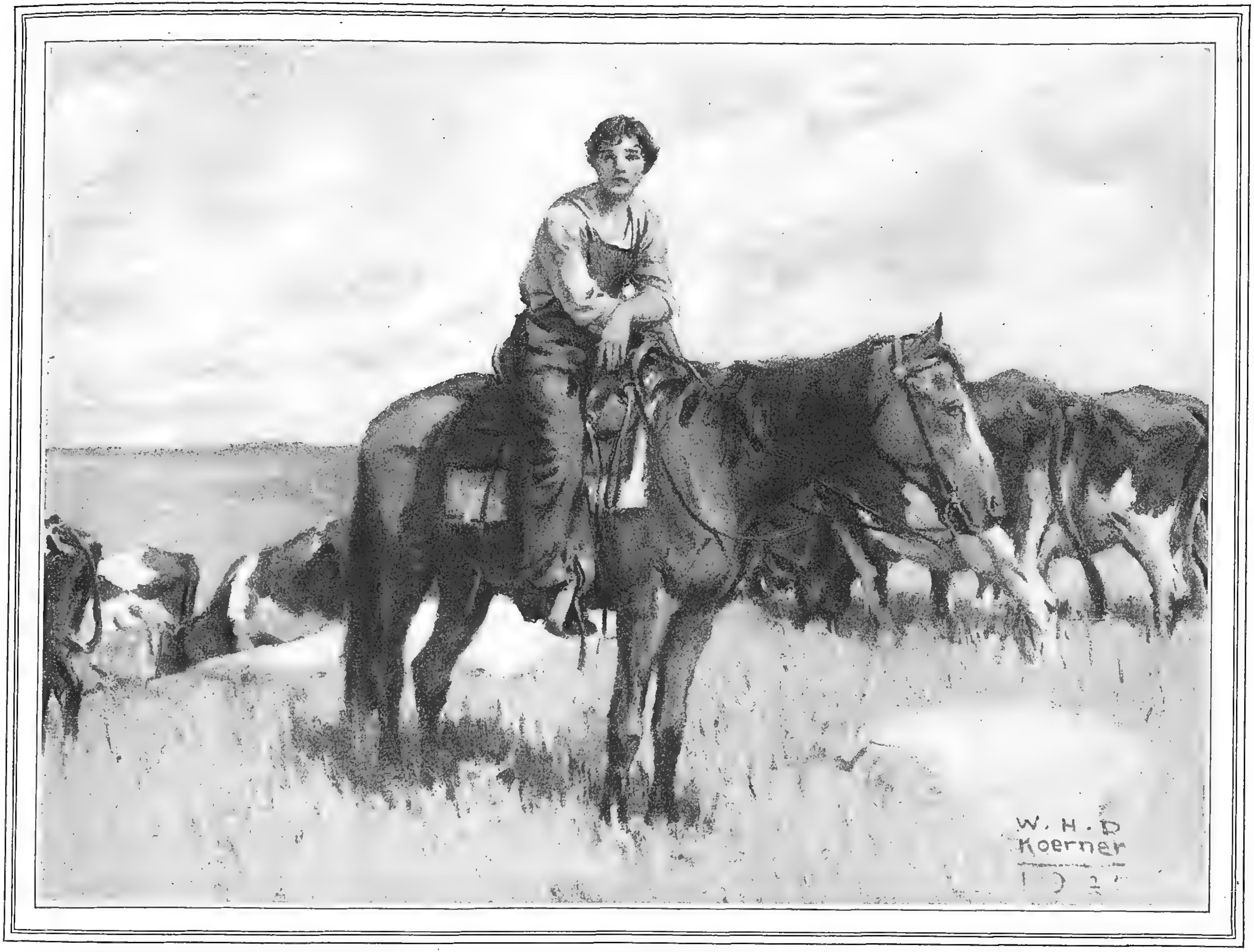
Amelia's eyes wandered to the window. They were not timid, submissive, as they had been a week ago. They were nervous, alert. Caleb was disturbed.

Thorvald swallowed great fistfuls of bread and butter and cold meat that Amelia had set out for him—swallowed with an eager noise. Amelia sat before him, not uttering a word.

Yes, Caleb was disturbed. He made up his mind once more that Amelia must not set eyes on Mark Jordan.

After the departure of Thorvald Thorvaldson, Caleb approached his wife. His voice was smooth, easy.

"The teacher has talked with that son of yours again. If she asks to have him come here, remember it isn't best. For one thing, Amelia, it would only remind you of things you want to forget. For another, he's not the kind I want to have round my children." He lit his pipe again leisurely, as if he had spoken of the most commonplace of



"SHE HEARD HIM CALLING ACROSS THE SWAMPS TO HIS OWN CATTLE, AND KNEW THAT IT WAS TO MAKE HER HEAR. IT MADE HER BITTERLY LONELY"

things, and went out the door, scarcely lifting his feet off the ground, his head thrust forward, his hands clasped behind him. He had been satisfied with Amelia's pallor. Whatever her state of mind, he must assure himself that he could in a moment change it. That was control.

THE shearing complete, and the wool packed into flour-sacks ready to be taken to the Siding of Nykerk, the round of more usual work began again.

While Ellen worked in the vegetable garden, weeding and hoeing until her narrow back was numb from the strain, Judith made a number of trips to Yellow Post in the dog-cart for provisions.

"Yes!" she burst out at Ellen, who finally reproached her for her selfishness. "Why do you stick? I'm not sorry for you. I'm not sorry for any of us! We're all old enough to get out. Why do you stick if you don't like it? I don't like it and I'm going to get out—soon. I'm not going through another Winter up to my knees in manure—not much! I've handled enough calves for him! What do I get for it? What do you get for it? It was different when we were small and she couldn't help herself. I tell you—I'm quitting!" Her voice rose to an uncontrollable pitch; her full breasts shook.

Ellen adjusted her glasses over her nose, a thing she always did when under excitement of any kind.

"Judith," she said solemnly, "it isn't only that. There's something else. He has some kind of threat he always makes to her—you've heard him—I've heard him. I don't know what it is, but she's afraid—afraid of what he'll do. We can't let him do it. You know we can't. It would kill her. I have given up a lot more than you ever will to stay——"

"Oh—" Judith gave vent to a word that made Ellen start.

"Judith, you're dreadful!"

"I'm worse than you think! A lot worse!" said Jude, driving off in the cart.

Lind was awaiting her at the schoolhouse.

"You look angry, Judie; what's the matter now?" Lind asked her when they were on their way.

"Nothing, but Ellen makes me sick with her whining. She loves to suffer. And loves to see everybody else doing it. Only because she isn't quite as strong as I am she gets it only half as bad."

"I don't think she loves it at all, Judie. I think she is giving up a great deal to stay on here, and she knows it. Has there ever been anybody that she cared for very much—who wanted to marry her?"

"I guess old Goat-eyes liked her all right. But he's been gone a year, and she never talks about him. Anyway, he's a half-breed, or nearly."

"Of course, if Ellen loved him, that wouldn't have mattered, do you think?"

"No, I s'pose not. He was too good for her, anyway." Judith's eyes were full of intolerant contempt. She slapped the horse's rump with the reins, and the rattle of the cart soon made conversation difficult. They did not stop at Sandbos', as Jude knew that Caleb would be spying, from the slight rise on which the Gare farm was built, to see that the horse emerged from around the bend in due time.

Yellow Post lay in a little valley shaped like the palm of a hand, a narrow creek curving across it like a life-line. Jude drove briskly up to the store of Johanneson, the Swede trader, and Lind went into the store to make a few purchases of her own while Judith tied up the horse. A few half-breeds ventured into the store after her, to skulk about with furtive glances.

Leaning against the counter in the store and smoking his pipe, stood Mark Jordan. He came toward her with a quick stride, looking down at her almost querulously.

"You didn't come," he said in a low tone, glancing with annoyance at the open stares about them.

"Come—where—when?" Lind asked innocently.

"Let's go outside and talk," he said. He picked up his box of groceries and steered Lind out of the door before she had an opportunity to make her own purchases.

"Come on out after you've got your things, Judie," Lind called back to her. The girl went on into the store, showing none of the curiosity she felt about the stranger with Lind.

Mark placed his provisions in the bottom of the buggy in which he had driven to Yellow Post, and walked with Lind to the creek. They sat down on the grassy bank and watched the tiny minnows dart down with the gentle current in silver schools, and, turning, snub their way back up-stream for no more reason, perhaps, than the shadow of a sailing leaf on the water.

"I've missed you. It rained last night, and I was sure you'd come," Mark told her. "I listened until midnight."

"Oh, how ridiculous! You did not!"

"I swear it!"

"But it would be a little—irregular."

Mark frowned at her. "It wasn't the night you did come. You do the thing you want to here, anyway. I need you, Lind, more than you know. I've been plugging away clearing Klovacz's land, or I would have been over at the school yesterday. Has Mrs. Gare given you permission to have me call on you?"

"I've not asked her yet. It's terribly hard. But I'll come over and cook you a dinner—" she said impulsively. "May I bring Judith? That's Jude back in the store."

Mark gave her a searching look.

"Oh, just to make it jollier," she hastened to add.

"Bring her, by all means, and any one else you like."

They walked back to the store. As Jude did not come out Lind decided that she felt shy about meeting Mark, and did not go in for her. She said good-by to him, and Mark climbed into the buggy and drove off.

IT WAS the day on which mail arrived with John Tobacco, and when Lind returned alone to the store, Sven Sandbo was there talking with Judith. Sven had discarded his city clothes and most of his braggadocio air. His heavy shoulders stood out from his narrow hips; the calves of his legs were slightly bowed from the saddle. The mobility of his mouth and nostrils, the lazy droop of his eyes at the corners, the careless gesture of the hand that held his cigaret, his frank maleness, made him at once attractive and exasperating.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

The Actress Who Became a Playwright

FROM the time she was in her teens Miss Donnelly has spent most of her waking hours in the theater achieving popularity as an actress in a variety of rôles, including such dissimilar characterizations as CANDIDA *in Bernard Shaw's play of that name and the lacrimose* MADAME X. *In 1916 Miss Donnelly was one day called upon to give first aid in the restoration of a musical comedy, and her venture as an author turned out so successfully that she has devoted her entire time to play-writing ever since.*

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Dorothy Donnelly

In a Double Rôle

By

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

WHENEVER some neighbor of mine changes careers in midstream—when an Arthur Train closes his law office to turn novelist or a Stark Young forsakes a college faculty to try his nervous hand at writing plays and pieces for the paper—memory carries me back to the time when I was a freshman at Hamilton.

It seems now, roughly, as long ago as the Second Punic war; but I still recall vividly an afternoon in the gymnasium when a lean and rosy youth, who has since become the comparatively awesome professor of English literature on that very campus, flung himself boldly at the horizontal bar and whirled around and around it in the manner of a somewhat enlarged Fourth of July pin-wheel.

But he was inexpert in such lusty endeavors and, losing his grip on the bar, he fell with a resounding thwack on the meager mat below, its powdery white dust rising in alarming clouds around his limp and supine form.

We all hurried to his side to see if he were hurt, and I, for one, am quite unable to forget the first glum comment on the mishap which pain wrung from his twisted lips. "I think," he murmured, as he sat up and ruefully rubbed his aching head, "I think I will drop this course and take up music."

Wherefore whenever I see some one in my street turning from one trade to another I can not help wondering if he, too, had lost his grip on the bar and fallen with a crash to the ground where, outside the gymnasium, a kindly mat too seldom waits below. And always all of us are a little surprized when some one who has climbed to loftier heights than the humdrum toilers of the world ever dare to dream about is seen calmly returning to the flat spaces of the world to begin again, stubbornly, indefatigably, the long, long ascent of another hill.

Thus I suspect that most of Dorothy Donnelly's neighbors exchanged puzzled glances when she, who had stood so high in the craft into which she was born, who had known what it was to create and play triumphantly throughout the country such great and nourishing rôles as *Candida* and *Madame X*, walked abruptly out of the stage door for good and all and began humbly her apprenticeship at the trade of putting black words on white paper. There was no visible clue to the reasons for such procedure, for she was still far from the age and figure at which a shining contemporary of hers was not in the least abashed by the task of playing *Juliet*.

It was quite nine or ten years ago that Dorothy Donnelly's wondering neighbors first observed her writhing in the clutch of an ambition to write the speeches for other players to speak rather than herself ever to speak any again.

When she set sail for Europe one morning recently—her first chance to walk again the French fields and roads she had last traveled in the gray-blue uniform of the Y. W. C. A.—it was with the luxurious knowledge that in many towns other players were working for her; that three companies of "Blossom Time" and three companies of "The Student Prince" were speaking her lines and warbling her lyrics in America, and that two companies of her "Poppy" were disporting themselves in various parts of England.

As she settled back in her steamer-chair and let the puttering deck-steward tuck the thick rugs around her, it must have been pleasant to reflect upon the fact that, with the single exception of the Miss Nichols who wrote the prodigious "Abie's Irish Rose," no other woman writing for the theater anywhere in the world could so well afford the vacation of which the lazy weeks stretched invitingly ahead of Dorothy Donnelly.

Such an ambition as smote Miss Donnelly in her middle thirties, while scarcely a universal phenomenon of human nature, is still a common enough agitation in the bosoms of all those who toil, either as masters or journeymen, in any of the arts and professions. But through inertia, indolence, timidity, poverty, and all the fetters of responsibility few of us yield to it. And while such yielding is rare enough to call each time for some explanation, I should like to make it clear that to me it always seems rational enough to need no apology. Indeed I think if we were not all pretty lazy and cowardly we would change careers repeatedly and that nothing else could so renew a body's youth and his zest for the business of living as the striking out on a new occupation every ten years.

The explanation in Miss Donnelly's case is something which no mere onlooker could fully supply, but I do suspect that the change had its roots in the fact that, unlike most of us who live in New York, she was born there. To her the crowded and glamorous island is no mere midway for a gaping tourist, no market for a fortnight of furious shopping, no Rialto for the bargains of the stage, no port of entry for a laden traveler returning overseas. To her New York is the native heath, the playground of her childhood, the town where she went to school. It is home to her, and I think that something deep within her rebelled at every night of the long seasons when she toured the land as the serene *Candida*, as the lacrimal *Madame X*, and as the heroine of "The Lion and the Mouse."

When she would unpack a trunk in Des Moines on a Monday afternoon knowing that she must pack it again on Wednesday, only in Minneapolis to pack it again on Saturday; when she went for months and months playing each evening in a new town, sleeping each night on a bumping, cindery train, there was born within her a great yearning to settle once and for all in a house of her own and stay there forever and ever.

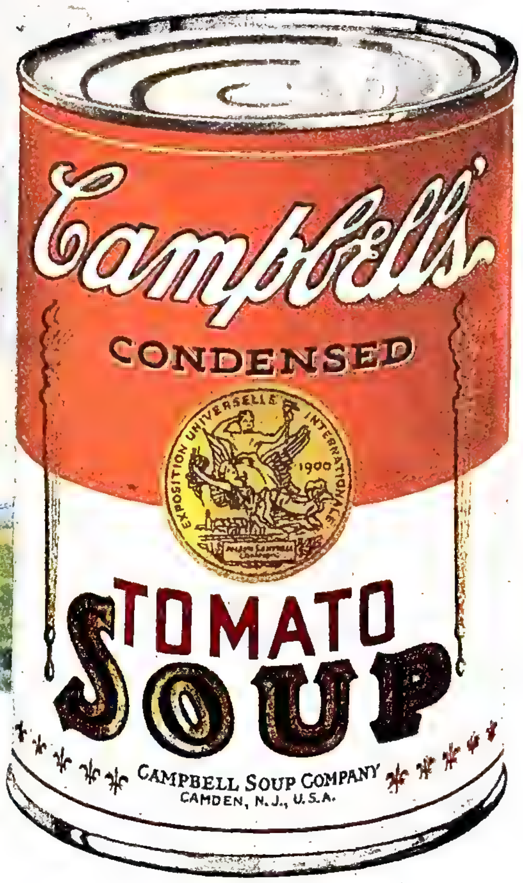
To many people of the theater, that yearning never comes. Duse, first seeing the light of day in the third-class compartment of a railway-train trundling between two small Italian towns, closed her eyes for the last time in a Pittsburgh hotel. She was born on tour, and on tour she died, and some such riming of life sings in the scenario of all true nomads as they dream what their life should be.

There are many players—Maude Adams was one, for instance, and Mrs. Fiske is another—who really are happiest when the troupe moves on from town to town, who feel an ancient restlessness stirring within them whenever the success of any play holds them week after week in one place and they hear no more the trucks back up for the scenery, the thud of suitcase on platform signaling that the troupe is on the move again.

But Dorothy Donnelly on tour was a born Manhattanite hungry for home, sick with a nostalgia for a house where

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

TASTE THEM IN ALL THEIR GLORY IN THIS TOMATO SOUP!



The harvest for
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Nature smiles her sunniest on the tomato. Upon it she lavishes her gifts. Within it she stores the food that invigorates. She enriches it with pure tonic juices and luscious "meat". She gives it a brilliant color and a skin of velvet.

But Campbell's have glorified the tomato—grown it on their own great farms to a new perfection, aided a host of other growers to produce a finer yield.

And then this rich harvest is transformed, at the deft hands of Campbell's famous chefs, into as tempting and delicious a treat as ever spoon brought to your lips.

Tasting Campbell's Tomato Soup is tasting tomatoes at their greatest glory.

I'm Captain Kidd with a pirate crew,
We sail the Spanish Main.
But when we're out of Campbell's Soup
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Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Of course, it makes the most delicious Cream of Tomato.

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Twenty-five years ago canned Hawaiian Pineapple was unknown. Today it is one of America's most popular fruits—and the recipes for serving it are legion.

For years this Association has been collecting recipes for serving Hawaiian Pineapple in every possible menu connection. Famous chefs and cooking authorities have contributed their favorite Pineapple fruit-cups, cocktails, salads, ices, desserts, pies, sauces and punches. We have searched the pages of cookbooks and magazines. And, last but not least, we have collected the many original Pineapple recipes cherished by the people of its native land. The best of these we have published in our advertisements and in our recipe books.

At times it seems that every possible variety of Pineapple service must have been developed. And yet, just as we begin to think so, some enthusiastic woman sends in a new and delightful recipe that proves how limited our imagination has been and makes us realize that in the millions of homes where Hawaiian Pineapple is served, there must yet be many unique and original recipes which have never appeared in print.

We want to know what they are and we shall be glad to pay well for them. We want to publish a new recipe book that will contain the greatest variety of original ways for serving this delicious tropical fruit. And to prepare such a book, we know that we must draw upon the collective experience of all the good, practical cooks in the country.

How You Can Help

As a user of Hawaiian Pineapple, you may be serving it in some simple, yet distinctive, combination which wins the praise of everyone who eats it. This may be your own discovery. It may be so novel that only your immediate friends have ever tasted it. If so, that is exactly the type of recipe we want and we will gladly pay you $50 for it if it meets our needs.

The recipes we buy must be original. They must be new and tempting and yet so practical and economical that there is a place for them in the regular menu of the average American home.

We do not want ultra-fancy or extravagant dishes that only the few can afford. Nor can we accept recipes which closely duplicate the ones we already have. To avoid such duplication you should have our present book entitled, "99 Tempting Pineapple Treats." Send the coupon below for a free copy. Then check over your own favorite pineapple uses and see if you have anything new to offer.

Note the manner in which these recipes are prepared, and in sending us your own, be guided by the specific instructions in the lower left-hand corner of this page.

How New Recipes Will Be Selected

All new recipes submitted will be passed upon by a committee of nationally-known domestic science experts. After the judges have made their selection, checks will be mailed immediately to all whose recipes are purchased, and all other contributors will later receive a free copy of the pineapple recipe book.

This new book will receive the widest possible free distribution. The names and addresses of all contributors will be published and they will unquestionably represent the best practical cooks of America. To be included in this list will be an honor in itself. But to make it entirely worth your while, we are paying a much higher price for each recipe accepted than even the professional food authority gets.

To every woman who is proud of her cooking, we appeal for assistance in making this new book the most original and practical one ever offered for the service of Hawaiian Pineapple. Won't you help us? During the next few weeks try out your good pineapple recipes—get the opinion of your family and your guests of the best ones to contribute. And then send them along to us as promptly as possible. We will greatly appreciate your co-operation, and you may have exactly the type of recipe we are anxious to buy.

Conditions to be Observed in submitting Recipes

Please remember that Hawaiian Pineapple is canned in two ways for different culinary uses—*Sliced* for instant service right from the can, quick desserts and salads where the slices are to be kept whole; and *Crushed*, for ready use in sundaes, ices, pies, cakes, salads, desserts and all those other delicious made-up dishes where the crushed form is preferable. Both Sliced and Crushed are of exactly the same quality. They are simply packed in these two forms for your convenience.

Send as many recipes as you wish for the use of either *Sliced* or *Crushed* Pineapple, stating clearly which form is called for in each. Write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper and put your name and address in the upper right hand corner of each sheet.

The recipes will be selected by the following committee of nationally-known food experts: Miss Alice Bradley, Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery; Mrs. Mildred Maddocks Bentley, former director Good Housekeeping Institute; and Miss Sarah Field Splint, Director Food Department, McCall's Magazine.

All recipes will be judged: 1st, for *originality*; 2nd, for *tastiness*; 3rd, for *ease and economy of preparation*; 4th, for *appeal to the eye*, and 5th, for *suitability for frequent service*.

From five to twenty recipes are needed under each of the following classifications: (1) Fruit-cups and Cocktails; (2) Salads; (3) Cold Desserts; (4) Hot Desserts; (5) Frozen Desserts; (6) Pies and Tarts; (7) Cakes, Cake Fillings, Frostings and Sauces; (8) Miscellaneous; (9) Punches and Drinks.

All contributions must be received by November 15th. Address them to *Recipe Editor, Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.*

This Coupon will bring you a free copy of our present Recipe Book

Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, Dept. 140,
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Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book: "99 Tempting Pineapple Treats"!

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HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

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2
WAYS

Sliced —For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

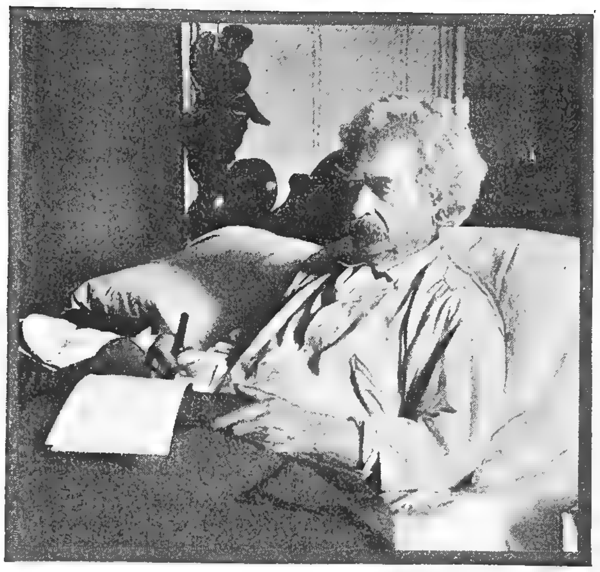
Crushed —For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

The Memories of Katy Leary, for Nearly Forty Years His Servant and Friend

TRANSCRIBED BY MARY LAWTON

Concluding Instalment



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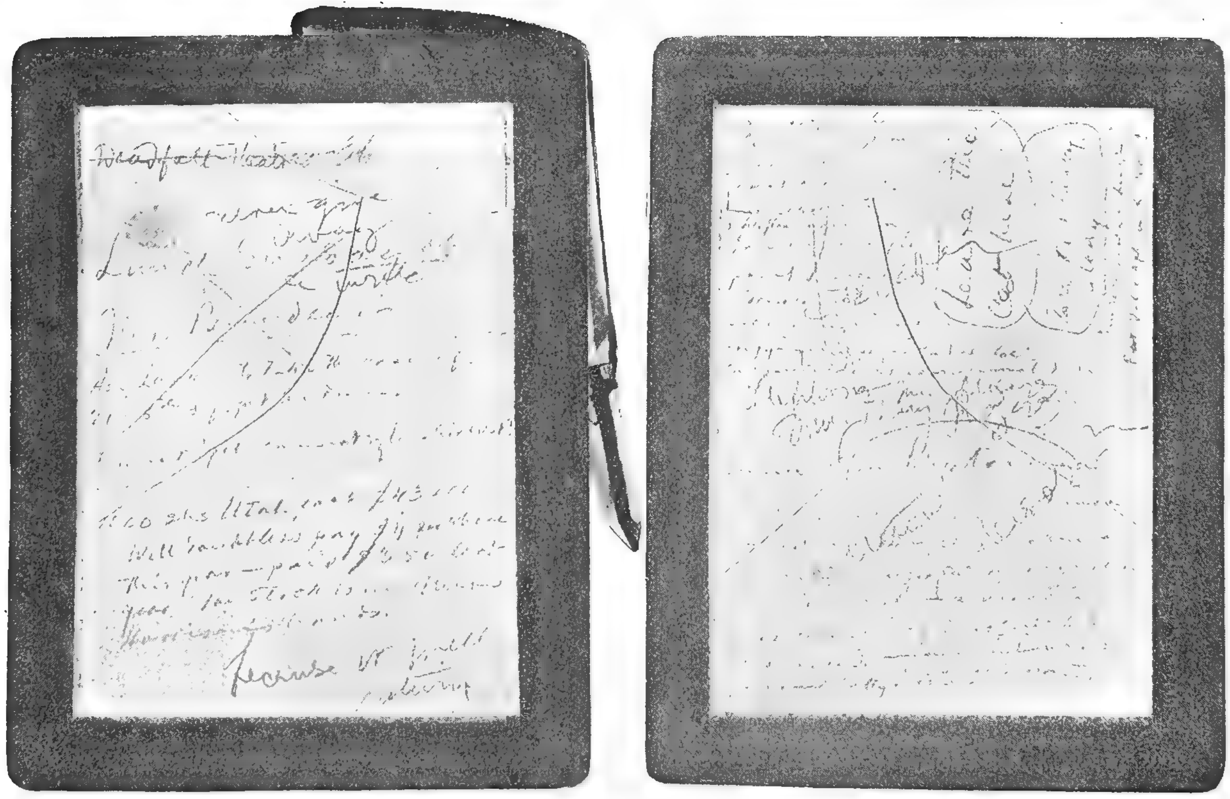
"MARK TWAIN'S" FAVORITE PLACE FOR WRITING OR DICTATING WAS IN BED

OH, I mustn't forget to tell you (but that was before Clara's wedding) how the burglars come up to the house one night and robbed it. There was great excitement, and Claude, the butler, he shot off his pistol enough to wake the dead, but of course he didn't hit anything.

Mr. Clemens heard that pistol shooting off, but he said he thought it was just somebody opening a bottle of champagne. So he went to sleep again and didn't pay no attention to it.

Well, the next day Mr. Lonsbury—he had the farm below us—chased after them burglars and caught them at the train, which was pretty smart. Well, Mr. Clemens got quite excited over it and so he wrote on a piece of paper something funny which he addressed to any burglars that come, and stuck it up on the front door, and it said: how they only used plated ware in this house—that there wasn't nothing valuable inside. But if the burglars wanted the plated ware they could find it in a basket in the dining-room where the cats was; they was welcome to the plated ware, but please not to DISTURB the *cats!* It was something like that—which, of course, would upset any burglar if he seen that on the front door, I guess!

Mr. Clemens was so fond of cats, and had just as many up at "Stormfield" as he used to have in the old days. He had two or three real pretty kittens there, and they used to jump on the billiard-table when he was playing, and shove the balls around, and Mr. Clemens, he wouldn't say a word; he just stopped the game and waited patient as could be until they was through.



A REPRODUCTION OF THE LITTLE SLATE WHICH HUNG AT THE HEAD OF "MARK TWAIN'S" BED AND ON WHICH HE SCRIBBLED HIS MEMOS. IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING MAY BE READ: "NEVER GIVE AWAY A TURTLE BECAUSE IT WILL RETURN." "LEAVE THE CAT HERE. TAKE THE WHISKY ALONG"

I remember the names of two of them kittens—one was Sinbad and the other one he called Billiards, and he just loved those little things. Never could have too many cats to suit him.

We had lots of company, as I told you before, up in Redding. Mr. Howells, he come and made a visit, and it made him very happy to have Mr. Clemens like the house so much, because his son John was the architect. He and Mr. Clemens had a wonderful time that visit. They used to walk up and down in the sun together laughing and talking just as they did way back in Hartford.

Mr. Collier and his wife, too, they come up once to Redding, and that great man from London that owned so many papers; Northcliffe his name was. He'd been made a lord—Lord Northcliffe. He come up there to visit Mr. Clemens, too. And Dr. Quintard was there quite often; he was Mr. Clemens's doctor, and a great friend. He come when Mr. Clemens had that terrible pain in his chest—wasn't anything he wouldn't do for him.

Mr. Clemens used to see a lot of his neighbors, too, and that first Summer he throwed the house wide open and invited them all over to see him. And Mr. and Mrs. Martin Littleton, they come up from New York at that time, and Mr. Clemens made a speech that day, and so did Mr. Littleton, who was a very bright, smart lawyer.

Quite a number of literary people lived near Mr. Clemens in Redding. Miss Jeanette Gilder had a little place up there, and so did that famous writer, Ida Tarbell. She wrote a lot about the Standard Oil; it made a great stir, they said. She was very nice and she used to drive over to see Mr. Clemens too; and then Dan Beard—you've heard about him—he had a place somewhere near. So you see there was quite a little colony, as they call it.

Mr. Clemens used to say they had "gaudy times." He always said that when Mr. Howells came.

Well, that's the way life went on for us up in Redding; everything just centered around Mr. Clemens, and all we thought of was to try to make him happy and comfortable. Of course we was afraid Mr. Clemens was going to miss Clara terribly, and he did. But it would have been much worse for him if Miss Jean hadn't been there. It was a good thing she was well and home again.

Well, right after the wedding, about the first of November, Mr. Clemens got kind of sick. The cold air brought on a pain in his chest. He had to stay in the house, and he complained of that pain most of the time, altho he looked just the same, and his eyes was clear, and he had a nice color, too, in his cheeks, and his lovely white hair stood out just like silver, and I know, because I massaged it every morning most all his life. He didn't seem to get better, so they thought he'd better go to Bermuda, so he went there.

I think Mr. Paine went with him, and the very night before he sailed he had the terrible news that Mr. Gilder had died! That was a blow, for he loved Mr. Gilder, and they'd been friends a great many years. I heard he said that Gilder was lucky to be able to go. Mr. Clemens was seventy-four years old then. Oh, my! it was hard to believe, when you looked at him and heard him laugh and joke—just the same as he used to when I first went there to work in Hartford as a young girl.

When Mr. Clemens went away to Bermuda the house seemed so empty, and I think it was pretty hard for Miss Jean, because she always missed Mr. Clemens so. He was one of them people that filled up the whole world for you. Mr. Clemens didn't stay very long in Bermuda that time. He got better and come home for Christmas. You see, Miss Clara and Mr. Gabrilowitsch had had their honeymoon, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, he had had appendicitis and had an operation, but he was all well then, and they had gone to Europe to live for the Winter.

Well, Mr. Clemens come home for the holidays, and arrived a few days before Christmas. Miss Jean'd been working very hard with her farming and being a secretary, too. I always thought it was too much for her, but she would do everything—never spared herself. You see, poor Miss Jean wanted to make up for all the lost time she'd had to be away from home and sick.

Oh, Mr. Clemens was so glad to be back! The night before Christmas, Jean was trimming the great Christmas tree in the loggia and she had all her presents ready and packed. They were going to invite people up from New York, and she had gifts for everybody and a beautiful Christmas tree just like her mother used to have, and all the parcels was ready to take to the station the next morning. When she and Mr. Clemens had finished fixing the tree Christmas eve, they bid each other good night at the door. She had a little cold, so she said, "I won't kiss you, Papa, because I've got such a cold." So he kissed her on the forehead and she kissed his hand, and they said good night to each other that way.

In the morning she was going to get up very early to take her presents to the station, and she told Jennie to have her breakfast very early and the horses at the door, and her cold bath all fixed for seven o'clock. Miss Jean slept on the porch, and always took this cold plunge every morning. She used to run in from the porch and jump straight into the tub.

I think that morning the shock must have been too great for her heart, for after she'd been there quite a while, and didn't come out, Jennie called me, and said, "Miss Jean is still in the tub. You'd better go in there, Katy." So I ran in, and there she was lying in the tub. I picked her up, and her head fell right over on my shoulder, against my cheek; and I called to Jennie, and said, "Oh, oh!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

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BEAUTY IN THE HOME

A Practical Department of Decorating and Furnishing

CONDUCTED BY WINNIFRED FALES

The Study in the English House

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fifth in the series of articles on decorating the little "House with Three Faces" presented in our May issue. The house has three distinct exteriors—English, Latin, and Dutch Colonial—all with the same floor-plan.

THE snug little room at the right of the entrance in the House with Three Faces was designed to serve as a library for the master of the house, or as a study for the son of high-school or college age, the furnishings in either case being practically identical.

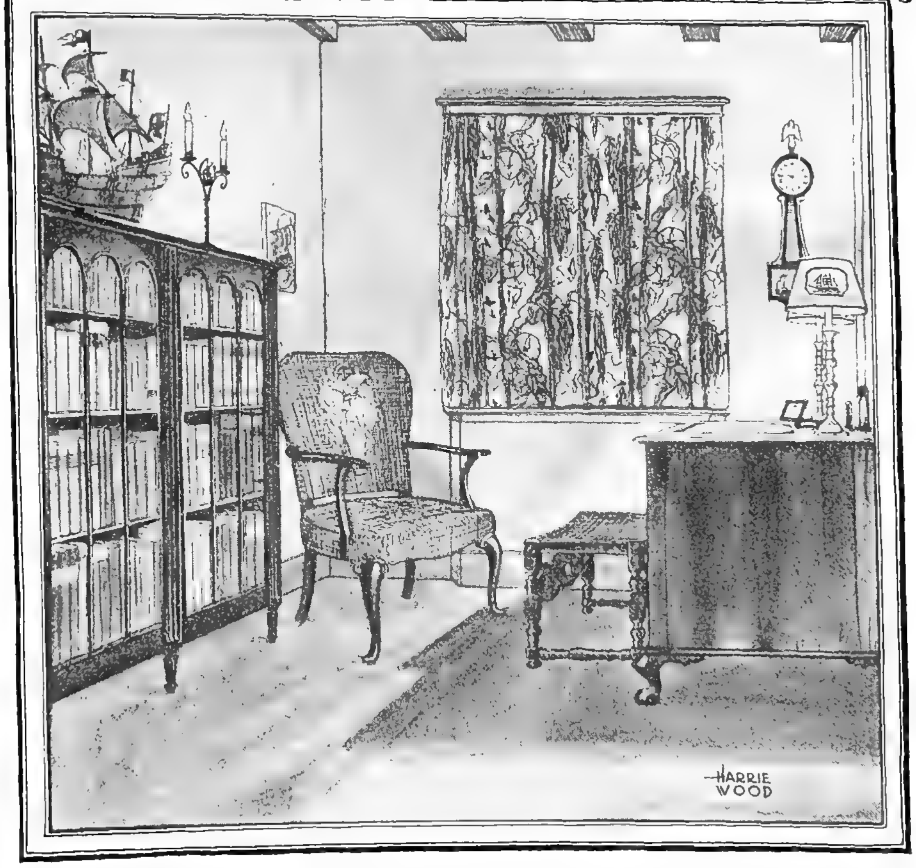
In planning the details of this cozy room it will be interesting to take the "ship" motive as the key-note of the scheme, developing it in many forms and materials. This will be an easy matter, owing to the fact that the present popularity of ships in decoration has inspired such a variety of accessories embodying this theme that the only difficulty is to resist the temptation to overdo it and thus destroy its significance and charm.

Before proceeding to a consideration of decorative details, however, we must plan a suitable background. The first-floor color-scheme, previously decided upon and carried through the hall, living-room, and breakfast-room, runs the gamut of tans, browns, and golds, relieved with dull red, greenish blue, and dashes of mauve and green. In the study we may fittingly emphasize the last-named color—so peculiarly tranquilizing and refreshing—with occasional sharp accents of black and red and the mellow warmth imparted by rich wood-tones and old brass. Sunshiny buff walls glazed lightly with sepia and a ceiling tinted pale terra-cotta between the heavy oak beams will harmonize agreeably with the dark-stained finish of the woodwork.

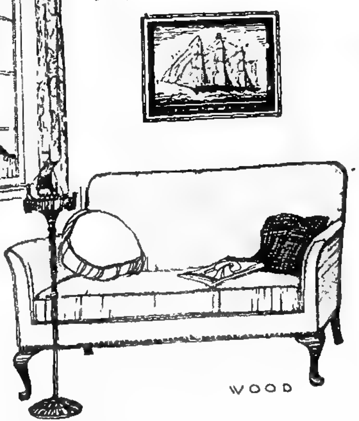
Covering the entire floor with plain carpet in the same deep, mellow brown as the wood-trim will make the room appear noticeably larger, besides creating an effect of restfulness. Either linen, Wilton, or chenille carpeting will accord with the character of the furnishings.

With the background satisfactorily completed, we may turn to a consideration of the larger pieces of equipment, basing our choice on the purposes they and the room are designed to serve. First of all there must be comfortable seating-furniture, including at least one chair deep-cushioned and luxurious enough to invite long hours of concentrated reading or study, with others of lighter contour, easy to move about and draw into groups when one or two friends drop in.

Next there must be a desk, solid and substantial, with capacious drawers and a writing-surface of generous dimensions which will enable the student to spread out papers and reference-books in an orderly and convenient manner. Of equal importance is a place for books, which are decorative as they are companionable. Then there must be lamps wherever needed—no straining of eyes for lack of proper illumination—and small tables to stand beside chair-arms like well-trained pages with magazines or ash-trays in readiness. The problem of choosing is delightfully interesting and simple. The broad, unbroken sweep of wall at one end of the room is of precisely the right dimensions for the placing of a three-section bookcase (only two sections of which appear in the illustration). At the right, between the bookcase and the window, would be an ideal spot for a deep-seated, overstuffed lounging-chair of a distinctly masculine type; but since the best location for the desk seems to be with one end against the wall just beyond the window, with its length projecting into the room, so large and massive a chair would make the corner look crowded and hence be out of place.



AT NIGHT, WITH COLORFUL CURTAINS DRAWN AND TALL LAMPS FLOODING THE ROOM WITH MELLOW LIGHT, THE LITTLE STUDY IS A PLEASANT PLACE IN WHICH TO WORK OR DREAM

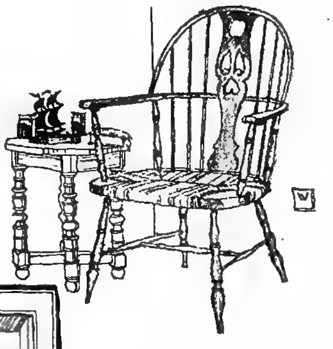


A FRAMED SHIP-PRINT AND A WROUGHT-IRON SMOKING-STAND IN SHIP FORM AID IN DEVELOPING THE CHOSEN THEME

Accordingly we station it at the other end of the bookcase, between it and the door, with a floor-lamp just behind it in the corner, and a tiny table close at hand. As it will probably be more frequently used after dark than in the daytime, its comparative remoteness from the window will not prove a serious inconvenience.

For the other chair we may choose a modified Queen Anne type effectively covered with plain wood-brown tapestry with a conventional flower motif in imitation crewel embroidery on the back, introducing reds and greens. The lounging-chair may be in green rep or mohair.

In the corner at the opposite end of the room there will be space beside the window for a short sofa of fine proportions, covered with green sateen piped with black and supplied with one square pillow in black velvet and a round one in dull-red silk. Facing the sofa, a rush-seated Windsor armchair may be stationed in the little "jog" between the wall and the back of the desk, with a sturdy little octagonal-topped table close beside it, holding a smoker in Old English brass adorned with a silhouetted ship.



AN OCTAGONAL ENGLISH STOOL HOLDS A BRASS "SHIP" SMOKER

An excellent choice for the desk itself will be a model of the flat-topped, knee-hole type with short cabriole legs and well-carved claw and ball feet. A desk-set in brown leather will emphasize its distinctively masculine air. With one end toward the window, the desk receives ample light from the left in the daytime, while at night correctly diffused illumination may be provided by a pair of heavy brass candlesticks converted into lamps and made decorative by shades adorned with old ship-prints.

The window treatment should be of the simplest, consisting of a single pair of short, straight curtains suspended from a green-painted wood cornice edged with red, and arranged with cords and pulleys to be drawn at night. An ideal material for the draw-curtains will be a bold-patterned, sunfast cretonne, in coloring very similar to the Jacobean jute wall-hanging chosen for the hall (Pictorial Review for May, 1925), bound with red sateen or glazed chints. When drawn this fabric will contribute enormously to the decorative interest of the room by creating on two of the walls large panels of rich color and unusual pattern.

All that now remains is to choose and arrange a few additional accessories embodying our chosen theme. For the top of the bookcase what is known as a "half-hull model" (*i. e.*, with the hull flat at the back to fit against the wall) of an English ship will be charmingly appropriate, and will cost less than half as much as the same model in the full-hull type. Upon the ends, paired two-branch electric candlesticks in wrought iron with twisted stems and cut-out silhouette ship-medallions will be novel, besides lending practical aid toward the lighting of the room. At either side of the bookcase may be hung upon the wall a pottery plaque showing in relief a decoratively treated ship with all sails drawing, as it breasts the foam-capped waves.

There will be space also for two framed prints, reproductions from paintings of historic craft—one over the small sofa, and the other on the opposite wall. As a final touch, there may be placed near the sofa a wrought-iron stand surmounted by a cleverly designed little ship whose hull contains holders for matches, ashes, and cigarets.

For Answers to Questions

about any of the furnishings on this page, or your problems of home decorating, write to Mrs. Fales, enclosing a stamped envelop for reply. Instructions for mounting draw-curtains free on request.

Little House Service Folders I., II., III., and IV. show respectively the Latin and Colonial Halls, Living-rooms, Breakfast-rooms, and Porches. Price 10c. each. Address Beauty in the Home, Pictorial Review, 7th Ave. and 39th St., New York City.

Health Heroes

FIFTY years ago every man, woman and child in the world was threatened by lurking dangers against which there was no protection. From time to time epidemics of contagious diseases raged through communities. The doctors of those days did their best to *cure* but were largely powerless to *prevent* sickness. Small wonder that strange beliefs and superstitions were associated with the prevention of diseases, the causes of which were unknown.

There is a record in an old book of English customs of many curious charms to ward off disease—powdered snake-skins to prevent typhoid; a live spider in a peach-stone basket hung around the neck as a preventive of scarlet fever; garden snails and earth-worms steeped in beer to check consumption. In our own day, some of us were told that a bag of sulphur worn on the chest would prevent diphtheria. Even now there are people who wear steel rings to avert rheumatism and who carry horse-chestnuts to assure good health.

Lucky Little Girl!

Fortunate are the youngsters born in this day—whose parents can use the marvelous gifts of modern medical science to prevent sickness.

The splendid work of the Health Heroes is bringing longer, healthier, happier life to millions.

From Superstition to Knowledge—

Until 1876 not one doctor among thousands knew what caused contagious disease. It was in that year—less than fifty years ago—that Louis Pasteur, great French scientist, startled the world by announcing his wonderful discovery of germs as a cause of disease. It was the key to the mystery of the cause and prevention of contagious diseases. It made possible the tremendous advances which have taken place in a scant half century. Pasteur's discovery brought longer life, health, and happiness to millions of persons.

Golden years of progress followed. The history of medicine from that time reads like a romance—a wonderful story of achievement, of work and struggle, disappointment and hope—and constant fight against the ignorance which cloaked diseases. Amazing discovery crowded upon discovery. All former conceptions of disease were revolutionized by the wonderful work of these Health Heroes, Pasteur, Koch, Lister, and their followers. In just four short years, from 1880 to 1884, were discovered the germs of pneumonia, typhoid, tuberculosis, cholera, erysipelas, diphtheria and tetanus, usually called lockjaw. In 1900 came Walter Reed's triumphant work in Cuba which resulted in locating a particular mosquito as the carrier of the germ of yellow fever.

From Knowledge to Action—

Now that we know the cause and know how to fight disease, how can we best apply this knowledge to keep our children well?

The schools of the country, supplementing the work of health officers, provide a natural place for the beginnings of health education. The work of the teacher plays an important part in molding the future of our country—a future which will be built upon the health of our citizens—the boys and girls now in our schools.

Cooperate with the school. Aid the teacher who is striving to interest your child in the practice of health habits. Do your part by having your child examined by your physician. Have him inoculated against the dread diseases which formerly took thousands of lives.

Every year the fight against disease goes on—a tremendous war! Every year the rules of health laid down by the great Health Heroes, are being better understood and followed. To secure the desired result—healthy boys and girls—parents, teachers, specialists, doctors, nurses, as well as the school janitor must join hands with health officers in campaigns for healthier and happier childhood.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, recognizing the importance of the great work that 1,000,000 teachers are doing in promulgating health practices, has organized a school health bureau under the guidance of eighteen well-known educators of the United States and Canada. These men and women, as the Metropolitan's educational advisory group, are pointing the way in which the Company can best assist educators in school health campaigns.

The advisory group has approved a program which includes the printing of special booklets, leaflets, and charts for use by the teacher in class instruction. A book of instructions for the school janitor has also been prepared. Through cooperation with parents-teachers associations and women's clubs, the message of child health is being spread in many communities. The Company's agents are carrying a similar message to millions of homes.

A series of pamphlets, "Health Heroes", for the use of Junior and Senior High School students has been prepared. Although intended primarily to assist school teachers, they will, upon request, be sent to others interested in child health.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Olives and Preser
Libby's
Sweet Mixed Pickles
ed Spanish Gree
Libby's
Pimiento Stuffed Olives

The finest picnic relishes

Brought from shady groves in Spain to give a relish to your picnic feast—Libby's Olives! They are choice Manzanillas, noted for their richness and fine flavor. And they're stuffed with little Spanish sweet peppers.

Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles, too. They have that "just-right" spicy tartness that you want with meat and sandwiches. Be sure to have plenty of these relishes along, for you'd be surprised to see how they do melt away!

Try Libby's Vienna Sausages cooked this way

You can't imagine how good they are, until you've tasted them — Libby's Vienna Sausages. They're made of choice pork and beef all chopped fine and made rich and savory with special seasoning. Try them this way: wrapped in bacon, broiled over the camp fire and served all sizzling-brown inside a soft, split roll!

Libby's
Vienna Style Sausage

The key opening device on these improved cans insures easy opening every time

A special Libby sandwich —made in a twinkling

If you want just about the best sandwich in the world, one that every member of your family can make in a twinkling right on the spot—do this. Take along with you a can of Libby's Corned Beef, a jar of Libby's Mustard, a loaf of whole wheat or rye bread, some butter and a knife. Let your family have the fun of cutting down through the tender, richly flavored meat, and spreading it with this creamy smooth mustard

CORNED BEEF
Libby, McNeill & Libby
Libby's
Mustard

Pick up and go when the outdoors calls you!

Let's not be cheated of the joy of eating often out of doors. There is no need of tiring preparations—*just pick up and go!*

For tempting picnic sandwiches, here are meats *already cooked*. Each one is a real delicacy—Libby's Corned Beef, Libby's Vienna Sausage, and many others that your grocer will be glad to tell you about. Take them along just as they are and make your sandwiches out of doors.

Take a bottle of Libby's Stuffed Olives or Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles and some fresh fruit, too. Then what more would you wish for a picnic—except a blue and cloudless sky!

But if you really *like* to prepare foods at home, here's a dainty sandwich that I know you'll enjoy. Brown some nuts in butter, chop them with Libby's Stuffed Olives, and spread the mixture on thin slices of whole wheat bread.

This "Surprise Salad" is delicious, and easy to carry, too. Scoop out the centers of tomatoes and fill with Libby's Corned Beef chopped with celery and mixed with mayonnaise.

If you'll write me, I'll be glad to suggest other picnic treats—what to cook over the camp fire, and what to put into the big hamper that you take with you on motor trips.

And I'll mail you *free* a new leaflet which contains both menus and recipes for camp meals, and a complete list of foods to stock for the "grubstake". Write for "Camp Meals and Grubstakes"!

Mary Hale Martin

Cooking Correspondent
Libby, McNeill & Libby, 359 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Malowan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

machines. A policeman took Malowan's arm as he stepped down.

"Are you all right?" asked the officer. "Hurt any?"

"Not a bit," replied Malowan.

"There's blood on your hand," declared the policeman.

Malowan looked at his right hand.

"Just a scratch," he announced. He looked over at the wrecked cabs. Another policeman was lifting an unconscious chauffeur from his seat. "Looks done up," he commented.

The policeman left to lend assistance. Malowan strode away down the street toward the station. There was a slight smile on his lips.

AT a little after eight o'clock that evening, on his return from the dining-car, he went into the smoking-compartment, where he gave himself over to reflection. He found a certain delight in pondering the events of that afternoon. He liked to think of life as a game. And this time his adversary was God, Himself!

A man entered the compartment, lighted a cigar, and seated himself on the leather seat beside Malowan. Malowan looked him over. The newcomer was a priest.

"Good evening," said the priest.

"Good evening," returned Malowan.

A thrill raced through Malowan. Here was a fortunate chance. He felt in just the mood to encounter a servant of God.

There was silence a while; then the priest sighed.

"I dread a night on the train. I can never sleep," he said.

"You look ill," Malowan replied.

The priest nodded. "I have broken down completely," he replied. "My heart has never been strong."

"You have been overworking yourself in the service of God, I suppose?"

The priest looked up. His puzzled eyes sought Malowan's, and he drew back involuntarily.

"I wonder," pursued Malowan, "if you are following your doctor's orders because you are afraid to meet your Master face to face? Oh, I'm not insinuating that you haven't led a good and faithful life. I'm only an unbeliever trying to probe the feelings of a believer."

"An unbeliever!" exclaimed the priest. "There can be no such thing."

"I was told that to-day," smiled Malowan. "I was told that I believe in God, but defy Him. You see before you, Father, a man who defies your Almighty God and yet is unafraid. Behold!"

Against this horrible blasphemy the priest closed his eyes, his fingers fluttering to the cross at his throat. Malowan watched him in keen enjoyment.

"I hope you aren't praying for me, Father," he said quietly. "I shouldn't like to think that any one was asking my adversary to give me quarter. You see, your God and I are having a little grim game together. He is going to try to kill me before two weeks have passed, and I am going to try to prevent Him. Already He has made the first move and failed."

The priest opened his eyes. He looked with horror into Malowan's sneering face.

"You are—mad!" he gasped.

"No," smiled Malowan, "I am not. I am the sanest man in the world."

The priest dropped his cigar and rose, swaying, to his feet. One hand still clutched the cross at his throat.

"You aren't leaving, are you?" queried Malowan. "I did not think a man of God would flee before the infidel!"

"May God have mercy on you!" murmured the priest, and was gone. Malowan watched him as he lurched uncertainly down the aisle. He noted into which berth the priest disappeared. It was the one across from his own. Chuckling, he returned to his seat in the compartment.

A sudden thought had come to him. It was an amusing thought, and he sat there planning ways and means to consummate his determination. At length he made his way to his berth and disrobed. At midnight the lights above the aisle went out. He waited another hour. The train was stilled of human sounds.

He welcomed the creaks and groans of the car, the rhythmic hum of the rails, the swaying of the rows of dark-green curtains as he padded out into the aisle and cautiously drew apart the lower hangings of the priest's berth. He parted them with one hand, the other ready to leap forward and stifle an exclamation of alarm. But there came no cry. The priest seemed to be asleep.

Malowan looked down upon him with the trace of a smile on his lips. His face at that moment was a frightful thing to see. His hands crawled toward the priest's face.

As his fingers encountered the cold, dry flesh, Malowan drew back with sudden, fearful understanding. For a moment he crouched there, motionless; then placed an ascertaining hand on the priest's breast, above the heart.

When he had proved beyond all doubt that the priest had been dead, perhaps, for several hours, he cautiously backed out of the berth, buttoned together the curtains, and returned to his own compartment. As he drew up the covers over him, the smile returned to his lips.

"The second score is Yours, O Lord," he murmured with a chuckle. "That makes honors even, so far."

Ten minutes later he was sound asleep.

MALOWAN left the train the next forenoon at a small Ohio city. He had never been there before and it seemed to offer him added protection.

"Protection?" he mused as his cab carried him toward the hotel. He needed little protection to assure him of safety. With his usual satanic cunning he had left behind him not the slightest clue when he had departed from the Queen's Hill Trust Company with three-quarters of a million dollars. He had disposed of the cashier in the Malowan fashion.

It was simple, effective—if one had Malowan's animal quickness and his fingers of pliant steel. Science, too, for when Malowan finished his work it was difficult for the police to determine if the victim had indeed been strangled.

He had never carried weapons other than his quick brain and those lightning hands of his. He liked to know that he was sufficient unto himself.

He registered at the hotel as Thomas Jennings, New York City. In his room, as he bathed and shaved and changed his clothes, he gave rein to his ever-busy mind. His chagrin at being thwarted of his purpose with the priest was deeper than he would admit. Failure was new to him, and he found that it rankled in his heart.

He had never taken life unnecessarily. True, he had no scruples in the matter when it resolved to the theory that dead men tell no tales; but he had avoided it when possible. Now it became a desire that bore a close resemblance to an obsession. He did not care who would be the victim. It mattered only to laugh his laugh at God.

A little later, as he sat in the restaurant of the hotel, he cast a speculative eye about him at the surrounding tables. He gave attention to those who dined alone. A middle-aged woman seated at a small table near the wall. He had come down with her in the elevator. Her room was on the floor below his. She ate, unconscious of his gaze. She did not know that she had been chosen as his next victim.

He ordered his luncheon and then unfolded the New York morning paper which he had brought in. On the first

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

AS MRS. LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK OF CHICAGO SEES IT

"TODAY women are better groomed, just as they are healthier and more efficient than ever before. Their skins, particularly, are kept clear, fresh, youthful. Pond's two delightful Creams are responsible for thousands of lovely complexions."

Miriam Fairbank.

MRS. Livingston Fairbank, whose hair and eyes are of that lovely golden brown the French call *châtaigne*, and whose fresh complexion has the tone and quality of a girl's, is an outstanding social leader in the second largest city in America.

One may always recognize her winsome smile in her box at the Chicago Opera. One sees her at the Twelfth-night Balls which mark the height of the social season. And her Sunday evening musicales, at which one meets and hears a distinguished company of artists and musicians, mingling with the music-lovers of Society, are occasions of rare delight.

Mrs. Fairbank had just returned from Palm Beach when I encountered her on the Boulevard one March morning.

"How could you leave blue sea and oleanders for this—dust, soot and gales?" I asked her, gesturing at the atmosphere. "They're disastrous to one's skin. And the water, too, which seems to get harder every day. But *you* seem to thrive on it all!" I added. "You're like a Dorothy Perkins rose this morning. Did Palm Beach teach you a new secret?"

"No," laughed Mrs. Fairbank. "I didn't need to go to Palm Beach to learn how to care for my skin. When you've lived in Chicago as long as I you'll know you can have a perfectly good complexion—even a lovely one—right here, in spite of unfriendly elements."

"What *do* you do," I begged her, "to keep so unblemished in the midst of soot and dust?"

"I JUST use Pond's Two Creams," answered Mrs. Fairbank, "the very same two that I found so many of my friends were using and that are responsible for thousands of lovely complexions everywhere. A simple method—requiring only a few moments each day. The busiest women use it." And then she told me how:—*Every day and more frequently than once if you have been out a great deal,* cleanse your face, neck, throat, arms and hands with Pond's Cold Cream. Let it stay on a few moments. Remove every vestige with a soft cloth which reveals how much dirt the pure oils of this delicate cream have brought from the depths of your pores. Do it all over again. Now close the pores with a dash of cold water or a light massage with ice.

If your skin is dry, use more Pond's Cold Cream after cleansing, before retiring, and leave it on all night. Your skin will be softened, yet toned to elasticity, too. And how white and soft your hands! If your skin is oily, paradoxical as it may seem, Pond's Cold Cream, used lavishly and wiped off, will free the pores from all accumulated oils, as only such a light cream can do.

THE *complementary step in the Pond's Method of skin care,* is to smooth over the skin of your face, throat and hands, now cleansed and revivified, a gossamer of Pond's Vanishing Cream which vanishes instantly. It gives your skin a soft even-toned finish, a new lustre. It protects it—denying the power of wind and sun to coarsen and burn, of city soot and dust to scratch and mar the fineness of its texture. And it keeps the soft whiteness of your hands!

Now, too, your powder and rouge go on with a smoothness and blend with a natural charm that leaves no further need to worry about a shiny nose, or that blotchy, artificial look. So always use it before powdering and before going out.

Try Pond's for yourself. The unfailing results which have commended this method to Mrs. Fairbank and the loveliest, most perfectly groomed Society leaders everywhere, will also endear these Creams to you.

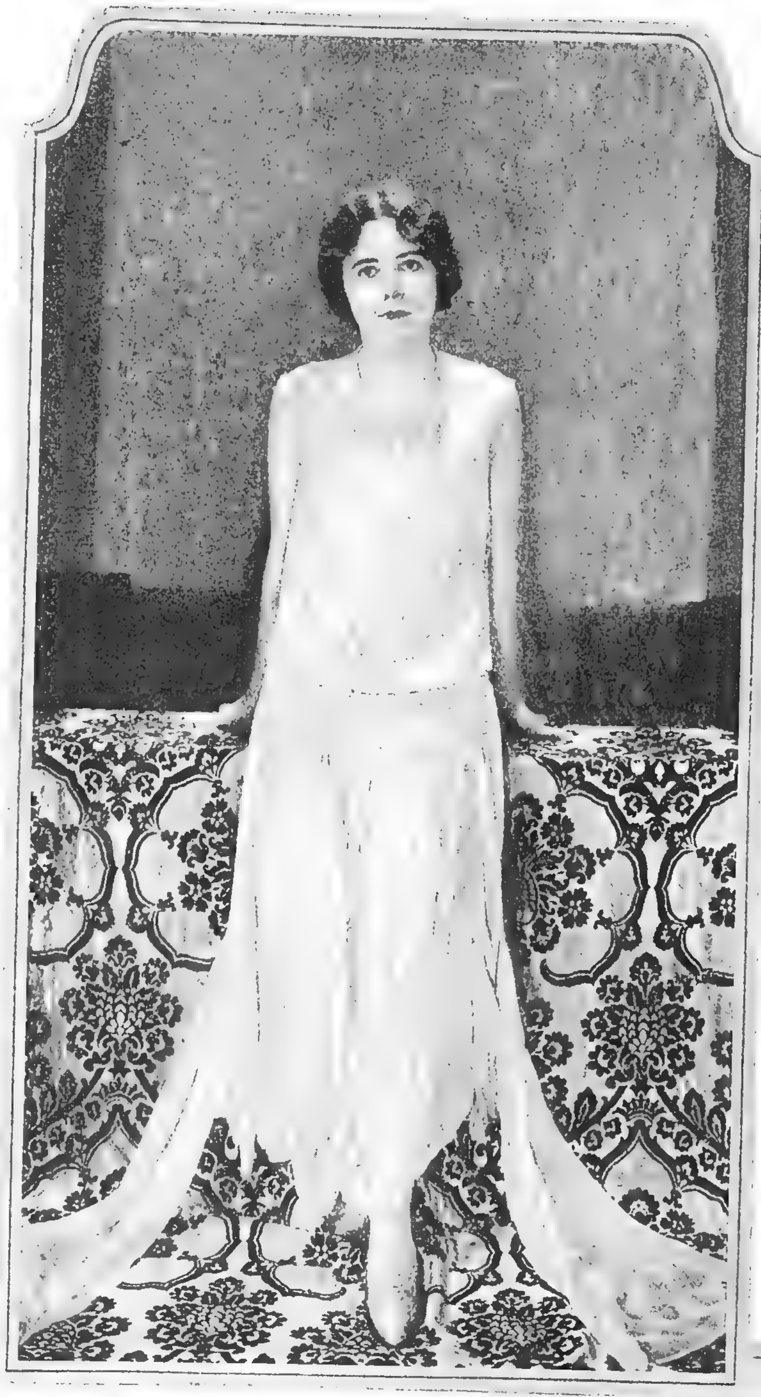
Free Offer ***Mail this coupon for free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling how to use them.***

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. J
129 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name........................Street..............

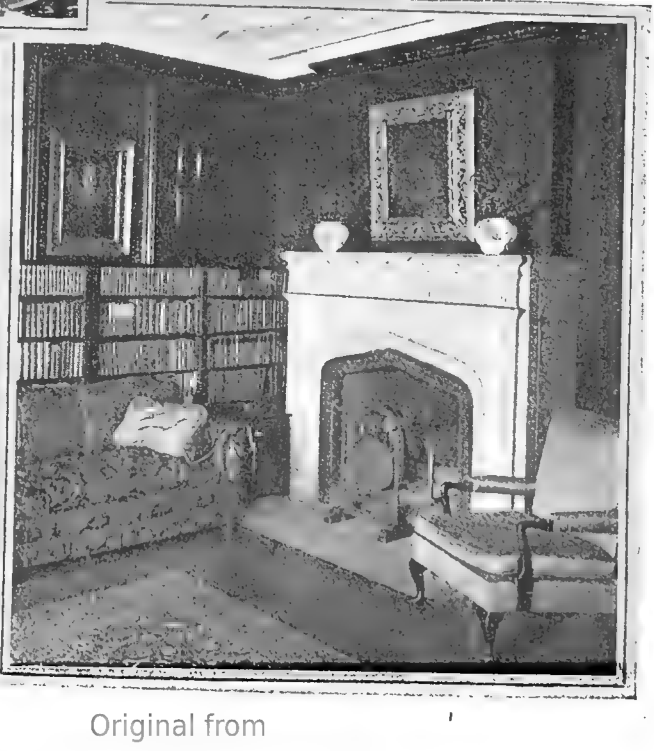
City........................State..............

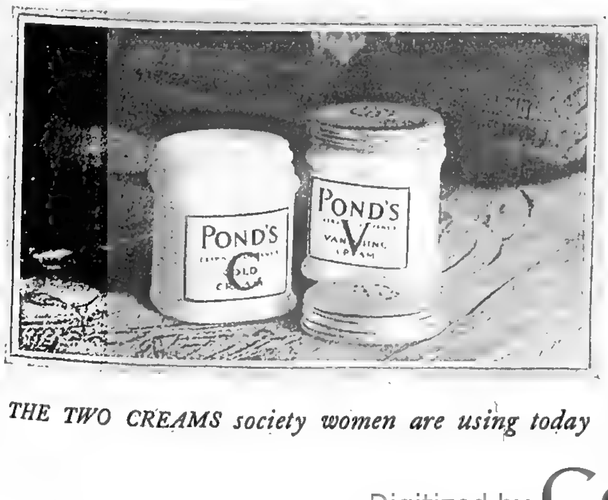


MRS. LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK

BEFORE her marriage into a Chicago family whose wealth and prominence date from pioneer days, she was Miss Miriam Patterson of the Far West. She is today a leading favorite in Chicago's most exclusive social set, both because of her social charms and her lovely lyric soprano voice which was trained in this country and abroad.

To the right, the Gothic mantel in the music-room of her apartment at 999 Lake Shore Drive, which commands a superb view of Lake Michigan. To the left, on Mrs. Fairbank's dressing table, stand jars of Pond's Two Creams.





THE TWO CREAMS society women are using today

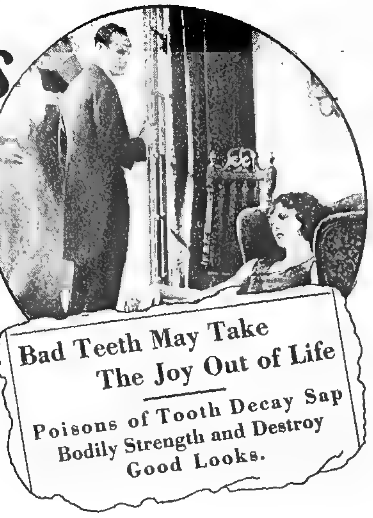
Among the other women of distinguished position who have expressed enthusiasm for the Pond's method are

Her Majesty, Marie, the Queen of Roumania; The Lady Diana Manners; Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt; Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop; Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.

Prevent this

Too tired to dance

It really doesn't seem possible, does it, that happiness can depend on the teeth? But ask your dentist or your physician. You will learn that not only happiness but often health and good looks are lost when teeth start to decay.


Bad Teeth May Take The Joy Out of Life
Poisons of Tooth Decay Sap Bodily Strength and Destroy Good Looks.

Use Colgate's

It removes causes of tooth decay

PEOPLE who care how they look are concerned first of all with their teeth—for the mouth is the front door of personality. Not only are good teeth important to beauty; they are essential to health, to happiness, and sometimes even to life itself.

Modern dentists are urging preventive dentistry. Its aim is to combat disease by preventing tooth troubles—to fight tooth decay before it starts.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream always has been in the forefront of this scientific move for better teeth and health.

Colgate's is Safe and Effective

Colgate's is a modern dentifrice—widely recommended by modern dentists. It "washes" your teeth thoroughly clean—does not scratch or scour them. Causes of tooth decay thus are safely and effectively removed by Colgate's. It is safe to use for a lifetime.

Brush your teeth after each meal. No matter what kind of tooth brush you like, use Colgate's with it. The taste of Colgate's is pleasant. It is made sensibly, advertised sensibly, and sold at a sensible price—25c for a large size tube.

Consult your dentist twice a year. It pays.

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806

Good Teeth—
Good Health
Good Times!
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE
COLGATE & CO
CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

Free—
Generous trial tube

Colgate & Co., Dept. 543
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name
Address
In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.

Malowan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

page was an account of the murder of Bordassi, the clairvoyant. It was given more prominence than he had expected. A rare sensation of fright caught at his nerves as he read the head-lines:

CLAIRVOYANT FOUND MURDERED; CRIME LINKED
WITH QUEEN'S HILL BANK ROBBERY
POLICE HAVE CLUE

Malowan, his lips pursing and his eyes narrowing as he read, picked out every word that followed. Bordassi had been murdered in a manner that resembled the strangling of the bank cashier several days before. But this time the police had a slender clue to work on.

A Mrs. Perry, who lived across the street from the clairvoyant, sitting at her open front window, had seen a man enter Bordassi's at three o'clock. She saw him leave at a little after four. She had observed nothing suspicious about him, either when entering or leaving, but she was able, nevertheless, to give a good description of him. She described his dress, his appearance, his manner. He had hailed a Green and White taxicab a little farther down the block, and she thought she had heard him give the driver Pennsylvania Station as his destination.

NOW, Officer Benerly of the Traffic Squad had reported the collision of an automobile with a Green and White taxicab at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street at about half-past four that afternoon. The driver of the taxicab had been injured, but not seriously. The chauffeur of the other machine, which had no passengers, was unhurt. He was arrested for careless driving.

The taxicab carried one passenger, and Officer Benerly remembered that this man fitted exactly the description given by Mrs. Perry. There was not the slightest doubt in Officer Benerly's mind that it was the same man. The man was uninjured save for a long cut or scratch on the back of the right hand extending from the knuckles almost to the wrist. The man had slipped away unnoticed before he had given a name.

The driver of the taxicab, when he had sufficiently recovered to be interrogated, had told the authorities that he had, indeed, picked up his passenger near 514 West 129th Street, the scene of the crime. This corroborated Officer Benerly's surmise. The police believed that their knowledge of the wound on the back of the man's right hand would aid them greatly in his discovery. They had spread a net throughout the country, particularly in the Middle West, where, they believed, the man had fled.

That was the gist of the account, and as Malowan read it he was gripped by emotions that were new to him. *Malowan* had left a clue behind him! Never before had such a thing occurred in all his years of crime.

WHEN he came to that paragraph which told of the scratch on his hand, he glanced down at the long thread of brown scab that traced his hand from knuckle to wrist. How glaring it was! He changed the paper to his left hand and placed the marked hand on his knee under the table. He cursed himself for this action. With a scream of defiance in his heart he raised the right hand again to grip the paper.

But now, as he finished reading the article, and later, as he ate his food, he kept looking from the corners of his eyes at the people who sat about him. At those times he felt an almost uncontrollable desire to hide that hand, but he fought it down, lashing his courage with the memory that he was Malowan.

In his room, safe from those disconcerting eyes, he became more calm, more like the old Malowan, cunning, crafty, deliberate.

He looked at his hand through half-closed eyes and speculated upon his future course. The scratch would not disappear for at least a week, he concluded, and meanwhile he would keep it out of sight as much as possible.

He decided also against committing any act which might draw undue attention toward himself.

His plans regarding the woman of the floor below would have to wait upon the healing of his wound.

THE disappearance of that insignificant scratch now became Malowan's sole interest in life. As often as permissible he wore silk gloves, which the cool Spring weather made consistent; and without them he made a practise of keeping his right hand unostentatiously in his pocket.

This enforced caution annoyed him, his vanity fretted by the ever-present realization that he was so reduced. He was not afraid, but the state of circumstances held him inactive.

Whenever he was alone he examined the scratch. It was drying and shriveling as it healed, but as the scab darkened it stood out in higher relief from the whiteness of his skin.

With the passing of the days Malowan's mental condition advanced from mere annoyance and fretted vanity to a maddening impatience.

One night, at the end of a week, raging at the slow processes of nature, he picked the brown crust from the scratch. The lurid streak that resulted was quite as conspicuous as the thread of brown. The flesh that banked the long wound began to rise and redden. The second day his entire hand was slightly swollen, as he noted when he put on his glove.

Something very much like fear came into Malowan's eyes and at thoughtless moments chilled his heart. He purchased medicines and remedies and applied them. But the infection grew more stubborn hour by hour. When he could no longer draw on his right glove he decided to visit a doctor.

IT WAS an extremity to which he had hoped not to be forced. It meant a lancing and a consequent bandage, but he saw no alternative. He found a name and address in the telephone directory and drove out at once in a cab.

Doctor Brice's office consisted of several first-floor rooms of his residence, a yellow-brick house on a quiet, tree-bordered street. It was a little after six o'clock in the evening when Malowan touched the door-bell.

The physician was a tall, thin young man with a brusk manner, which was heightened, perhaps, by this unexpected visit after his office hours. He examined Malowan's hand.

"You have a bad-looking wound here," he said sternly. "Why did you let it go so long?"

"It's been sore only a few days," replied Malowan. "I didn't pay much attention to it."

"How did you do it? It looks like a wound older than a few days."

"Scratched it with a pin," said Malowan. "About—a week ago."

The doctor was examining the wound under a desk-lamp that left most of the room to the gathering dusk. Now he got up and turned the switch that flooded the room with light. He looked intently at Malowan, then resumed his examination of the injured hand.

Something snapped within Malowan. His heart quickened. A new look came into his gray eyes. Something like an animal instinct of self-preservation warned him of danger.

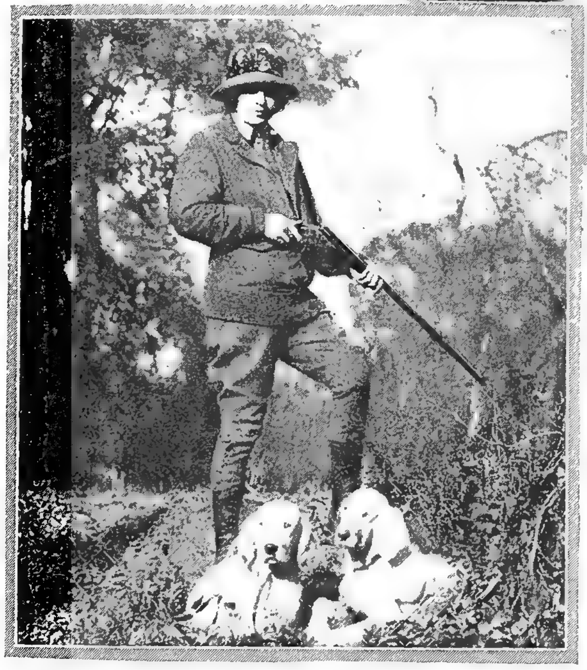
"Well," said the doctor at length, "you have a pretty bad hand here. I'm going to lance it, but I'm afraid we're likely to have some trouble with it."

"Do the best you can," Malowan

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

"As a young mother, having given birth to eight children within nine years, complications setting in and my nerves badly shattered, I was fast losing my vitality. I tried eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon developed a fondness for it, and my health started to improve wonderfully. For clearing the complexion there is nothing like it. Within eight months I felt as if I could do the work of a longshoreman. It certainly did restore energy to my wasted body."

Mrs. Florence Murray, New York



"I had such severe indigestion that I could eat almost nothing—often could not sleep at night at all. I had tried every sort of remedy without real relief. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast; I ate it for two months. Today my digestion is absolutely normal; my appetite has returned—in a word, my health is perfect again. I owe all this to Fleischmann's Yeast, and I cannot praise it enough."

Miss E. Lapointe, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

"A severe airplane crash while serving as Flying Instructor during the war resulted in derangement of internal organs. My health failed rapidly for two years. Extreme gas pains, boils and other effects of aggravated auto-intoxication combined to make existence a thing of almost constant pain. Malnutrition helped lower my vitality. My wife started me on 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Within a week natural functions were normally resumed. Immediately I gained strength. Rest became possible and proper nourishment. Thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, today I am in normal rugged health."

Rex V. Bixby, Culver City, Cal.

Only Half-Living?

Thousands have found fresh energy, new vitality, health and success through one simple fresh food

Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

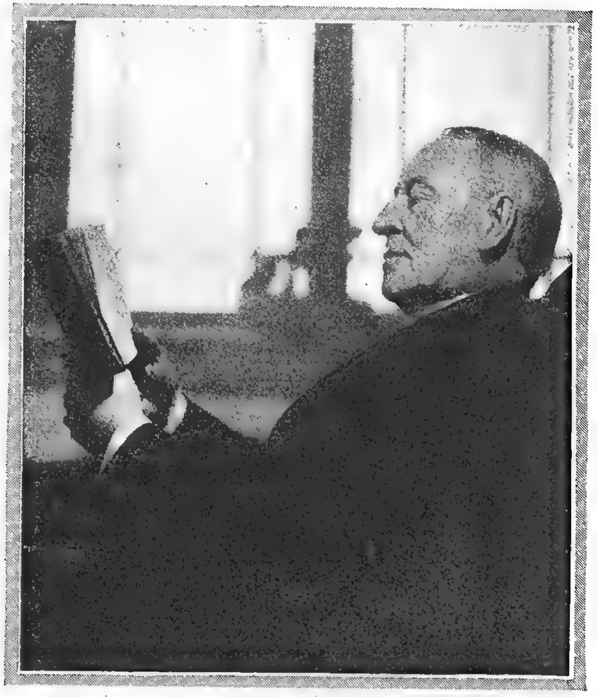
And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-20, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

Fleischmann's Yeast

This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!

"Two years ago I found myself very unfit physically. I was fagged and nervous, fearful of chronic ill-health. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Amazing! It has entirely eliminated that weak, fagged condition; made me feel and *look* wonderfully fit. I am now adding Yeast to the diet of my small son. He was so under-nourished looking, and ordinary tonics did him no good. He is responding beautifully—his skin and eyes are clear, appetite fine, and he is fast losing his emaciated appearance."

Mrs. Virgil Hart, Cross Plains, Texas



"I am a minister. Under the pressing duties of a heavy Pastorate, in 1924, I began to go down hill. I was threatened with a complete breakdown. One morning a brother minister strongly urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I sceptically consented. I did not notice any change for ten days, but one morning I awakened to find that my constipation was not so bad as formerly; after 16 days it had disappeared entirely. My nervousness and irritability were fast leaving me. I kept on . . . I was able once again to take up my pastoral duties."

The Rev. Duncan P. Cameron, Detroit, Minn.

Must a woman turn miser at 31?

HOW pitifully few women retain their magnetism beyond the years of youth! How soon most women become drab and uninspired!

The United States Life Tables for 1920 show that at the age of 31 the average woman begins to lose her health.

At 31, matured in judgment and knowledge of life—with what should be the best half of her life still before her—the average woman begins to lose her zest, her gaiety, her good humor. Still young! But she must hoard her dwindling strength. She must turn miser!

How tragic! And how unnecessary! For youthful vitality—and the *appearance* of youth—can be retained up to the very threshold of old age. How? Science answers . . . "Live a *natural* life!"

This means getting sufficient sleep, regular exercise, fresh air—and avoiding such stimulants as caffein. The experience of thousands of women has shown that caffein carries in its train a whole company of "trivial" ills. Sleeplessness, taut nerves, headaches, indigestion! Sooner or later they result in a breaking down of health. Avoid caffein!

In more than 2,000,000 American homes people prefer Postum—a rich, delicious drink made of golden grain—whole wheat and bran, roasted. It contains no stimulant!

Try Postum for thirty days. Notice the difference in the way you feel! Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will send you one week's supply, free, and my personal directions for preparing it. I will tell you about Iced Postum, too—and how to make Postum with hot milk for children.

"If you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the one week's free supply, send me your name and address. Please indicate whether you want Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P. R. 9-25

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐

Name..
Street..
City..............................State..............

In Canada, address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Malowan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

returned, and waited for the doctor's next move.

It was the expected one. The doctor rose and walked to the door. He told Malowan to wait a moment while he fetched his lancet. The door closed, and Malowan silently stepped over to it and placed a listening ear to the jamb. He was fairly certain that he heard a telephone-receiver being lifted from its hook.

He walked back to the desk, and with his ear tuned against the doctor's return, he looked at the several papers that lay before him and at the several more which were in the pigeonholes. He found what he was seeking: a circular sent out by a great detective agency to doctors and hospitals asking their aid in discovering the man described therein—a man, with a knuckle-to-wrist cut on the back of his right hand, who might possibly apply for treatment. There was a reward of a thousand dollars.

Malowan spent no time in surprize at this discovery. He felt exalted, superior, masterful once more. The long-silent chuckle returned to his throat.

A moment later the doctor returned. He laid out his instruments with ridiculous precision, taking the lancet, which he was supposed to have brought from the other room, from the glass cabinet. All this amused Malowan. He waited patiently until the doctor had seated himself opposite him, knee to knee.

THE doctor had forgotten to bring over his lancet. He started to rise again. And then Malowan acted. So quickly that the eye could scarcely follow his movements he got to his feet, and his hands shot out unerringly. The doctor, with only a low gasp, dropped back to his chair.

A look of triumph came into Malowan's face.

"Old man," he cried, "old man and your God Almighty, I've beaten you at last!"

The doctor was struggling under him. He was waving his long arms like flails and kicking madly with his long legs. But Malowan's victims never fought nor struggled! A moment's pressure with those steel fingers and they had not left to them the strength!

Aye, those steel fingers! But they were not steel now. The realization came to Malowan like a blow. All at once he knew that his fingers were soft and thick, their former power gone; that there was an agony of pain in them, in his wrist, in his arm all the way to the shoulder; that even the little strength that was left in them was ebbing under the exquisite torture of his exertions. A sensation of horror swept over him. He felt his right hand, powerless, paralyzed with pain, slipping down to his side.

With renewed strength the doctor broke away and rolled from his chair to the floor. Free of Malowan's gagging left hand, he raised his voice in a frightful scream. An instant later Malowan heard its feeble echo in the rear of the house; and then the door flew open and the young woman stood on the threshold, mute, transfixed with terror.

MALOWAN was in a daze. He rushed toward the woman in the doorway, striking out with his left hand. He heard the thud of her fall and her shrill cries as he ran from the house.

Outside he hesitated a moment. The continued shouts and cries of the man and woman floated out through the windows behind him. Like the pettiest thief of the streets, Malowan ran away.

Even as he ran, his right arm dangling at his side, the realization of his ignobility was full upon him. Fear gripped his heart coldly, a living, clutching terror.

He stopped on a quiet corner and tried to think. His brain was capable just then of only two ugly reflections: Malowan had failed. Malowan had fled.

Suddenly he gripped his sinking spirit. This would never do. He was not fighting as Malowan should fight. He was *not* broken; he was *not* beaten.

He forced his lips to smile—a dreadful, pain-racked smile that was merely a distortion of his mouth. He tried to chuckle in his throat, and the chuckle came, with a groan overlying it. But Malowan would beat God yet, for Malowan could not lose!

A lesser mind would have urged leaving the city as quickly as possible. But Malowan reasoned that his sudden disappearance would be apt to prove more harmful than his presence. Besides, he had left his fortune hidden in his room, and he did not intend to relinquish that.

Once in his room, he dropped weakly to the bed, stretching out full-length in an ecstasy of relaxation. He had not realized until then how near he was to complete exhaustion. He closed his eyes.

WHEN he awoke he found himself wrapped in the blackness of night. He lay for a while staring up into it. The pain in his arm had quieted to a rhythmic throbbing, but when he started to rise he discovered that the arm was weighted with lead, and he had to carry it in his left hand as if it were dismembered.

He lighted the table-lamp and dropped loosely into a near-by chair. How weak he had become! Even the few steps across the room had sapped his energy. His arm was of an incredible size, misshapen, greenish black. With heroic fortitude he removed his coat and split the right sleeve of his shirt to lay bare the entire length of his arm. The mounting infection extended to the elbow.

The hideous smile returned to Malowan's pale lips. He closed his eyes against the wave of nauseous dizziness that threatened to overcome him. His chin sank forward to his chest. Tomorrow was the fourteenth day, he recalled. Just two weeks ago on the morrow since he had gazed into Bordassi's crystal. What a fight it had been! What a glorious battle! And Malowan was going to win! Malowan!

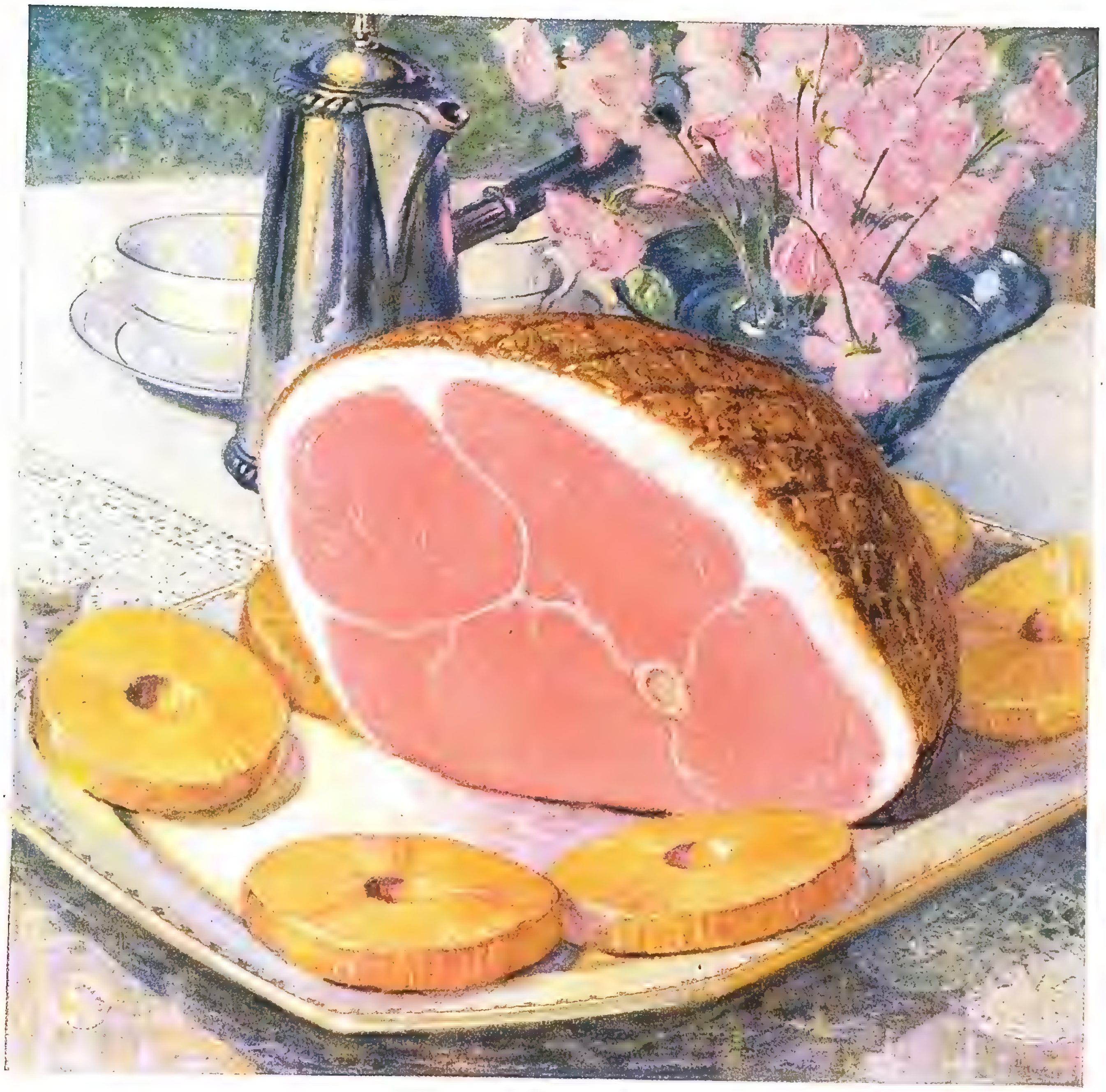
HE LOOKED again at his poisoned arm, the twisted smile still stamped on his lips. That arm—it must come off. Well, what is an arm, old man, when you and your God are playing the game for a life? Off with the arm—and you and your God are defeated! How Malowan will laugh at you and your Almighty God!

Eh—what is that, old man? You must talk louder if you would speak to Malowan above the pounding of the surf and the clanging of those iron-tongued bells. How is it to be done, you ask? The arm? How is the arm to be cut off? What of the fire-ax hanging there on the wall in the corridor? What of that, old man? Sharp! Glistening! Up goes the ax! Down it goes, with all the power of Malowan's good left arm! And not a twinge of pain! Numb. Dead. What's an arm when you play the game for a life?

There you are, old man. But what are you doing there, Father? Praying for Malowan? You needn't waste your prayers on him. He's playing a little game with that Almighty God of yours; and it's score one for Malowan. Nothing but a little scratch. Score one for Malowan!

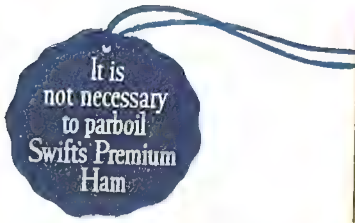
Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! With every beat of Malowan's heart those bells ring out! How can a man get up? Malowan must get that ax. Up with it! Down with it! Off with the arm! Clang! Clang! That's better, old man. Not so loud now—not nearly so loud! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Take them slowly! Clang! Clang!——

Like aged, gray fingers parting the curtains, the dawn of a new day crept in through the window.

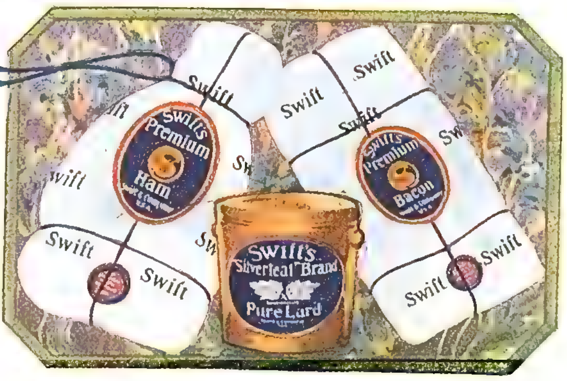


Women who pride themselves on an interesting variety in their menus find a particular delight in the frequent serving of Premium Ham. Its sweet, mild flavor, blending so perfectly with other foods, makes possible an endless number of tempting combinations. In the recipe below, for example, directions are given for baking Premium Ham with pineapple in a rich, distinctive dish.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon


It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham

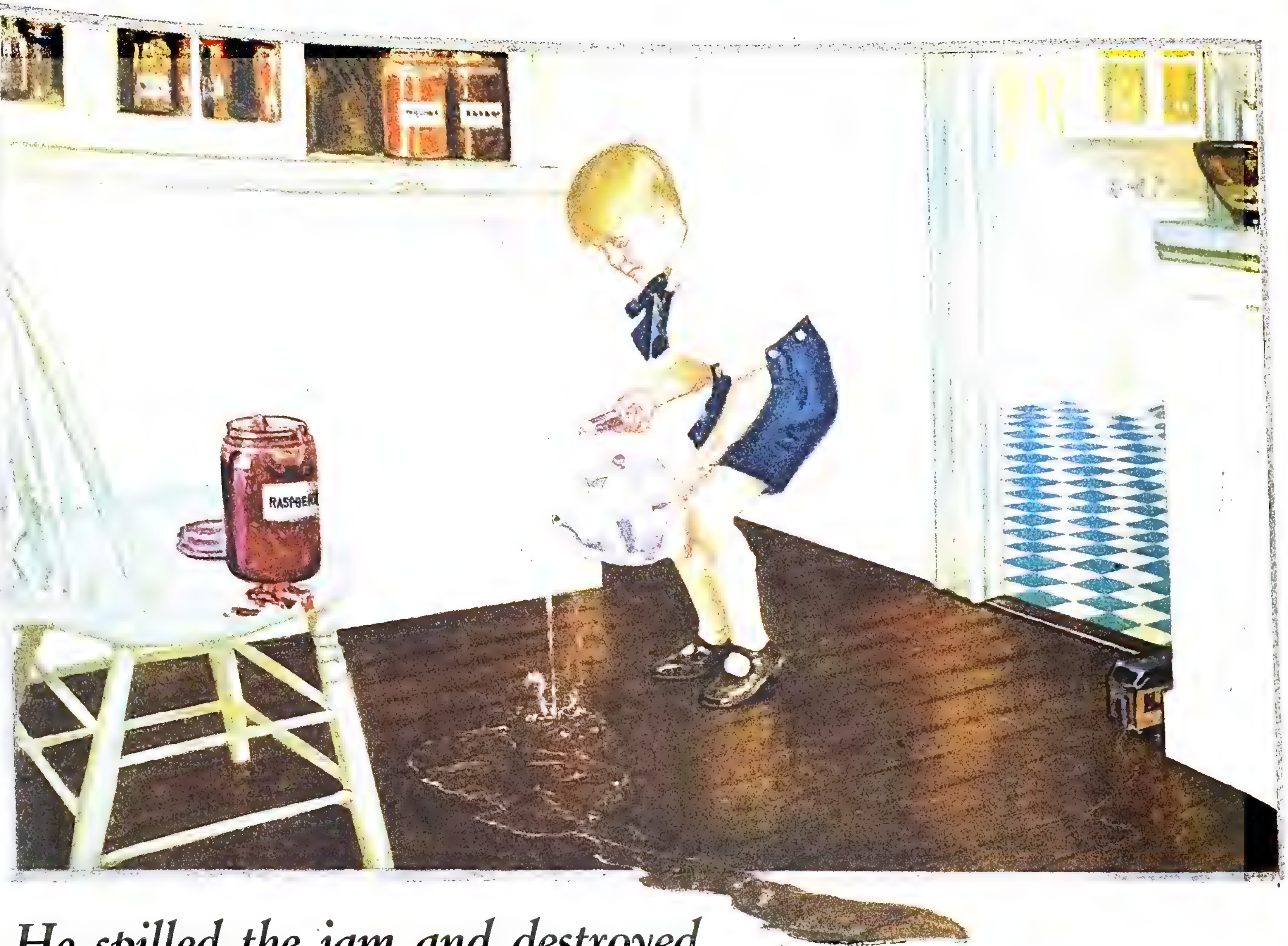
Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole Ham or when you buy a slice


Swift
Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard

Premium Ham with Butterscotch Pineapple

Boil a Premium Ham butt about 20 minutes to the pound. Remove the rind, cover with brown sugar and bake 1 hour. Just before the ham is done, surround it with rings of fresh or canned pineapple covered with sugar, and bake until these are a golden brown

Swift & Company



He spilled the jam and destroyed the evidence—but not the Valspar!

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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THE HOME BUREAU

CONDUCTED BY
MARIE SELLERS

Does Your Baby Go to School?

BY HETTY LOVEJOY SORDEN

WHY not start a nursery school in your town for your little son or daughter and some of the neighbors' children?

Children as young as two years old now go to school every day. Their schools are not the ordinary study-and-lesson variety. They are delightful play schools that, for the greater part of the day, relieve mothers of the care of their small children and provide for the two-, three-, and four-year-older days of pleasure and profit such as he could otherwise never experience.

Groups of mothers can easily organize these schools, in any community, on a co-operative basis for their own children. The prime object of the nursery school is to develop young children through experiences that are acquired naturally and easily through play with other children of about the same age.

Play schools are springing up simultaneously in the heart of crowded cities and in the more open spaces. They are fostered in some instances by universities, educational groups, and child psychologists. But in many other instances mothers who desire to be relieved of the responsibility of caring for their children all day, every day, have taken up the idea and have organized schools themselves. Some of these mothers are devoting their free time to club activities and charity work. Others go out to business.

The scarcity of nurse-maids in some communities and the unwillingness of mothers to trust their young children to the ordinary type of child or baby nurse are still other reasons for the launching of nursery schools. Intelligent, trained teachers, kindergartners, or college women with a real love for children and an understanding of the purposes of the play schools are in some instances establishing nursery schools as their vocation. And some mothers who are well equipped for the undertaking are converting a part of their own homes into nursery schools and are charging moderate fees for children of the neighborhood.

Among the best known of these schools in charge of professionals are the Merrill-Palmer Nursery School in Detroit, the Ruggles Street Nursery School and the Cambridge Nursery School in Boston, the Nursery School of the Bureau of Educational Experiments and the Walden School Nursery group in New York. Teachers College, Columbia University, has its well-known prekindergarten or nursery groups, as has also the University of Chicago.

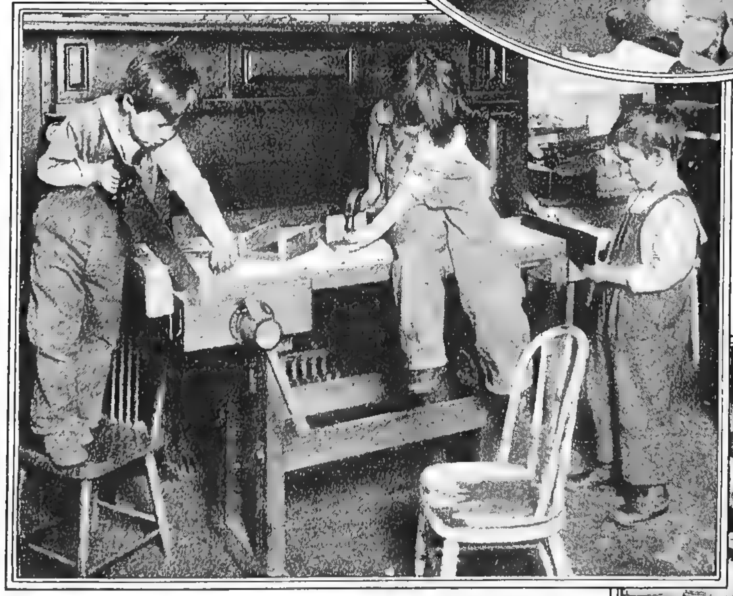

Photo by A. Tennyson Beals

WITH SMALL HAMMERS AND SAWS YOUNG BUILDERS ARE ALLOWED TO WORK OUT THEIR OWN IDEAS IN WOOD

The program, equipment, and supervision of each of the professional nursery schools are similar. The children arrive at the same hour each day, usually around nine o'clock, and leave around four-thirty. Their mothers bring them and call for them. The ages of the children attending range between fourteen months and four years. If the schools have a large enrolment the children are sometimes divided into groups so that in each group there is no greater range in age than eighteen months. No child is admitted who is not able to walk alone.

Most of the day is spent out-of-doors. In some cases a large yard is used, in other intances a roof-garden. In addition each school has at least one large indoor playroom. A few nursery tables are always in evidence, and more low tables of the folding variety are opened up in time for lunch.

Close watch is kept over the health of the children. A nurse or the director inspects them as soon as they arrive in the morning for symptoms of contagious diseases. She gives the mothers friendly advice about caring for their children while the children help themselves in removing their wraps and hang them on low hooks or pile them in individual wire baskets before they run off to play. Regular weighing, measuring, and health examination days are observed.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR PLAYGROUND AND ADULT SUPERVISION ARE THE FIRST ESSENTIALS OF A NURSERY SCHOOL

In the middle of the morning the children wash their hands and faces and have fruit-juice or perhaps crackers and milk. After this mid-morning lunch there follows more play, interspersed in some of the schools by a very brief music-lesson. This is hardly more than a simple rhythmic drill, to which the children respond or not, just as they feel inclined, and in any manner that pleases them.

Another hand-and-face washing precedes the nourishing noon dinner. In the Ruggles Street Nursery School, low wash-basins and low shelves, with individual towels, combs, and tooth-brushes, make it interesting and easy for the tiny folk to make their toilet. In several of the schools, notably the Merrill-Palmer Nursery School, the children take a very real part in serving lunch and in clearing up the lunch-dishes.

AFTER dinner come naps, frequently on simple single cots which may be set up out-of-doors in good weather. After about two hours of rest the children awaken, have a drink of water, and scamper off about their play business until time to go home.

In none of the nursery schools do adult furnishings or belongings intrude upon these child-sized worlds.

Big blocks build towers or railroads or bridges or cities, according to the mood of the child. Strong, smooth planks become see-saws or running-boards or railroad-tracks, just as the childish imagination prompts. The only rulings are that any toy which a child takes is his so long as he is actually using it, and that one toy must be put back in its place before another may be taken out.

The three types of equipment found in all of the nursery schools are raw materials, toys for imitative play, and toys for big-muscle development. The raw materials, such as sand- and pebble-boxes, pails and shovels, light hammers and saws, and smooth pieces of board, are not interesting or complete in themselves, but are rich in potentialities according to the uses to which the child puts them. The toys for imitative play afford the children the joy of acting out experiences which they have observed in their small world. These include such articles as Noah's arks, farm animals, dolls of different sizes that may be dressed and undressed, doll furniture, dishes, small brooms, wash-boards, irons, wagons, automobiles, or wheel-barrows.

Care is taken also to provide plenty of equipment that will afford the children opportunity for using their big muscles. There are packing-cases for them to move around from place to place as they want to use them. There are heavy planks to be lugged across the room, steps to be climbed, ladders of rope or wood, swings, slides, and kegs that may be rolled around. The yard of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

EACH SMALL CHILD HELPS TO SERVE HIS OWN NOURISHING LUNCH IN THE MERRILL-PALMER NURSERY SCHOOL

Le Jade Talc

The softest, most delicate, most feminine of all talcum powders with the refreshing, appealing fragrance of *Le Jade, the precious perfume.*

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The Great City

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Holland. Not a muscle of her face or of his changed. They had met before.

Holland thought, "How incredible that she should be Lewis Eldon's wife!" He could see that tall, lovely figure kneeling beside the hotel bed.

He tried to think—it must have been five, six, perhaps seven years ago, a Summer evening. He had been detained in town by a case and had been dining at a quiet little hotel. He had finished dinner and was drinking his coffee. Suddenly the manager came running in. Would Dr. Holland come to a guest—a gentleman taken suddenly ill—he and his wife had just arrived.

Holland sprang to his feet.

They had taken the sick man to the nearest bedroom. It was dark, airless, and noisy. It was all thick red carpets, gilt furniture, striped silk on the walls. Holland knew it well. The bed was still covered by a crimson-silk coverlet, against which the ashen face of the dying man stood out with terrible gray sharpness.

A glance told Holland the trouble was cardiac—a brief examination that there was nothing to be done. Five minutes after the doctor came into the room the man was dead.

HOLLAND could now turn his attention to the woman who had sunk on her knees beside the bed. Taking her slim, firm hand, he suggested to her that she should rise. He spoke in a tone deliberately matter-of-fact. "Has your husband ever had an attack like this before?"

She rose very slowly to her feet. "Yes, I think so," she answered. "Two or three years ago—before I knew him."

"Ah," said Holland, thinking suddenly of Jessie, "you have only been married a short time."

She stared at him, then she said quietly, "We are not married."

Holland, like every one who is deeply in love with a wedded mate, was aware of a shock. He looked at her carefully. He saw a woman in the early thirties, not fashionably dressed, hardly elegant, but essentially a lady. He had not thought her handsome then, for her face was white and ravaged. He remembered, however, her splendid eyes, and her extraordinary dignity.

As he looked at her she walked to a great gilded chair and sat down.

"Is there any one you would like me to send for?" he asked. She shook her head.

He had the art, which doctors are obliged to acquire, of appearing to be possessed of infinite leisure. If this woman was to be saved all the scandal of a newspaper story, she must be sent home at once. Her simplicity interested him, but most of all she moved his heart by not making any appeal for pity.

SHE had no wish either to conceal or to confide, but after a few minutes Holland knew the main points of her story—two young children, ten years of married life—youth supposedly over, and then the entrance of romance. A great engineer sent to her little city in consultation—emotions neither of them had ever experienced.

"But we would not have done this," she said, "if only we might have been friends. But they wouldn't let us. You see, in a small town every one knows everything. Every time he came up the steps of our house, he was seen and talked about, and we were as much punished for being friends as if we had been lovers." She shivered a little.

Holland waited and then asked, "And your children?"

"They loved him, too," she answered. He was so brilliant—he radiated a sort of life and vitality—my little boy wanted to be with him all the time—"

"But now what will happen to your children?" Holland insisted.

"They will be safe," she returned, "my husband is a very good man and kind—but so wearisome—so wearisome."

Holland thought now as he recollected that hopeless tone that he might have guessed she could be speaking only of his old friend Eldon.

He had not asked her name, tho she had heard his from the manager and called him by it. He did not even know the town she was describing to him. He discovered that, fortunately, she had not registered. He found her bags, saw that she had plenty of money, called a taxi for her, and sent her off home on the first train.

He had never known until the present moment where she had gone. He had often thought of her. He had never mentioned her—not even to Jessie.

Now seeing her against the background of this handsome old house, the wife of his old friend, it seemed to him that he had an understanding of her that probably no one had ever had.

He made a hasty diagnosis that her emotional deadness must have continued through all these years—or, knowing who was down-stairs, she would not have allowed herself to be coerced into coming down. He could almost see her shrug her shoulders and say, "Well, what does it matter?" He stared at her, wondering whether or not she was grateful to him for having sent her home.

"How about supper, my dear?" Eldon was saying. "These New-Yorkers, you know—always in a hurry."

"I think there's something laid out in the dining-room," she answered. "You might go and see." Eldon and Richard both left the room, and Elizabeth, who had been waiting for her chance, burst out: "Mother, I want to ask Dr. Holland about Medical College—how much it would cost."

Her mother gave a little smothered moan.

"You don't want her to go?" said Holland.

"A child of seventeen—alone in New York?"

"Mother, I'm almost as old as you were when you married—well, anyhow, when you got engaged to father."

Mrs. Eldon looked straight at Holland. "I was too young," she said.

At that moment the double doors leading into the dining-room rolled back, Dr. Eldon on one side and his son on the other. Another beautiful room appeared.

"Here we are," cried Eldon, "just a bite—just a little supper," and he hurried back to his chafing dish, talking as he went: "Do you know, my dear, what that precious daughter of yours had been saying to Dr. Holland? Richard says she has been asking him to get her into the Medical College. My daughter a doc!—I don't understand this generation. We struggle to make a home for these children. We work—we have no other thoughts but them——"

"Yes, we have other *thoughts*," interrupted his wife gently.

He turned. "No, I have no other thoughts but my children—and you."

"You think of your profession."

"Of course I think of my profession. I wouldn't be a very good doctor if I didn't think a little about my profession—but only on their account. What else am I working for?"

"Perhaps because it is so terrible to be idle," said his wife.

Elizabeth gave an exhalation expressing joy. "There—I didn't know you'd understand that, Mother. I know *you* like this sort of life—seeing no one—doing nothing—but I'm different, Mother; do try and realize it."

"Nonsense!" said her father. "You're just exactly what your mother was at your age."

"No, I'm not," cried Elizabeth. "I have a terrible capacity for being bored——"

"Bored, bored," exclaimed Eldon, "you ought not to know the meaning of the word at your age."

"Mother," Elizabeth went on, "it isn't that I think becoming a doctor will make me happy, but this makes me unhappy. I must do something. It is so terrible to wake up in the morning and not care what you do. If I stayed here in Alderney I might make some idiotic mistake—marry the first tiresome man who asked me——"

"Well, well," said her father, "not necessarily so idiotic—to marry, you know—not always a disaster."

His wife looked at him, and then shut her eyes.

"It would be a disaster for me to marry just for the sake of doing something," said the girl, and then her brother broke out:

"Oh, you, you, you—you think of nothing but yourself. Suppose mother had dashed off and left us because she found Alderney a little dull?"

"I should have had the greatest sympathy with her," returned Elizabeth.

Her mother laid her hand on the girls. "I believe you would," she said.

"Liz only wants to be a doctor," her brother went on, "because the medical school here isn't open to women—she wants to get away to New York."

"And that's why you want to be an engineer," retorted the girl. "You could study medicine here—so you decided to be an engineer, and go to Boston."

"I've always wanted to be an engineer. It's a great profession. Mother has always said that she never knew an engineer who wasn't a *man*."

"I hope she can say the same of doctors," said Eldon sharply.

A flicker, a tremor passed over Mrs. Eldon's immobile mask. She turned. "Dr. Holland," she said, "I think you know all the facts of this case. What do you advise us to do?"

He felt the responsibility that she was thrusting upon him, but he did not hesitate. "I should let her do it," he said.

"Oh, you lamb!" cried the future doctor.

"Go to New York without any one to look after her?" exclaimed Eldon.

"Oh, get over the idea that New York is so dangerous, Eldon," said Holland. "In some ways it's a good deal safer place to live in than a small town—at least you're not always plotting to get away from it." He stood up. "And I must be getting back there."

He took his hostess's hand. "Thank you, Mrs. Eldon. It has been a great pleasure to see you. My wife and I will look out for your daughter—if you decide to send her. I should like you to know my wife and my children."

"Oh, Holland, have you children?" said Eldon patronizingly.

"Three," answered Holland. "Come and see them."

"Yes, yes," said Eldon. "I will. My wife doesn't often get to New York—pretty rackety sort of place. You have my sympathy for living there. Good night, my dear fellow. Look us up whenever you're in this part of the world."

HOLLAND hadn't much time. He stepped on the train just as the conductor was waving an autocratic arm to start it.

"Close shave," said Holland.

The conductor shook his head. "I'm a minute late starting her," he said. "The clock at my place stopped without my knowing it."

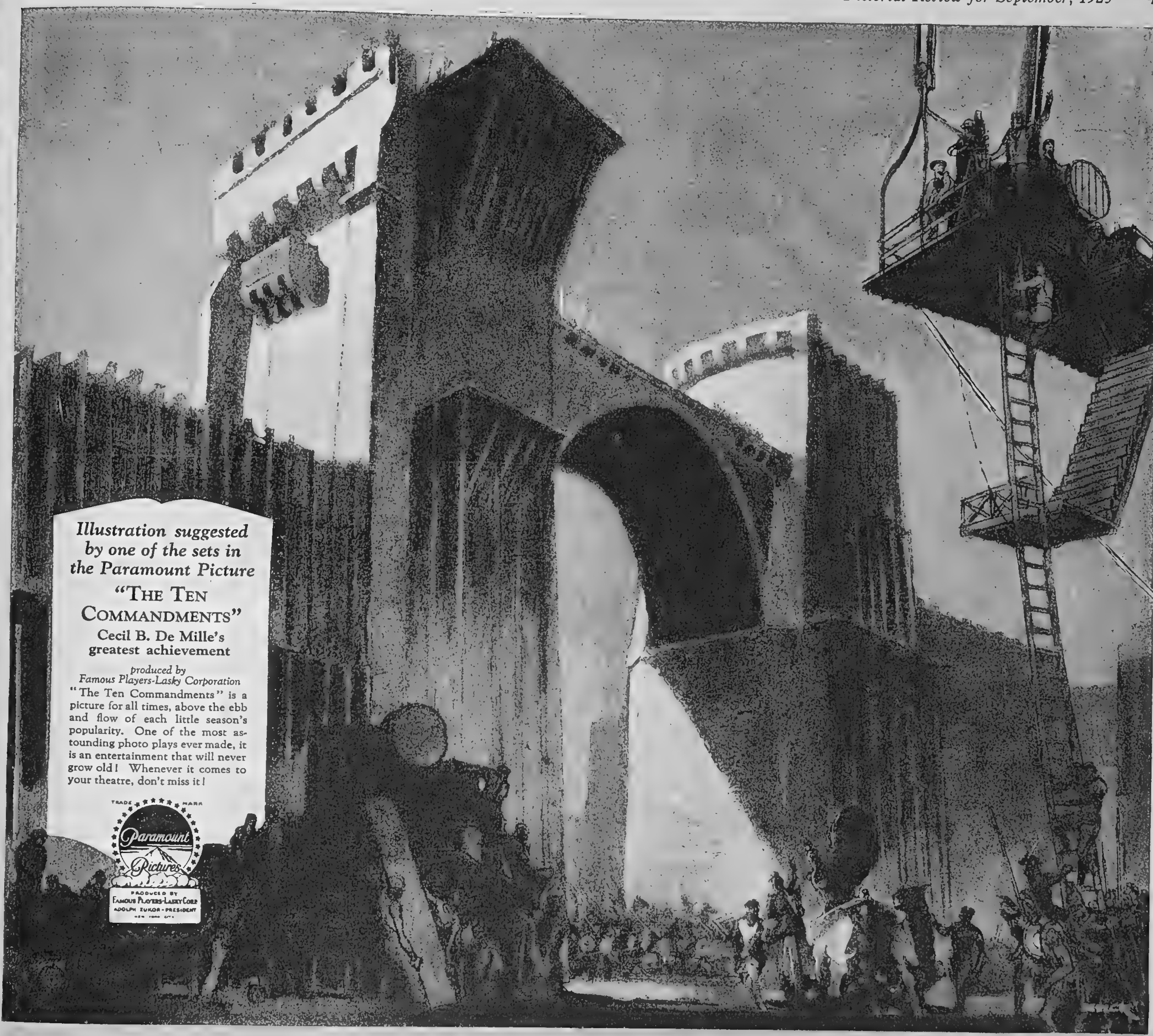
"You live here?" asked Holland.

The conductor nodded.

"Yes," he said. "My wife would prefer New York, but Alderney is cheaper living, and then," he added, "I get a good deal of New York—I spend every other night there."

"And do you like it?" said Holland.

"Yes," said the conductor. "But not for a home."



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The Home Bureau

Suggestions for October Brides

By Anna Steese Richardson

THESE are busy days for October brides. All over the country thousands of charming American girls are planning and sewing for what is the most important, the most thrilling day in a woman's life—her wedding-day.

And if there is one function in our social life which demands careful planning, it is a wedding, be it simple or elaborate. The ceremony or reception may be utterly spoiled by details overlooked or mismanaged, by a nervous bride or her flustered mother.

If the date is actually set, now is the time to speak for the use of the church or the services of the clergyman. Popular churches are engaged far in advance, and popular clergymen are often booked for weddings in families to whom they ministered in other cities.

If you are having bridal attendants it is not too soon to invite the girls who are to act as bridesmaids or flower-girls. As these bridal attendants pay for their frocks, hats, shoes, and stockings, they may want to plan well in advance, perhaps to economize by buying fabrics and trimmings in quantity.

"What sort of ceremony is most effective?"

This question is asked by many girls. "Shall it be in a church or in a home? What about the reception, in a small city apartment or a suburban cottage?"

The first requisite of a successful wedding is selecting the type best suited to the means of the bride and groom. It is the height of folly and extremely bad taste for parents in moderate circumstances to give their daughter a wedding which apes the fashions of the very rich. And, by the way, the best families—those who move in good social circles—do not have what might be termed a gorgeous wedding. They make it a simple, quiet, and elegant function.

Here are some suggestions for the ceremony:

The most elaborate wedding includes a church ceremony followed by a reception and breakfast at the home of the bride's parents or nearest relatives or in the ballroom suite of a fashionable hotel. This type can be modified to suit the means of all. A large number of invitations may be issued for the ceremony at the church, while only those relatives and close friends who can be comfortably accommodated in the apartment are invited to the reception and breakfast which follow the ceremony.

In the suburbs or country the service may be in the village church, and if the climate permits, the reception may be held on a lawn or a terrace.

For a house wedding all plans depend upon the size and arrangement of the rooms. The number of guests is regulated by the standing-room which the apartment affords. When the guests crowd too close to the bridal party the effect is always spoiled. In this day of small city apartments the ceremony is often performed in the presence of immediate families and closest friends, and acquaintances are invited only to the reception which follows the ceremony, which may be held in the house, hotel, or club.

The young girl who has no close relatives to give her a wedding, or who has earned her living for some years, must show good judgment in making her plans even tho she is marrying a rich man. Neither her fiancé nor his parents can "give" her a wedding. She must pay for everything from wedding-dress to wedding-breakfast. In cities such girls are often married in the chapel of a church in the presence of her family and the groom's and their own intimate friends. Decorations are limited to a few potted plants and vases of flowers. The bride usually wears her going-away gown and hat, and the ceremony is followed by a very simple breakfast at some quaint, unusual restaurant.

In a suburban community or the country there may be a church ceremony for such a girl, followed by a very simple reception, with equally simple refreshments, at the home of a relative or close friend.

A formal wedding at church or home requires engraved invitations, which must be ordered well in advance and mailed two weeks before the wedding-day. For an informal wedding a girl usually writes her invitations by hand in the first person. She prepares them well in advance so that all will be mailed out on the same day. Otherwise one friend receiving her invitation a day or two later than another may think she was an afterthought.

All invitations to formal weddings are issued by the parents of the bride. If the mother is dead, they are issued in the name of the father; if the father is not living, in the name of the mother. If both parents are dead, the invitations may be issued in the name of a married brother or sister, an uncle and aunt, or the girl's guardian. The bride issues invitations only when the wedding is most formal, and then she writes them to members of her own family, her husband's family, and their most intimate friends.

Wedding-announcements, like invitations, are sent out by the girl's family, except when the bridal couple have been married before or have reached middle age, when they announce their marriage either by engraved cards or by writing personal letters, but neither the bride nor the bride and groom jointly can issue invitations in their own names.

IN this article there has been space for only a general discussion of wedding etiquette. To meet the specific needs of our readers, three leaflets will be sent on receipt of four cents in stamps to cover postage: "General Preparations," "Invitations and Announcements," and "Procedure on the Wedding-Day."

Send also for booklets "Here Comes the Bride!" price 10 cents, which includes suggestions for announcement parties, showers, wedding decorations and menus, and "Dress for Every Occasion," price 10 cents, which includes a description of the proper clothes to wear at weddings and receptions. Address Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 7th Avenue and 39th Street, New York City.

A careful mother . .

yet you may be neglecting their most vital health problem

YOU may train your children with the utmost care. You may give them every advantage.

Yet—

If you have ever excused the fact that they are underweight, or pale, or listless, with the thought, "they're just growing", you have neglected the one thing that can most seriously affect their future health.

For these are symptoms of an undernourished condition that may develop into malnutrition. And malnutrition in childhood is the cause of innumerable ills from which grown-ups suffer—lowered vitality, dulled mentality, poor physique, and consequent susceptibility to disease (especially tuberculosis).

Check them up at once

IT is dangerous—it may be disastrous—to let children remain underweight. Weigh them and measure them. Know whether they weigh what they should for their height and age. Be sure they have no organic defects. Teach them to follow the fundamental health rules—plenty of exercise, fresh air and sleep; a correct diet, with plenty of water to drink; cleanliness.

Then—to bring them up to normal weight—give them a daily extra feeding of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, in addition to their regular diet of fruits, vegetables, cereals, milk, etc.

Eagle Brand is a health builder

EAGLE BRAND is milk—the child's basic food—combined with sugar in a way that makes it extremely digestible. It is rich in body and bone building properties and the essential vitamins. All its health-building elements can be assimilated by the undernourished child because it digests easily and does not overtax the delicate stomach.

Serve it as a drink—2 tablespoonfuls of Eagle Brand diluted in ⅔ cup of cold water. It is best to give it in the middle of the morning or afternoon, so as not to spoil the child's appetite.

For variety, spread it thick on crackers or bread. Pour it over cereal or dried fruit. Make it up into simple dishes, such as custards. When served undiluted, be sure the child drinks more water.

For information, turn to the 3 Little Books

MENUS for Little People—on children from 2-6 years, with a special section on menus and recipes. *Keeping Your Child Fit*—concerning the older child, especially the boy; contains height and weight charts and health rules. *The Adolescent Girl*—covering this difficult period in a girl's life. These are the famous *3 Little Books* that are helping thousands of mothers deal effectively with their children during a vital health period. Send for your copies today—free. The Borden Company, 485 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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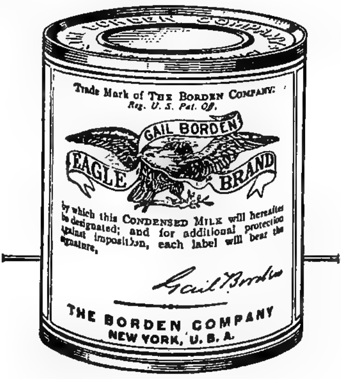
A daily feeding between meals—

Preferably as a drink—2 tablespoonfuls diluted with ⅔ cup cold water.

Or, for variety, as a spread on bread or crackers (in which case have the child drink *more* water). Poured over cereal or fruit. Made up into simple dishes, such as custards.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GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE BRAND
by which this Condensed Milk will hereafter be designated; and for additional protection against imposition, each label will bear the signature,
Gail Borden
THE BORDEN COMPANY
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

HEALTH RECORD FOR ONE WEEK

DAILY HEALTH HABITS	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
1 I played out of doors.							
2 I took a bath on each day checked.							
3 I was in bed 10 hrs. last night with my windows open.							
4 I washed my face, ears, neck, hands and wore clean clothes.							
5 I drank at least 4 glasses of water today.							
6 I went to the toilet at the regular time.							
7 I brushed my teeth at least twice today.							
8 I ate vegetables such as spinach, string-beans, peas and carrots.							
9 I ate fruit such as prunes, dates, oranges and apples.							
10 I ate cereals such as oatmeal, cream of wheat and farina.							
11 I drank my regular glass of Eagle Brand Milk today.							

MAKE HEALTH AN INTERESTING GAME!

Health records like this are being used in hundreds of schools to improve children's health. The Borden Company will supply them to individual mothers, too. Have your children check off each day the health habits they have done and see who has the best record. It will appeal to their play and competitive instinct—at the same time train them in the rules of sound, wholesome living.

The ADOLESCENT GIRL
Her Book
KEEPING YOUR CHILD FIT

**THE BORDEN COMPANY
485 Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.**

Please send me free set of
3 Little Books

*Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

Super Plate-Inlaid

When Ships Come In

A fond hope in the heart of every maiden is realized by the possession of beautiful silverplate. Holmes & Edwards Super Plate-Inlaid is unexcelled for its enduring quality and exquisite designs.

Holmes & Edwards Super Plate is different. Every piece is heavily plated with pure silver and in addition those most often used have Solid Silver-Inlaid under the plate at the two rest points to insure permanent satisfaction.

The Romance
Tea Spoon
Illustrated at right
Set of Six $3.60

The Century
Tea Spoon
Illustrated at left
Set of Six $3.60

Super Plate Inlaid

Shows Silver Inlaid Under the Plate

Silverplate from the House of
HOLMES & EDWARDS
© I.S.CO.1925

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Made and guaranteed by
The Holmes & Edwards
Silver Co.
International Silver Co.
Successors
Bridgeport, Conn

Also in Canada by the
Standard Silver Co.
International Silver Co.
of Canada, Limited
Successors
Toronto, Canada

The Hand of Gladys Cockley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

"Come, Janet, you mustn't flatter me." He took Janet's hand. "You're a good sport," he said. "What a fool I was! Why didn't I run away with you years ago?"

"Too late," said Janet sadly. "I'm an old woman."

"You're a beautiful thing that will never grow old," said Sir Alastair, remembering a quotation he had once read.

"Ally, you mustn't make love to me."

Thus Sir Alastair came to believe that he was dashing and aggressive. He even imagined that he was in love with Lady Janet. There was no dodging it.

But tho he wooed tempestuously he did not aim at any definite termination. The state of things was bracing and provided an interesting occupation. He was in love with Janet, and she was in love with him; one day they would run away together. When? Well, some time.

But Janet was more precise. She detested Braunton, whom five years had made no younger and no thinner, but only wealthier. She wanted, as she put it, to live, and Alastair provided a tolerable imitation of an avenue marked "Life." Thus she tried to encourage him, found him easy to encourage. Thus came the crisis.

IN THE early part of May, just before the Brauntons and the Stofords went to London for the season, a garden-party was given at Hennings. In the middle of the dance Sir Alastair led Lady Janet out upon the terrace to enjoy the coolness of the night.

"Let's go down the steps and sit on them," said Janet. "It's dark and nice there." So they sat in the accomplice darkness, under a sky of a blue almost black. They talked very little, and at last Janet said:

"Ally, it's good to be alive. Makes one forget what one has to stand."

"Poor little thing," said Sir Alastair. "I wonder how you can stick him."

"I can't," whispered Janet, suddenly. "Ally, you must take me away."

The warm, soft night, operated upon Sir Alastair. A flame leaped up in his heart to meet hers. "I will," he said.

"Listen," said Lady Janet, half hysterical, but knowing what she wanted to say. "Let's bolt on Tuesday. Take the car to Redforth Junction and catch the three-two. Mind you don't go to number four platform. Go to number three, where they make up a train that goes to Basingalton. There we'll change. And mind you, Ally, don't leave here a minute after two-thirty."

"All right," said Sir Alastair, bewildered by the speed at which things were happening.

"Ally," whispered Janet intensely. Laying a hand upon his shoulder, she kissed him violently upon the lips.

Some seven feet above their heads, upon the terrace, Gladys stood, looking into the night. Since the dance was going well, and since she was tired, she had come out to rest for a moment. She was rather sleepy, and had upon her mind a fact of great interest.

Words came to her from below. She did not listen, absorbed in her own meditation. But she woke to reality enough to overhear that last dialog: the three-two? Tuesday? Why, it was Janet. Bolting? With whom? Then she heard her husband's voice. She bent over the balustrade to see Lady Janet embrace Sir Alastair.

LITTLE Lady Janet paced nervously up and down platform number three. Why didn't Alastair come? She had sent him a note to be there so that he could make no mistake. Oh, why was she in love with a stupid man?

She looked toward the clock. Five minutes to three. Then, to her horror, she saw coming toward her, in fashionable tweeds, the one person whose presence was not required at this interview.

"Hullo, Janet," said Lady Stoford, holding out her hand; "how do you do?"

"I'm very well," said Lady Janet.

"And what are you doing here?" asked Lady Stoford. "I've just come in to see if I can get a magazine."

"I'm going up to town," said Janet, looking about her wildly.

"Is that so?" said Gladys. "I'm glad I was here to say good-by to you. Let me see, you go by the three-two, don't you? Alastair ought to be here in a minute. He's in the High Street, buying tobacco. You know, Janet, Alastair's always late. He's a dear, but so irresponsible. He needs a lot of looking after. It's no joke being married to Alastair. Any one can make him do just what he or she likes. But you never know when you have him. That's what's so winning, I suppose. Dear me, I wish he'd hurry up. I want to get home to tea."

Before Lady Janet could think of something to say Alastair arrived, followed by a porter who carried a bag which he had, with secrecy, packed the night before.

"Hullo, Gladys," he said feebly.

"Oh, here you are, Alastair! I've been waiting for you such a long time. Where's the bag? Oh, there it is. Porter, put it in the car outside." The clock struck three. "Why, you'll be missing your train, Janet."

Speechless, Janet allowed herself to be pushed toward the waiting train, while Sir Alastair, his mouth open, followed. The guard walked up the platform, a porter slammed doors, and Janet looked out of the window, pale with bewilderment, not agonized, but amazed.

"Well, good-by, Janet," said Lady Stoford, putting out a hand, which her victim took; "we've just time to see you off and then get home. Alastair has got to meet one of his relatives."

A whistle blew, the train steamed out, and with it Janet, never to re-appear in these lives. Sir Alastair said very little in the car, wondering why Gladys was so placid, wondering still more why he was not in agony. It was only after tea, when he sat in a comfortable chair, a good cigar between his teeth, beside an amiable wife in charming clothes, that he realized that he was relieved.

He was not going to bolt out of respectability, was not going to be divorced, was not going to be tied to the wild, impulsive Lady Janet. Everything was going to be comfortable and easy, as it had always been. How it happened he was dashed if he knew, but it was all right. Then he remembered a phrase.

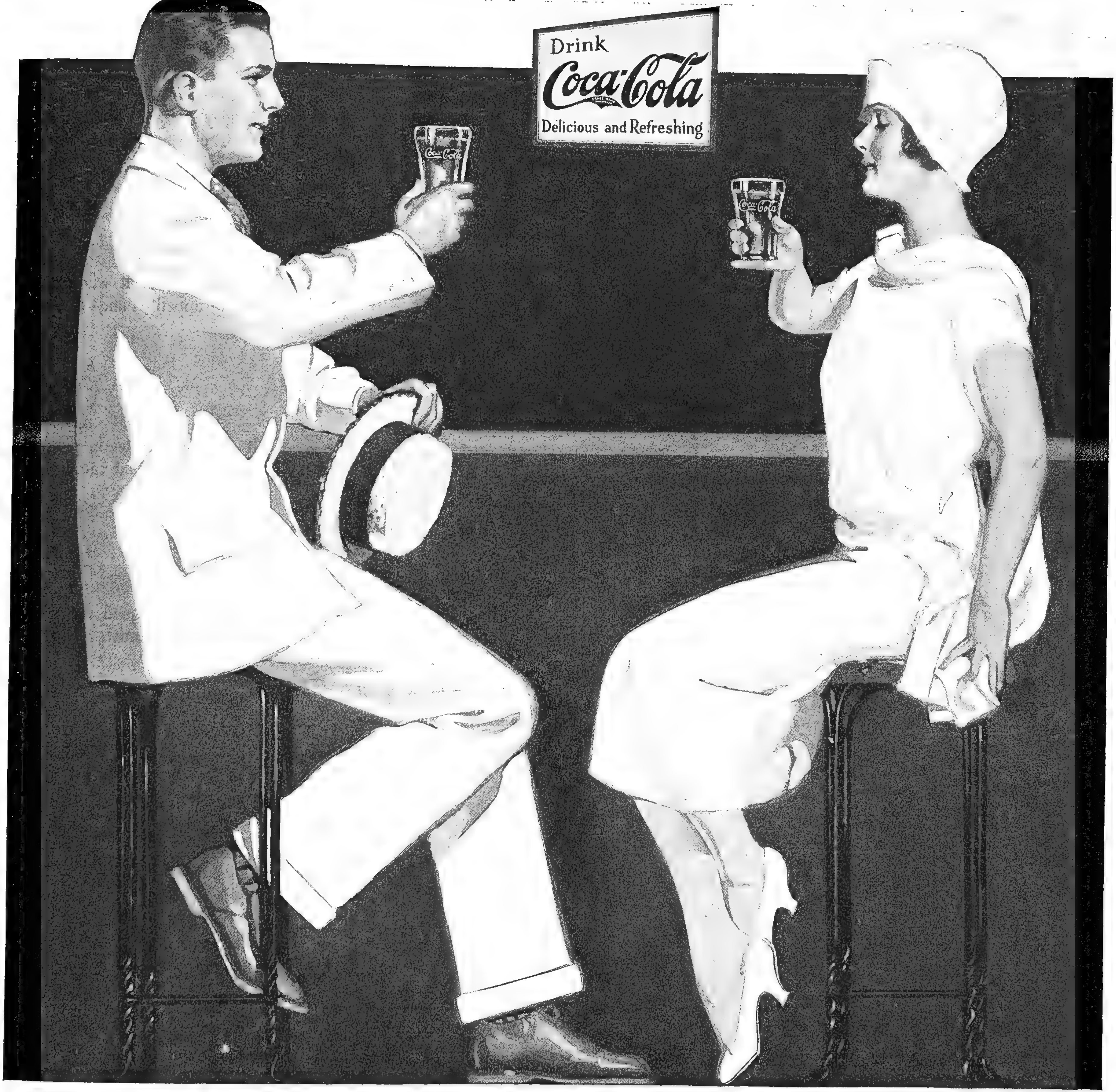
"I say, Gladys, what was that you said on the platform about my having a relative to meet?"

A blush rose upon the cheeks of Lady Stoford as she replied: "Oh, you won't meet for a while. And whether it's a boy or a girl, I really don't know."

IMPORTANT

Pictorial Review is on sale on the first of each month. For instance, the October issue goes on sale October 1st, the November number on November 1st, and so on.

Google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Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

RE-FRESH YOURSELF!

Enjoy the sociable drink – the beverage that's so good others are always glad to join you –

SOLD EVERYWHERE! FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

"Both girls left their rouge at home, but one had used Jarnac and didn't worry!"

MOIST Rouge!

A Natural Color at last, for both Cheeks and Lips

"*I wish I could find the right rouge!*" How many times have you said it? Here it is! Not another dry color that goes on in dabs—but a marvelously smooth, soft, *moist* color that you blend with perfectly wonderful result. Madam, do not disregard this real discovery—for moist makeup is not only here to stay, but must surely doom the cruder kinds!

A True Makeup at Last

Artists have always worked in *oils* for beauty and realism. Crayon is too coarse. Small wonder, then, that a true blood-red in solidified oils brought a new beauty-power to makeup! **Jarnac** is a new form of color—a brilliant color *impossible in dry form*. It is wonderfully natural when spread; by comparison, the hard red spots from rouge-puff are ridiculously unreal. The same difference is seen in lips as well—for this *one* blood-red blend is the same perfect red for lips—your finger-tip tinged with **Jarnac** is an end to lipstick too.

The French formula **Jarnac** has, in fact, overcome every one of the mistakes of makeup which have made such a burlesque of beauty in this country.

Some Amazing Properties

Observe these *five* extraordinary properties, any one of which would be reward enough for trying **Jarnac**:

This form of color has what artists call "spread" and leaves not the suggestion of a line where its perfect film of color begins or ends.

Moisture has *no effect whatever* on this color which is itself moist! Not even tears can streak the cheeks, nor does wetting the lips dissolve it. It lasts! Use **Jarnac** in the morning *and leave it home if you like*.

Neither perspiration nor powder affects it. No dab dab, all the day—with **Jarnac**!

The soothing, healing, essential oils in **Jarnac** pass every *purity test*—you could eat it down! Such a compound is of very real benefit to skin and pores and one of America's leading dermatological doctors has said so.

Only one color—a blood-red match for both cheeks and lips—and for the same reason the one color is a perfect match for all types of skin.

50c *in U. S.*

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JARNAC
CHEEK AND LIP
ROUGE
(MOIST)

Most drugstores display this card of **Jarnac**. If your druggist hasn't it, mail this coupon with **50c** (stamps, if you like) for full box, prepaid. (16)

JARNAC et CIE
540 W. Randolph St., Chicago

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

Does Your Baby Go to School?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

Ruggles Street Nursery School contains a "junglegym" where the children learn to climb in and out, and on up into the air, fearless and sure of hand and foot.

The unobtrusive watchful supervision of the director or her assistant prevents any serious accidents. There are at least two adults with every group of children, so that one adult may give individual attention to children who want drinks or who need other services without leaving the entire group unsupervised.

Quick-growing plant life is always evident in the nursery schools in the form of bulbs, window-boxes, or potted plants. Sometimes pets may be found, too. A bowl of goldfish in a low aquarium, a turtle, or a rabbit may make the day more interesting. Occasionally a kitten or a dog may be brought in for a visit, to delight the children and to acquaint them with the habits of these pets.

In a succession of nursery school days each child has the experiences of seeing objects of all shapes, colors, and sizes, of touching hard and soft, smooth and rugged surfaces, of lifting light and heavy objects, of experimenting with every type of equipment, of giving his imagination full swing, of acquiring habits of cleanliness and of right eating, of practising bodily control and balance, of learning caution and agility through climbing, running, jumping, and carrying things, and of learning to get along amicably and happily in a social group of his own age. For the child of nursery age there can be no better education than this.

Any group of mothers who are serious in their purpose can start a nursery school for their children and those of their neighbors. The first thing to do is to study the methods of the nursery schools which are run by professional workers. The second thing to do is to secure the fullest co-operation of the mothers whose children are to be invited to join the group.

Necessarily schools organized by mothers must be planned on a simpler scale than the schools in charge of professionals. Many of the former are but informal gathering-places where the children meet regularly and play for a part of the day under the supervision of the mothers who take turns at being on duty. Where a paid worker is present the mothers combine to pay for her services.

An adequate simple equipment for such a school often may be acquired by pooling some of the toys which each child already has at home, and supplementing with a few pieces of inexpensive apparatus.

Such elemental musical instruments as a drum, triangle, cymbals, and a tambourine are desirable for the children's use, and if possible the children should hear a little piano music or a few simple phonograph selections each day for a very brief period, of five or ten minutes.

The children in a home-organized nursery school may number anywhere from six or eight to fifteen, provided the space is adequate. The adult in charge should understand the educational purpose of the school, aside from its object to provide a place for the children to stay where their mothers may be relieved of their care.

If it is not necessary or feasible to have the children spend the entire day in the school, a half-day school may be organized. A morning school is preferable to an afternoon one since the morning is the high time of the day for children to play. Furthermore, the morning session obviates the necessity of providing lunch or accommodations for the nap which every child of these ages should have in the afternoon. However, a successful afternoon school has been organized by a group of mothers in Ithaca because so many of their social engagements came in the afternoon that they felt the need of providing care for their children at that time.

A nursery school that has just finished its second year in Upper Montclair, N. J., keeps the children only through the morning. It is held all Winter out-of-doors on the open porch of the mother who founded it for the benefit of her little girl, who lacked companionship. In the Spring the play activities move out to a spacious lawn, backed by an acre of woodland. Seven children comprise the group. All of the mothers are close friends, and graduates of the same college.

Except for a slide, the equipment of this school is very inexpensive, and the children have no end of delight in devising ways to use it. A swing for two that is made by an old automobile tire suspended from ropes screwed into the porch ceiling, is ever popular. The children are so happy in their daily gatherings that they refuse to recognize any holiday season. After school officially closed for the Summer it was reopened the next day because of popular demand. A drink of water served at ten-thirty is the only refreshment served each day. At noon the children return to their own homes for their noon meal and naps. In the afternoons they play in their own yards.

A business woman in Washington, D. C., has co-operated with four other mothers in starting a nursery school. She gives over the use of her living-room and yard for the purpose, and has found a teacher who supervises the children for three hours every morning for two dollars per week per child. Because she provides the nursery-school care for her child in the mornings, this mother is enabled to go to business each day. She earns enough to afford to keep a housekeeper who looks after her little girl in the afternoons.

When a group of six mothers in Nyack, N. Y., found that they were unable to secure competent nurse-maids for their children, they decided to organize a nursery school. But since none of them could provide housing for the school each day, they decided to make theirs a round-robin nursery school. Accordingly each mother invites the group of children to play in her house and yard with her children one day a week, and she supervises the playing. Then for the other five days she is relieved of all responsibility for her own children. Each house

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

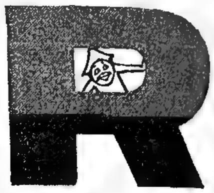
The Pin-a-Peep Show

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

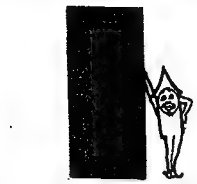
See Opposite Page

Directions: Get an empty shoe-box, paste, and a pair of scissors. Cut out the different figures carefully. Cut a peep-hole in the center of one end of the box. Look through the peep-hole and see that the figures are placed to the best advantage before pasting. Figures 1 and 2 show a good arrangement. Before putting the cover on the box cut one large or three small holes, as shown in pictures 3 and 4, to illuminate Little Red Riding-Hood in her grandmother's house. Pretty effects are obtained by covering the openings with colored tissue-paper and holding them open one at a time.

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.

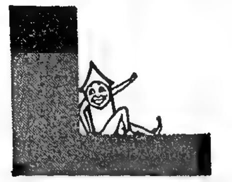


Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

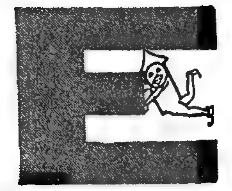


It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

Good gum is good for you—doctors and dentists affirm this.

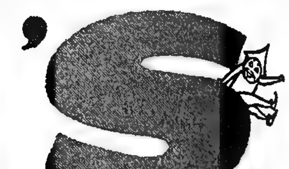


Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.



Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's—after every meal.

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

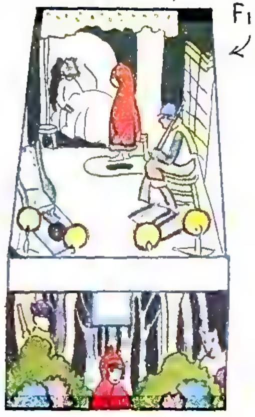


Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's—after every meal!

F118

WRIGLEY'S
THE FLAVOR LASTS
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

Fig. 1



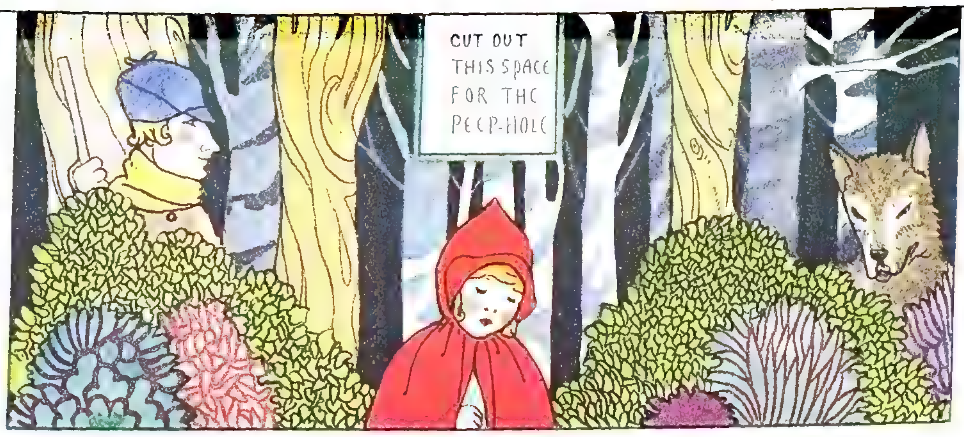
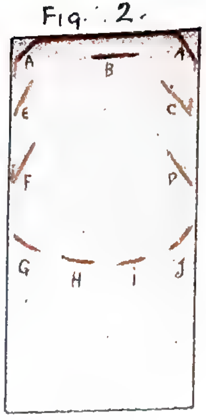

CUT OUT THIS SPACE FOR THE PEEP-HOLE

Fig. 2.


A
B
A
E
C
F
D
G
H
I
J

The Pin-a-Peep Show—Little Red Riding-Hood

DRAWINGS BY BERTA AND ELMER HADER

See Opposite Page for Instructions

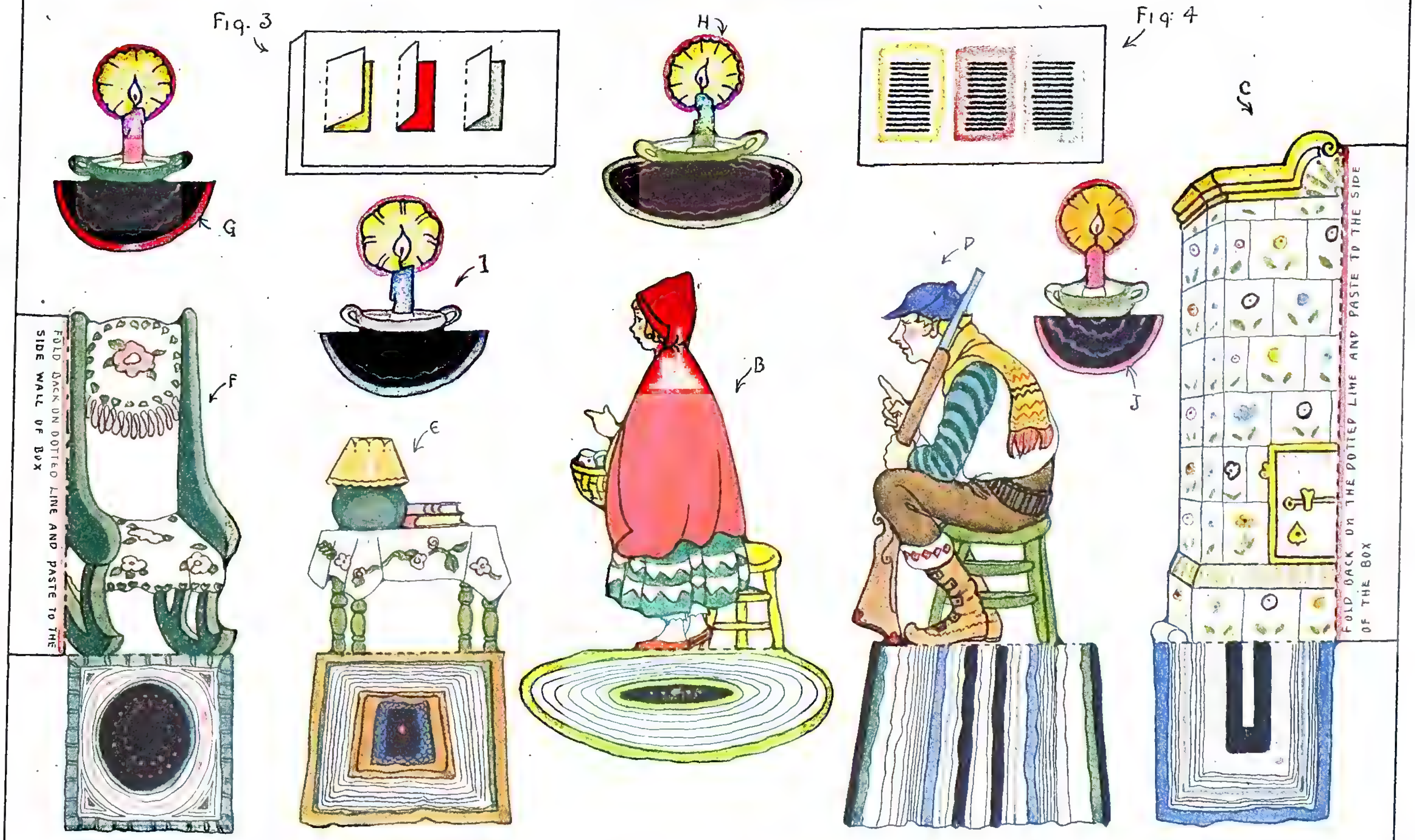
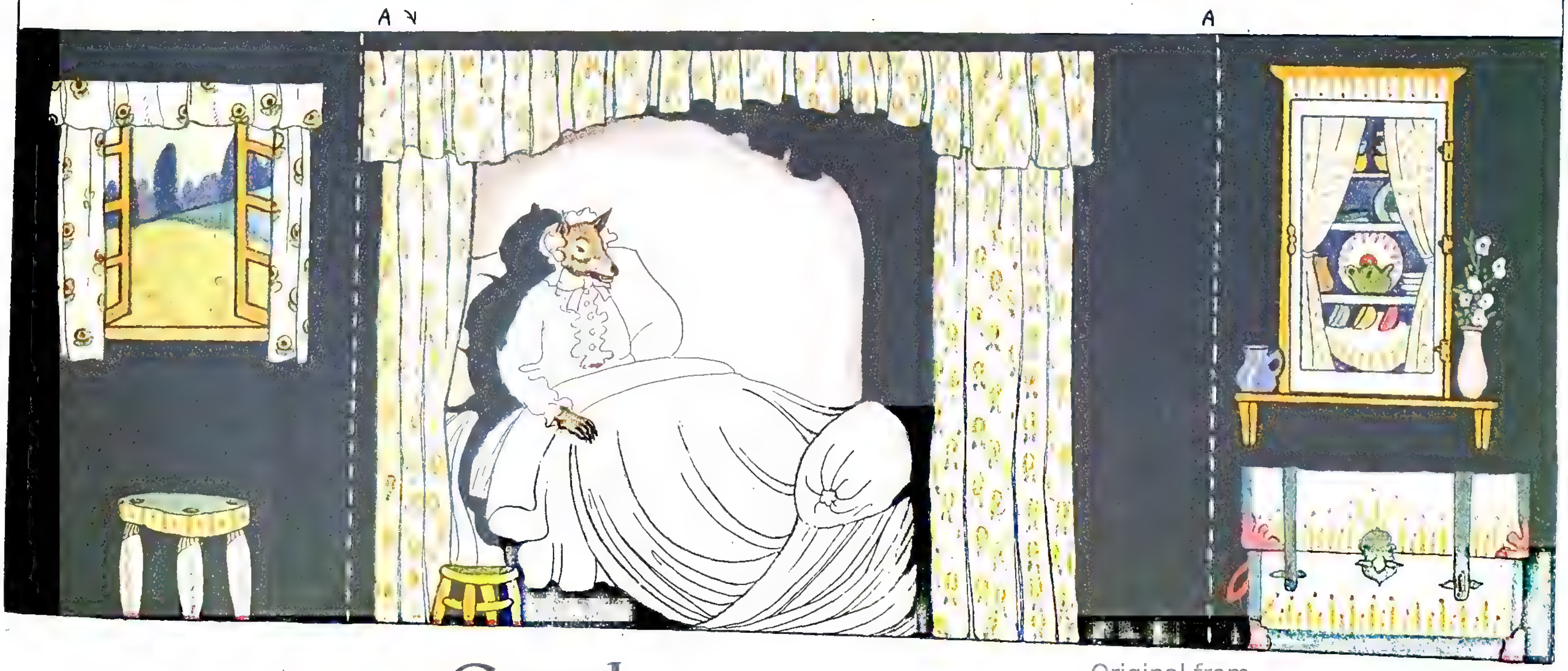


Fig. 3
H
Fig. 4
C
G
I
F
E
B
D
J
FOLD BACK ON DOTTED LINE AND PASTE TO THE SIDE WALL OF BOX
FOLD BACK ON THE DOTTED LINE AND PASTE TO THE SIDE OF THE BOX



Beauties in Musical Revues

Photographed by De Mirjian

CLARE, one of the "18 Gertrude Hoffman Girls," whose dancing is a feature of "Artists and Models, Paris Edition."

Photographed by Alfred Cheney Johnston

ONE look at the winsome face of Mary Chandler makes obvious the reason for her conspicuous place in the spectacular production of "George White's Scandals."

Photographed by Daguerre

ANITA BANTON'S beauty is one of the reasons for going to see the new edition of the "Earl Carroll Vanities."

Photographed by White Studio

LOVELY Dorothy Knapp is one of the celebrated beauties of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Photographed by Muray Studios

PEGGY CONWAY contributes to the dancing in the "Garrick Gaieties."

Photographed by White Studio

BLANCHE O'BRIEN is a bright personality in the "Earl Carroll Vanities."

Photographed by De Mirjian

HARRIETT is numbered among those present in the famous "18 Gertrude Hoffman Girls" now dancing in the revue, "Artists and Models, Paris Edition."

Photographed by Alfred Cheney Johnston

ADELE MASON is further proof that George White knows how to select beautiful girls for his famous "Scandals."

Photographed by Strauss Peyton

SUPPORTING Leon Errol in the irrepressible musical revue, "Louis the 14th," is fascinating Betty Nevins, who is one of 60 beautiful girls in this production.

The Simple Charm of Childhood

Let it live through the years by starting now, in this way, with correct skin care

MOTHER GOOSE

THE simple charm of childhood is a precious trust, placed by Nature, for safe-keeping, in the hands of mothers.

It can be kept in constant bloom, through girlhood, into glorious womanhood . . . or, be left to fade.

Gentle skin care is the all-important factor . . . future charm, beauty, social success and womanly allurement depend on it often.

PALMOLIVE, *and no other soap*, is the rule in thousands of homes where there are growing children . . . its gentle oils of palm and olive are scientifically blended to protect the skin during the years when protection is most needed.

The safe rule to follow

See that the skin is kept clean, the pores open and free.

See that no harsh cleansing method is used. Palmolive soothes while it cleanses. Its ingredients are mild and gentle; lotion-like in their action. It protects from injurious irritation.

* * *

Wash gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly with cool water. In this simple manner is beauty and charm preserved and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind. Your child's skin will be of fine texture. Her color will be good.

As they grow older, let them use powder if they wish. *But never leave it on over night.* It clogs the pores, often enlarges them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. The skin must be kept clean, the pores open and active.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

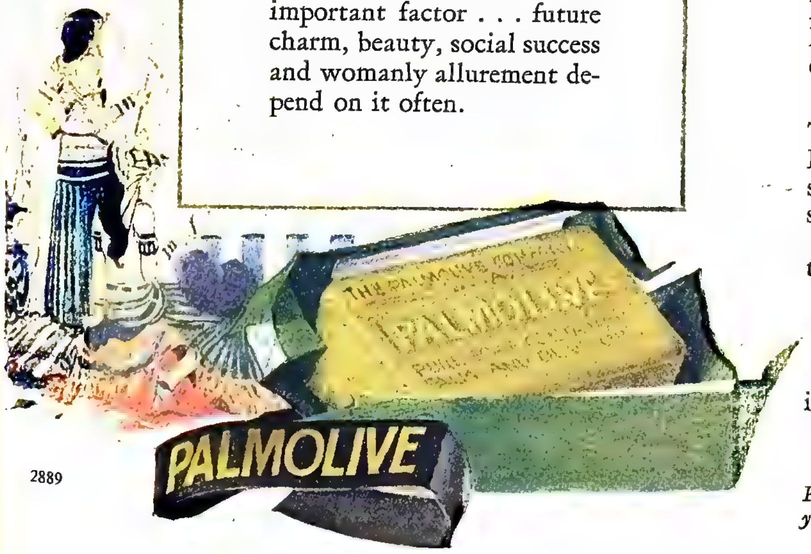
Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

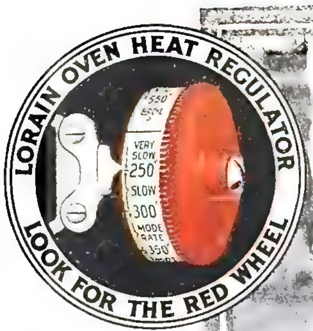
The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

2889



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a Red Wheel it is NOT a LORAIN.

LORAIN OVEN H

A New "Lorain" Oven Dinner

Recipes Prepared and Tested in the Research Kitchens
of American Stove Company

MENU

**Veal Birds*
**Onions Baked in Tomatoes*
**Boiled Rice*
Cherry and Nut Salad
**Gingerbread with Orange Marshmallow Sauce*

All dishes marked (*) can be cooked in a Lorain Self-regulating Oven at one time and without attention on the part of anyone. An attractive folder containing complete recipes for this delicious dinner will be sent free to any person sending in the coupon below.

One-thirty and the Day's Work done!

"GETTING DINNER" is the bugaboo that keeps countless thousands of women from enjoying to the full the glorious sunshine of a summer's afternoon.

But—there are other thousands of women, equally devoted to their families, that *"get dinner"* without interfering with the health or happiness of themselves or their families. *These* are the women who own Gas Ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

In the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you can place a Whole Meal such as is given in the upper right corner. Then by setting the Lorain Red Wheel at a very low temperature, you can go miles away for several hours, supremely confident that a delicious, hot dinner will be ready to serve when you return.

Also, a Lorain Self-regulating oven insures *perfect* results *every time* and with *everything* you cook or bake in it. And, you can do all your fruit-canning in this magic oven, too—*better, easier, cheaper, quicker.*

These famous Red Wheel Gas Ranges are sold by Gas Companies, Department Stores, Hardware, Furniture and Stove Dealers, wherever gas is available. Go soon and learn for yourself the marvels of *Time and Temperature* Cookery as exemplified by the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

But, be sure there's a *Red Temperature Wheel* on the stove. If there isn't, it is not equipped with Lorain—the *ORIGINAL* Oven Heat Regulator.

Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

LORAIN

HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

American Stove Company, 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
☐ Please send me free copy of Lorain Veal Bird Dinner Menu with Recipes.
☐ Enclosed find 50c In. ______ for copy of 128 page, Illustrated Cook Book containing Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes. Note: Check which you wish and *Print* name and address plainly.

Name ______________ *Street* ______________
City ______________ *State* ______________

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

DIRECT ACTION	National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS	New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL	Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE	Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
CLARK JEWEL	George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER	Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio

P. R.-9-25

Does Your Baby Go to School?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

provides a different type of play and enjoyment for the children, and they are always happy in their changing occupations.

Altho the round-robin school misses many of the advantages of a fixed abode for the nursery school, nevertheless it provides a very happy compromise where mothers want to share the care of their neighbors' children for one day a week in order that they may be relieved of the care of their own children for five days.

Practical Points for Organizing Nursery Schools

1. Secure the cordial co-operation and understanding of parents.
2. Have the school in charge of an intelligent adult who is willing to study the methods of the best schools so that she may practise them so far as she is able.
3. Have a second adult present or within easy call. Amateur groups should not number more than fifteen children, who are between the ages of two and four.
5. Generous out-of-door play-space is essential, with a large indoor playroom for bad weather.
6. Every precaution should be observed to guard the health of the children. Sick or droopy children should not be admitted to the group.
7. Equipment should be of three kinds—raw material, materials for imitative play, and materials to develop big-muscle activities.
8. The nursery-school days and hours should be regular.
9. There should be no formal program and no didactic teaching. The children will learn best the things that will be most useful to them if they are exposed to a happy, constructive environment, and then left alone to work out their own play and development.
10. Rompers or overalls, or other plain clothing that is easy to button and unbutton, should be worn by all of the children.

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Miss Jean is dead!" And we lifted her out together, and laid her on the great towels on the bathroom floor and tried to bring her back to life, but there was no life there! We sent for the doctor right away but it was no use; it was all over.

And Mr. Clemens heard the noise and thought we was getting ready to go to the station; and then I knew I must tell him somehow, and so I ran right into his room, and I cried out, without giving him any warning—quick—because I was so crazed with grief—I cried, "Oh, Mr. Clemens! Miss Jean is dead!" I hardly knew what I said. I couldn't think any more!

He jumped right out of bed, and he put his two hands to his head, and made a great cry! "Oh, God! Oh, my God!" And he ran with me to the bathroom where she lay, and when he seen her he whispered, "How beautiful she looks, Katy!" And he stood there a long, long time looking at her, and then he said, "She's happy now; she's with her mother and sister; and if I thought I could bring her back by just saying the word, I wouldn't say it. She's safe at last."

YOU know, Mr. Clemens always had it on his heart about leaving her. He dreaded that; he thought it was better for her to go before him.

The doctor came and went that day, and Mr. Langdon and Mrs. Loomis came right up from New York, and Mrs. Littleton, too, and we made arrangements then to take Jean's body to Elmira. And I dressed her in her white silk dress—the one she wore at Clara's wedding. It fell to me to do it, as I had done it for her mother and little Susie. And I put a pretty buckle on her dress that her father had brought her from Bermuda, which she had never seen. The next day we was to take her to Elmira, and Mr. Clemens was so sick—his heart was broke in two this time. He couldn't go to Elmira with her, and besides he said he could never see another person belonging to him laid in the grave.

And so he wrote all that night about her and all that day, and it was called "The Death of Jean"—that piece he wrote, and it was the last time he ever wrote anything. It was beautiful—that piece about Jean. Nobody could ever read it without crying!

All that day he used to go down into the music-room and sit and look at her as she lay there before we took her away to Elmira. He'd look and look at her, and then he'd go back up-stairs and write.

Miss Jean's big dog stayed right by her all the time, too. He seemed to want to lie right by the head of the casket all the time she was there, and every now and then he would rise up on his feet—raise himself up high so as he could look at her, and could see her face. And if anybody come into the room he'd just lay down again, so sad and quiet. But as soon as they was gone and he was alone, he'd look and look at her to see if everything was all right, as tho he was just waiting for her to speak to him. She had loved him, and he knew that.

We started the next night for Elmira at six o'clock. A terrible heavy snow-storm had come on, the snow was falling very thick when the hearse came up and the two carriages. And Mr. Clemens asked Mr. Paine to play something on the orchestrelle—to play Jean's favorite music while they was carrying her out; and then he said they must play something for Susie, too, and then play Handel's "Largo," that he loved so much, for Mrs. Clemens.

And they carried Jean out while the music was playing, and they lit the big lanterns at the door so Mr. Clemens could see us as we went; and he stood there by the window watching us going down the hill, watching us in the twilight and the snow-storm, watching the last of Jean, and old Katy taking her to her final resting-place.

I looked back out of the carriage window, and I could see his white head there, shining in the light and watching us, and it broke my heart all over again.

SOMEHOW we got to Elmira the next day, and she was buried that afternoon. We laid her by her mother and Susie, and then I come back all alone as soon as I could. And I went right in to see Mr. Clemens the first thing, and he said, "Oh, Katy! How glad I am to see you back!" and he reached out his hand and shook hands with me with his two hands, and he was full of tears and grief, and he said, "So, you've laid my Jean away." And I said, "Yes, Mr. Clemens, right beside her mother."

He seemed so broken-hearted I couldn't say much to him, for I was broken-hearted, too! It was a bad time! An awful time! Christmas was over—over forever—for us!

The house was so desolate after this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Armour's
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Fried apples and Bacon! Toasted Bacon and cheese sandwiches! Bacon fritters! There are scores of ways to enjoy Armour's Star Bacon.

Add a few slices to fish, baked fowl, meat loaf or macaroni. The taste is improved wonderfully. Use drippings for sauteing and deep fat frying.

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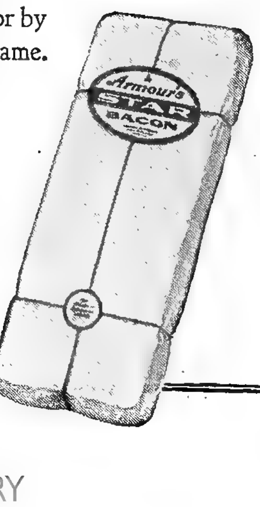

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PURE LARD

Armour's Star Pure Lard In pails or cartons

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BUT the daughters of today—will their complexions be smooth and unblemished at fifty? The rush of modern times, the promise of marvelous results from quick beauty treatments, the very heavy use of cosmetics—all combine to ruin the skin long before the age of middle life.

More than ever today's girl needs the careful cleansing of her skin with a pure soap and warm water. For over thirty years fastidious women have relied upon Resinol Soap to protect and preserve the freshness of their complexions and the modern girl will find no worthy substitute.

Resinol Soap claims no miraculous healing powers—it is simply an exquisitely pure and reliable toilet soap which satisfies every need of the skin because:—

It gives an abundant, foamy lather in either hard or soft water—

It contains no free alkali or other harsh properties, and is absolutely non-irritant to the tenderest skin—

It has no heavy perfume or strong odor—just the delightfully distinctive fragrance which comes from its Resinol properties—those properties which make its rich color and give protection to the skin—

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Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.

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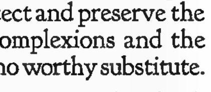

Dept. N, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
I have never used Resinol Soap and Ointment so please send me a free sample of each.
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A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

that Mr. Clemens wanted Mr. Paine to move up there with his family, to be company for him. So he come with Mrs. Paine and the three children, and they was there when I got home from Elmira. It was a good thing for Mr. Clemens, I suppose, but, oh! it was awful to see any family there instead of my own!

Mr. Clemens only stayed at Redding about two weeks after Miss Jean's death. He felt so sick he couldn't bear it there. But he wrote to Miss Clara he was glad that Jean was safe—safe at last! Of course they'd cabled Clara and Mr. Gabrilowitsch about poor Jean, but Mr. Clemens didn't want them to come back to America. It was no use then. He said he'd go to Bermuda and try and get better.

Bermuda Fails to Bring Health

SO HE went to Bermuda, and Claude, the butler, went with him this time; and Mr. Paine stayed there with us. Mrs. Loomis come up to spend that last evening with him at "Stormfield," and then they went to New York, and he sailed for Bermuda. Mr. Howells went to see him at the hotel just before he sailed, and that must have been a comfort to Mr. Clemens; that was the last time he seen him! But of course neither of them knew that then.

Mr. Howells loved Mr. Clemens, I suppose, about as much as anything in this world, and Mr. Howells said one time, why, he'd feel it an honor if any one said he was born even in the same country and breathed the same air as "Mark Twain!"

Well, Mr. Clemens seemed to get a little better just at first. He loved Bermuda and he kept writing that he was comfortable, and didn't say nothing about being sick, so we kept hoping he was all right. Then after a little while, toward Spring, we got very anxious, for he wrote he wanted to come right home. When he said that, we knew he must be pretty bad. So they cabled Clara to come, and Mr. Paine started right off for Bermuda, and found him there at the hotel and Claude taking care of him. And he had very kind friends—Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who had been doing everything for him and was very devoted.

Mr. Paine said afterward that Mr. Clemens looked pretty good, but was weak and thin and couldn't lie down at all for that terrible pain in his chest, and couldn't breathe. It was like a spasm almost. And then they brought him home. That must have been a terrible voyage back for Mr. Paine, for poor Mr. Clemens got worse on the boat, and they thought he'd never live to get home, but he did. He wanted to live to see Clara again and his own home. And, thank God, he did.

His friends went down to meet the steamer, and Dr. Quintard and Dr. Halsey was there, and they brought him right up to Redding in a special train.

Dr. Quintard thought it best to bring him there as quick as they could. So they brought him up to Redding and two nurses with them, and he seemed a little more comfortable on his way out. We was all waiting at the house for the carriage to roll up, and it come right up to the door, and they used a chair to lift Mr. Clemens out with. He set on that chair, and they lifted him in it on the porch, where we all stood.

And they was going to carry him right into the house quick, but Mr. Clemens says, "No! Boys, let the chair down on the porch. I'm going to stand right up," he says, "and say, 'How do you do?' to Katy and Mrs. Paine, because," he says, "I want to shake hands with them *standing up.*"

And, oh, I was so glad! And I says, "Mr. Clemens, you're welcome home, and I know you're going to get better now, and we're all going to do everything we can to bring you back to health again." And he said, "That's nice, Katy. That's nice!"

Then they took him up-stairs and to bed, and both doctors stayed all that night, and Dr. Halsey never left the house again. Dr. Quintard come back every night. Then Miss Clara was to arrive. She was on the ocean, and we was expecting her any day. She got there two days after Mr. Clemens did, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, he telephoned up from New York saying they was coming right up that morning.

Mr. Clemens was feeling more comfortable that morning Clara come, and she rushed right in to her father, and they had a long embrace and a little laugh, too. Then they talked, and he says to her:

"Oh, Clara, I'm glad you're back again," and he says, "Clara, you're going to sing for me a little song," he says. And she says, "Any time you want me to, Father," tho it was terrible hard for her to say that, I know, and he says, "Well, maybe to-morrow, Clara." And the next day it was she sang to him. And he wanted her to sing "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and she done it for him.

It was very beautiful and pathetic. Her voice trembled so, it was full of tears, but she sang it all through for him and, oh, he was so happy! After she went out he said, "Wasn't that beautiful, Katy, and isn't it nice to have Clara back again?" And then he waited a moment and kind of whispered, "Oh, God, she's all alone when I'm gone." And then he seemed to kind of remember that Clara was married, for he said kind of to himself, "No, she has Gabrilowitsch now, and I'm glad. It's all right."

He never seemed to realize that he was going to die. He wasn't like most people who was sick. He hated the thought of sickness or taking medicine. Even when he was very bad and the doctors fixed him up a little, as soon as it was over he'd forget it.

It was angina pectoris that he had. That is the worst kind of heart-trouble. I used to stay with him those few nights when the nurses would go down to supper. He didn't like those nurses to sit with him all the time. He used to say to them, "Now, when you go to your supper just tell Katy it's her turn to sit here." And then I'd come up and I'd talk to him a little bit, and he'd speak a little too; but he was not able to talk very much.

Miss Clara come in every night the very last thing and sit with him before she went to bed. It seemed a long time to us who was watching and hoping, but it was only a week that he lived. He died just one week after he got home.

There was one night he was feeling a little stronger, and he had a book in his hand when I went in. I have that book yet. I shall always keep it, because he read two pages in it to me, and he said, "Do you like it, Katy?" And I said, "Yes, Mr. Clemens," and he says, "Well, then I'll read you a little more." "Oh, no," I says, "you mustn't. You'll tire yourself out." "All right," he says, "just as you say, Katy."

The End Comes

HE WAS so weak then that he really had to mind. There wasn't very much change the day he died. Of course the doctors could see there was, but we couldn't, because he'd talk that day. He never lost consciousness at all. He talked with Mr. Gabrilowitsch and asked him to give him a drink, "'Cause," he says, "you're the only one can understand me." And so Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave him the water and held him up while he drank it. We was all with him then, Mr. and Mrs. Langdon, Clara, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, Dr. Quintard, Dr. Halsey, and myself.

He'd been very sick that day, and it was about five o'clock when the doctors said he couldn't live but a few minutes. I went in and looked at him. He seemed to look up and open his eyes. Perhaps he recognized me, old Katy! Clara was standing up and had hold of his hand. And I stood at the foot of the bed, and he was very quiet. Then he just breathed hard—a little bit—twice—and he turned his head on the pillow—and then he passed out.

"Oh, my! It was awful to think that last breath had gone. I shall never forget that minute when he died. I'll never forget how I looked at him that night when he was dead; how I went and looked at him and says to myself, "Oh, Mr. Clemens, are you never going to speak any more?"

I don't know of anything that was such a shock as that! It was the awfulest feeling anybody ever had. Like some great earthquake—something terrible! To think he would never speak again! I have had my own people die, my father and mother and sisters and brothers, but oh, there was nothing ever like the day Mr. Clemens died! I felt like my life had ended then—that I had lost the best friend I'd had in the world. It was hard! To have such a person as Mr. Clemens die—to be still forever, you know! Never to hear that voice again! Never to hear him talk any more—nor laugh!

Beloved by Rich and Poor

AFTER he died they brought him to New York, and he lay in state in the Brick Church, they called it, on Fifth Avenue; the funeral was there. Dr. Van Dyke was the minister. And Mr. Twitchell, his life-long friend, who'd married him way back in the old days, "Uncle Joe," he come down from Hartford, and said the prayer. His heart was broken, too, Mr. Twitchell's was, for Mr. Clemens and his own wife, who was dying; and he went right back after the services.

It was a great funeral, and hundreds and hundreds of people (all kinds of people) come to take their last look at Mr. Clemens and say good-by to him.

He wore his white clothes that he loved so much, and he looked so beautiful as he lay there. His skin was just like ivory, and he was so peaceful-looking—so quiet—just like he was asleep. And his beautiful hair that I had massaged every day for years, it looked like silver—it shone so; but I could hardly see it that last time for crying!

Hundreds of people passed by that casket. Rich and poor, they all come; some crossed themselves too when they passed by, and some stopped just a minute and took a long, long look at him, and they all cried. And the church was full of flowers that his friends had sent, and on the casket was a great big laurel wreath that Dan Beard had picked up in "Stormfield" and sent down. Mr. Howells was at the funeral too, and it must have been a bad time for him, as it was for all of us.

After the funeral he was taken to Elmira to the Langdon house, and laid there in the big parlor where Mrs. Clemens and Susie and Jean had all laid, and where he was married so many years ago. Oh, the people that flocked there to see him! It seemed to me that everybody in Elmira came to take that last look. And there was another funeral all over again there, and it was harder than the first one, for then we knew it was the end of Mr. Clemens, and it seemed to me like the whole world had stopped. I couldn't help thinking that day about lots of things he'd said—the things he'd said about religion and his belief and how he hated meanness; and I kept wondering where he was, and what he knew now about the "Undiscovered Country" that he used to always be talking about—the place that most of us call Heaven, I guess.

THE END

On your Salivary Glands depend the *Safety* and *Loveliness* of your Teeth

How you can restore the normal alkaline flow of these glands

Saliva should flow over your teeth to the extent of several pints daily. These alkaline fluids were intended by nature to counteract the acids that collect on your teeth from food.

But few people today have this normal salivary flow.

The salivary glands do not get sufficient stimulation from the soft, sweet foods we eat. They slow down more and more. And your teeth, unprotected, gradually decay.

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As soon as Pebeco enters your mouth the salivary glands flow more freely. You can feel the difference. Your mouth feels fresher.

With regular daily use Pebeco entirely restores the normal, protective flow of your glands. Their alkaline fluids bathe your teeth day and night and prevent the formation of bacterial placques or film. *The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.*

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Pebeco does its polishing carefully without using any gritty substance. It keeps your teeth beautifully white, your gums clean and soothed, your whole mouth normal and healthy.

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Send today for a ten days' trial tube of Pebeco. You will be surprised to see how white and shining your teeth can be—how fresh and wholesome your mouth will feel. Wherever you go you can be proud of your teeth, glad to smile and confident they are truly safe.

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The Home Bureau

The Babies' Health Department

Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

Constipation and Colic in Bottle-fed Babies

CONSTIPATION and colic are often associated in both breast-fed and bottle-fed babies. In many cases the cure of colic is only possible when constipation has been relieved. A very weak food formula, which sometimes is given in the first few weeks of life, may cause constipation because it leaves so little residue in the intestines. As the food is gradually strengthened this condition will often right itself.

One bowel-movement daily is enough even in a young infant, and it is wiser to wait until such time as stronger food can be taken before resorting to any very radical means to cure the constipation. It is a great mistake to begin using cathartics, enemas, suppositories, etc., if it can possibly be avoided.

Training the baby to have a bowel-movement over a little chamber in the lap of mother or nurse is one of the most valuable means we have in preventing and curing constipation. This regular training should be begun by the time the baby is six weeks old. It should invariably occur at the same hour each day, usually after the first or second morning feedings, or else just before the bath.

A small piece of pure soap with a little olive-oil on it may be used at first to train the baby until he has become used to the idea. The soap should be inserted only a little way into the rectum, then removed. A cone of soft paper, well oiled, may be used in the same manner until the baby is trained; then the position alone will usually be enough, and this habit will have become established for life.

Changes in the milk formula, as the use of oatmeal gruel as the diluent for the milk, or the use of some form of malt-sugar rather than cane-sugar or milk-sugar, sometimes help a constipated baby; even milk-sugar is apt to be less constipating than cane-sugar. If there is not much gas or colic the sugar may be increased slightly more than the amount usually given in the formulas. This must be done *with great care*, however, and only on the advice of a doctor or the Mother Club. Barley, wheat, and rice gruels are more apt to be constipating than oatmeal.

There are some babies who can not appear to stand gruels in any form, and these do better on a formula of milk, water, and sugar; the starch in the gruels is constipating to such babies. As a rule, however, babies can take the gruels and will do better on them than on the milk, water, and sugar formulas; so do not give up the gruels without a fair trial.

Fruit-juices are a valuable aid to many bottle-fed babies who are constipated; orange-juice and prune-juice are the ones most often selected. They may be begun in small quantities and diluted with boiled water as early as the first month, if they help to relieve constipation.

Never give castor oil to relieve constipation; its after-effect is very binding. Lime-water is also constipating to some infants, but is much less used in formulas than formerly. Plenty of pure boiled water should be given, as this often aids the dry, hard bowel-movements. Massage of the abdomen with a little olive-oil on the tips of the fingers may also help in connection with other means.

Colic in young infants is usually denoted by a hard, distended abdomen accompanied by drawing up of the legs and the cry of pain; the feet and hands are often cold. Wind swallowing, cold food, formulas too rich in fat, sugar, or starch, overfeeding, feeding too often, or giving sugar-water between meals are very frequent causes of colic. Sucking the nipple on an empty bottle may cause colic.

Hot water, with a tiny pinch of bicarbonate of soda in it, is excellent to relieve colic when the gas is chiefly in the stomach. The baby should lie over a protected hot-water bag on the lap or shoulder of the mother and his back gently patted to bring up the wind.

Never give teas or medicines recommended by neighbors. If the simple treatment advised here does not help, have your doctor find the *cause* of the colic and prescribe. An enema of hot water and a pinch of bicarbonate of soda, given with a soft rubber syringe, may relieve an acute attack of intestinal colic, but should not be continued for any great length of time.

We have Mother Club leaflets that give helps for colic and constipation in both breast-fed and bottle-fed babies. State how your baby is fed, and enclose the required self-addressed, stamped envelop, and correct help will be sent.

Photo Roberts

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a self-addressed, United States stamped envelop.

Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, New York, N. Y.

Annie Benson Muller

Sweetest lil' fellow

IT's a pleasure to comfort a lovable mite of a baby! And a science! The little body is so indescribably tender and delicate that it must be handled with exquisite care.

After his bath, roll baby up comfortably in soft, warm towels and pat him dry. And don't forget his daily powder bath, his dry shower with Mennen's... It keeps skin clean and comfortable for hours.

Mennen's was the first Borated Talcum, and mothers consider it the safest. It has been the choice of doctors and nurses for over half a century because it is scientifically prepared to combat the three foes of baby's skin.

Like millions of thirsty little sponges, Mennen Borated Talcum quickly absorbs all irritating *moisture*—all the perspiration, urine and bath-water that lies hidden in the deep folds of baby's skin.

Soft, pure Mennen Borated also forms a smooth, silky film over the body, guarding baby's sensitive nerves from the agony of *friction*—from the continual rubbing of damp clothes and woolly blankets.

And in this cooling, soothing talcum are blended five mild, healing elements—all gently antiseptic — which ward off *infection* and keep the roly-poly body always healthy and contented.

Each can of Mennen Borated Talcum holds millions of flecks of comfort, happy days and peaceful nights for you and baby. Dust it on the little fellow after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap and whenever he grows restless.

When baby presents a new problem—and any baby can puzzle a young mother to the point of distraction—Aunt Belle's Baby Book is a never-failing source of reference... Just use the coupon.

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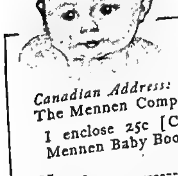

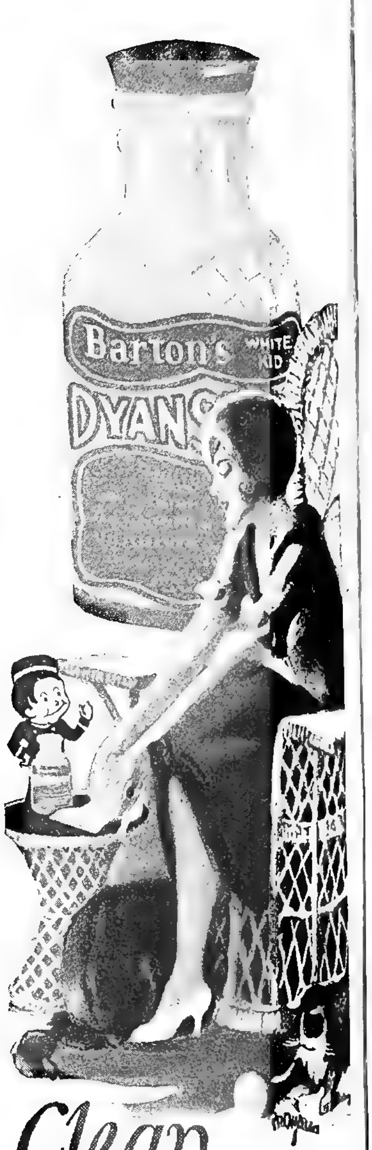

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The soil on your white shoes is not covered up — grass stains, mud spots and greases are *gently lifted out* and absorbed into the cloth by which you apply the liquid.

Shrinking, stiffening and yellowing have been reduced to a minimum. Here are cleaners that are healthy for shoes.

Ask for the one you need — Dyanshine White Canvas for shoes of fabric or Dyanshine White Kid for white leathers. Both clean *clean* before they whiten. Either is for sale almost anywhere.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Dyanshine White Cleaners are priced at fifty cents per bottle—the same as all other Dyanshine polishes.

Copyright 1925 — Barton Mfg. Co.

"Ready in a jiffy!"

SHE had just finished a vigorous round at tennis when some friends drove by and invited her:

"Peggy, can you join us right away—big party out at Dorothy's in the country?"

Most girls would have demurred; but she had learned the secret of freshening up quickly with Listerine, the safe antiseptic. She was ready to go with them in just a few moments.

* * *

Listerine really is delightfully refreshing and effective as a perspiration deodorant.

And there are many occasions for using it this way, particularly in summer: when you feel hot and uncomfortable—maybe after shopping; when you want to freshen up quickly after exercising; when traveling on trains makes you wish for the old tub back home.

It does the trick—and it's *safe.* Listerine won't irritate the skin or stain garments. You'll be delighted with it.

To test the deodorizing properties of Listerine, simply try this some day: Rub a little fresh onion on your hand. Then douse on Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

You'll say it's remarkable—and it is.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE —*the safe antiseptic*

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid, *Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.*

All true Beauty must begin
With the Texture of your skin.
—IDYLS OF THE PRINCESS

I, too, had a coarse, unlovely skin
-but now it is gossamer-fine!

May I tell you the new treatment which brought this blessed change?

I HARDLY know how to begin—it all seems so wonderful now. Yet each time I look in the mirror I know that it is true.

I *have*—oh, at last I *have* a beautiful skin! Downy-soft and peachbloom fair! And its loveliness is *mine*—all my very own!

Do you wonder I am so grateful that I want to tell *every* woman about this new method of skin culture which succeeded where everything else had failed?

Early mistakes I made

Looking back, the strangest part of it is, all the time I *thought* I was giving my skin proper attention. But how pitifully mistaken I was!

You see, no one ever thought to tell me that too-frequent soap and water cleansings were robbing my skin of its nourishing oils.

No one ever suggested that the creams I employed to smooth and soften the skin, left the pores gaping wide, to become choked with powder or dust.

No one ever hinted that in their effort to cast out these clogging substances the pores were sure to become enlarged and coarsened.

I had to learn these things for myself—at almost tragical cost.

First glimpses of the truth

There is no use hiding the fact, the time came when my complexion was my despair.

I believed I had tried everything. I had no enthusiasm to try anything more—until a friend suggested the PRINCESS PAT Twin Cream Method. It was so different it caught my interest. It seemed so logical, so reasonable, it tempted me to try it.

Now I feel that no matter how long I live, I shall never forget my surprise after that first Twin Cream treatment.

Nor shall I ever cease to feel grateful for the beauty it brought back to my skin.

Yes, one could see a change

There are just two steps in the PRINCESS PAT Twin Cream Method—the first one, the nicest, smoothest nourishing cream I ever used, designed to feed the tissues.

The second step is PRINCESS PAT Ice Astringent, and it was chiefly this that gave me my thrill of pleasure and surprise.

Imagine a snowy cream, so white and fresh it almost sparkles, which when you apply it over the nourishing cream, brings your skin the tonic touch of *ice*.

Stimulating as a cool breeze on a sultry day, instant in its refreshment and invigoration, it excites the tiny blood vessels into renewed action and floods the cheeks with natural color.

But more wonderful even than this, PRINCESS PAT Ice Astringent actually contracts the pores and *refines* the texture of the skin—after only a few treatments one could *see* the change in mine.

You can benefit, too

I understand the PRINCESS PAT people, through their chemists, have demonstrated in a scientific way the wisdom of the old rhyme, "All true beauty must begin with the texture of your skin," and that all their preparations are designed not alone to *beautify* the complexion, but actually to *improve* it. I certainly know this was necessary in my case. I had been making the mistake of trying to *hide* an unlovely skin rather than to *reveal* a beautiful one.

Naturally I hope you are not guilty of the same error, but if you are, I beg you to give the PRINCESS PAT Twin Cream Method an opportunity to preserve or to restore your naturally lovely skin. I know what happiness will follow, and how simply this happiness may be realized.

Just ask for PRINCESS PAT Twin Cream at your favorite beauty counter; or if you are at all skeptical, merely mail the coupon, and a generous trial portion of Twin Creams will be sent you without cost.

This is the Famous Princess Pat Twin Cream Method

AT NIGHT, after thoroughly cleansing the skin, apply PRINCESS PAT Cream, the tonic skin food, generously and leave it on all night. Give it this opportunity to do its beneficial work on the underlying tissues, removing wrinkles and other blemishes while the body is relaxed.

IN THE MORNING, bathe the face with cool water. This is merely for refreshment. Now, apply PRINCESS PAT Cream (Skin Food) lightly over your face again. Manipulate gently over the entire surface. *Do not wipe off just yet.* Instead—before wiping off—spread PRINCESS PAT Ice Astringent over the Skin Food already on your face, to close the pores. You will experience a genuine thrill of pleasure at the delightfully cooling, reviving sensation. The tiny blood vessels surge to renewed action, the warm natural color floods your cheeks.

After a moment wipe away all traces of the Twin Creams and all the moisture that forms as the Ice Astringent melts on your skin. Observe the marvelously finegrained, youthful Skin Texture which results.

FREE So that every woman may have ample opportunity to test the effectiveness of the PRINCESS PAT Twin Cream Method on her own skin, we take pleasure in sending a generous Demonstration Packet containing PRINCESS PAT Cream and PRINCESS PAT Ice Astringent, entirely without charge. Just mail this coupon—

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 139
2701-9 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

ENTIRELY FREE, please forward me postpaid your Demonstration Packet of PRINCESS PAT Twin Creams.

Name..

Street..

City and State..

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.
In Canada address
107 Duke Street · Toronto, Canada

What the Modern Woman Has Done to Corsets

By R. C. Stirton

SINCE probably long before the time of Adam, in spite of other ignominies she has suffered, in the realm of fashions woman has done as she pleased. And in 1925 we find her still doing what she pleases in the matter of fashions; but also we find that a miracle has taken place, and that she has chosen to reform her dress. She permits it to conform to the strictest dictates of health, holding it the while to the guiding-line of the artistic. She has taken this course of her own free will, in her own way and in her own time. It is with no slight temerity then, that, a man of mature years, I fill my fountain pen to discuss the figures and figure ideals of the modern woman. But I do so with a very definite feeling of pride, quite typical of the American man of average intelligence, in spite of his reluctance to admit it.

This commendation is offered to woman in a spirit of humility. She has made laws, improved school curricula, raised the health standard, entered the professions, industries, and commercial enterprises, working shoulder to shoulder with men who have been trained to the game for thousands of years. She has cooked and sewed and dusted and baked, and has borne healthy, lovable children. She has gone to war. She has painted pictures, cut statues from marble, written books, and produced plays. And she has done all these things fighting through, around, and over the obstacles deliberately placed in her way, with jeers and protests as her only applause. Moreover, gentlemen of the jury, she has kept her figure!

2,500 Years Ago

KEEPING the feminine figure has been a bitter theme since the time of the ancient Greeks, when the corset was first instituted. Greek women as early as 594 B.C. found it necessary to wear next to their skin "a tight-fitting body-wrap, bandage, or corset of linen, wool, or a soft skin (probably kid), from below the armpits, and level with the breast, to about the hips. Besides supporting the figure it gave a foundation on which to arrange the clothing with security. Shoulder-straps were attached to it for fixing the girdle on the shoulders." Thus early did women realize the necessity of grooming the figure, the desirability of a foundation garment for the costume. One form of the early Roman corset consisted of three parts, called *fasciæ mamillares*. The three garments were a bandage around the bosom, a simple band below, and a waist-belt. The fashion then was to increase the size of the hips, and in order to do so, allowed the pressure to concentrate on the thorax.

Later on, in the sixteenth century, a positive fury broke loose when Catherine de Medici introduced what dress-reformers of her period happily termed "the whalebone prison." To span the waist with two hands was the de Medici criterion of fashion—a measurement of thirteen inches. To produce this desirable effect a strong, rigid corset was worn each day and night, until the waist was laced down to the desired size. Over this corset was placed a steel apparatus which reached from hip to throat. The daily corset was a rigid affair, a whaleboned bodice with a strong busk in front.

The Elizabethan Model

THE corset became modified, was discarded for a time, but the thirteen-inch waist-measurement came back into vogue with Queen Elizabeth of England. And it came with a vengeance—not with stays of whalebone and hardened leather, but with bars of iron and steel from three to four inches broad, and many of them not less than eighteen inches in length. Many a mother, according to history, anxious for her daughter's social success, personally attended to the duty of lacing her. She placed her prone upon the carpet, if you please, put one foot upon her back, and proceeded to tighten. It was not uncommon to break a half dozen laces in the process.

Our own generation remembers the narrow-waist fashions prevalent in our childhood—abhorrent to think of, even tho they were at that time designed with some real regard to individual health.

Modern Corset Ideas

APPROXIMATELY twenty-five years ago women began demanding a simple, healthful garment to support their figures—and they have achieved it. More than that—there are now garments to enhance every type of figure; there are garments for every kind of function, for riding horseback and playing golf, for business wear, house wear, evening wear. There are garments for medical needs, for comfort and support during and following maternity. Modern corsets are designed under the supervision of medical authorities and are recommended by them. They are scientific garments which benefit the figure and do not merely harness the figure to meet a whimsy of Fashion.

Have your corsets fitted by a woman of experience. At the present time all first-class stores have trained corsétières. After a woman has been correctly fitted she is never willing to purchase any kind of a corset offered to her, for she finds she can have comfort, style, and health in a proper fitting.

Modern corsets are a pleasing contrast to the jacket of steel of the sixteenth century, just as the woman of to-day, in her femininity, personal daintiness, her understanding and mental superiority, is a striking contrast to the cruel de Medici and relentless Elizabeth.

There are those—many of those, in fact—who regard Fashion as a tyrannical queen, in the palm of whose hand all women rest, breathless for the next move. There are those who believe the modern tendency of dress is but another passing whim, and that Fashion is preening herself quietly for another move, laughing heartily the while into her sleeve.

What of the Future?

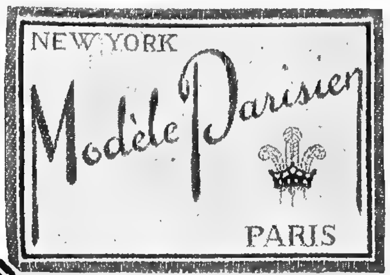
BEING a man, I do not presume to make a prophecy one way or the other, and I hope that no mere man will. They should have learned their lesson by this time. In the tortuous history of the present healthful garments, you know corsets were totally discarded twice: once during the seventeenth century in Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands, when Fashion decreed full forms and busts in preference to slim waists and narrow shoulders; again shortly following the French Revolution, when the costume of the empire evolved at the beginning of the nineteenth century. But they were indeed whimsies of Fashion, for each time a fury of tight lacing and wasp-like waists entrenched themselves in favor.

The modern standard of beauty is symmetry of line and proportion, pliant to the several types of figures. It is not a set rule of the thirteen-inch waist-measure of the de Medici reign, nor the thirty-six inches of the Venus of Milo. Grace of carriage, the true line of beauty, which follows the natural line of the feminine figure; firm flesh, and pliant muscles are the standards of the beautiful, healthy women to-day.

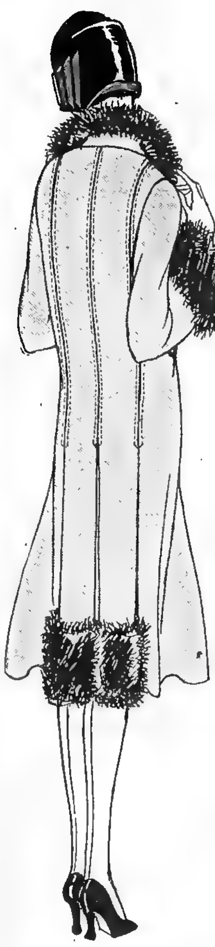
Last Minute Sketches from Paris

This specially designed silk label is included free with every Modèle Parisien pattern. You can sew it into the frock you make, and be proud to display it to your friends.

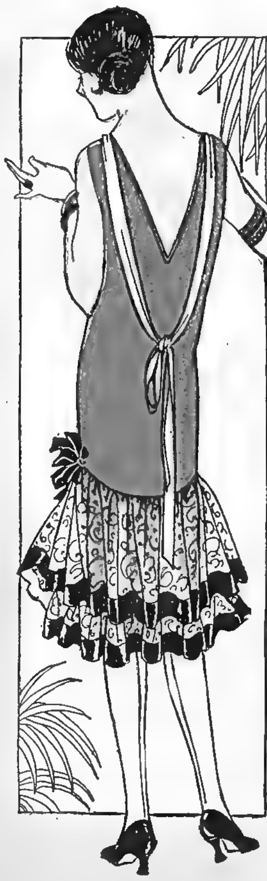
Sew This Label In Your New Frock



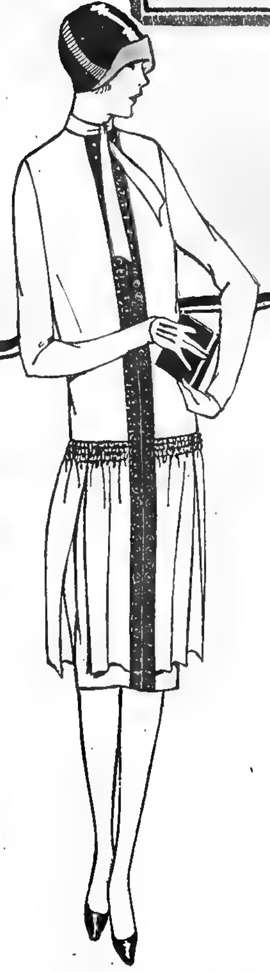
Patterns Including Silk Label $1.00 each



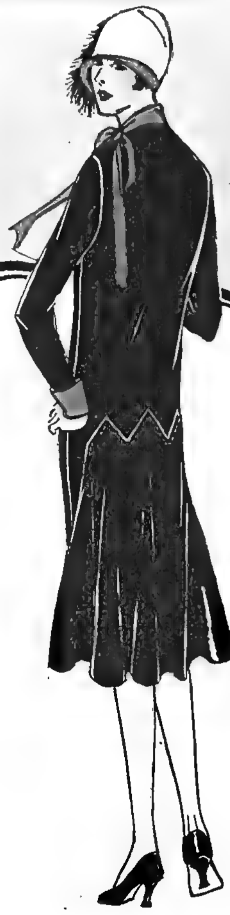
Adapted from DRECOLL
No. 91—*A coat of cashmere twill emphasizes the figure lines and is smartly flared.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



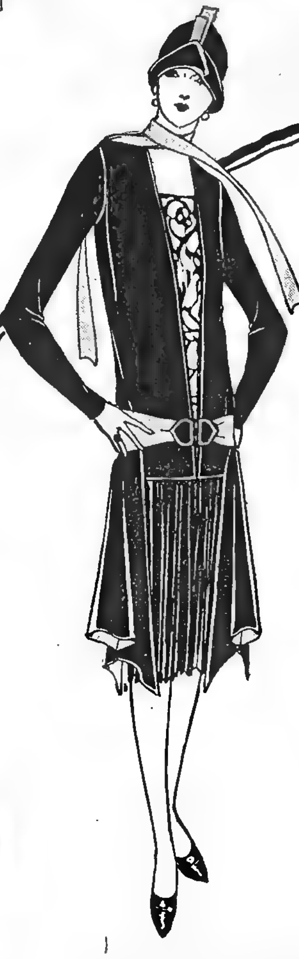
Adapted from JENNY
No. 90—*A deep V-shaped décolletage is a chic feature of a new evening frock with lace flounces.*
34 to 42 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



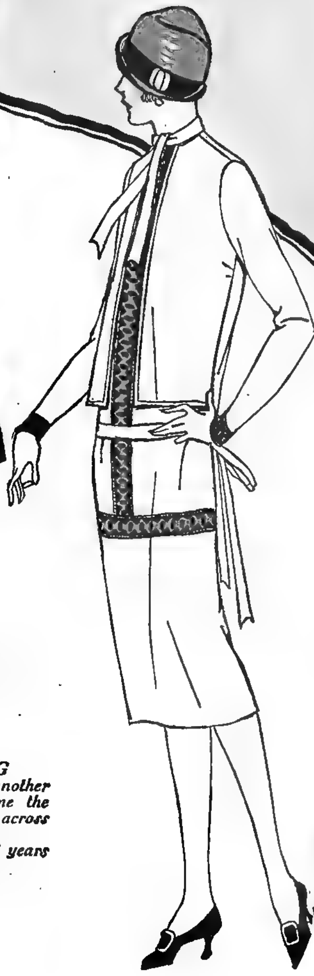
Adapted from PATOU
No. 89—*This youthful creation with shirred panels sponsors the new collar that stands up straight and ties in front.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



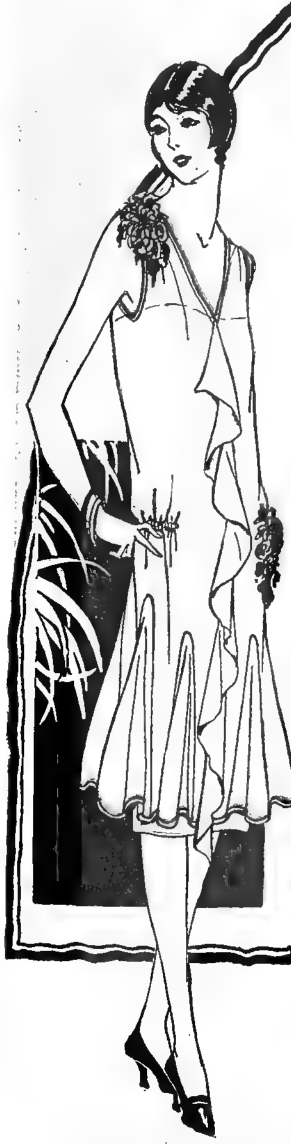
Adapted from LELONG
No. 85—*Paris sends another flare coat, but this time the flare is adroitly placed across the back.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



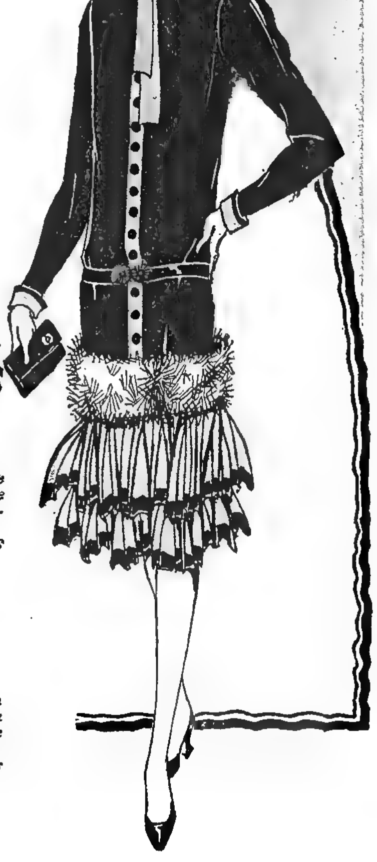
Adapted from MOLYNEUX
No. 88—*A wide belt of gold leather encircles the hips of a Parisien frock of black satin flared at the sides.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



Adapted from BERTHÉ
No. 87— *Nothing is more youthful than the lines of the bolero favored by chic Parisiennes as the smart tailleur.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



Adapted from VIONNETT
No. 92—*An interesting new interpretation of the jabot and godets finds expression in a fluttering chiffon frock.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00



Adapted from LENIEF
No. 86—*Two plaited chiffon ruffles flare at the bottom of a velvet frock designed with the new high collar.*
34 to 44 bust—14 to 18 years
$1.00

Modèle Parisien

PATTERNS

UN SERVICE EXCLUSIF

These advance models were selected by our representative resident in Paris, through an exclusive arrangement with the greatest *couturiers* of the *Champs Elysées, Rue de la Paix,* and *Place Vendôme* to meet the requirements of those who demand the most advanced style creations.

In response to many requests from exclusive dressmakers, we offer a special yearly subscription consisting of individual fashion cards for each Modèle Parisien design together with handsome art leatherette binder for only $6.00.

Fill in coupon at right for sample fashion card and details, or send $6.00 and receive this exclusive service immediately.

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Enclosed find $6.00 for one year's subscription for Modèle Parisien designs, or please send without charge, sample card and details.
Name ....
Street ....
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Parfum
Djer-Kiss
Kerkoff
Paris
Parfum
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Paris
Poudre de Talc
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This TALC!

Si distingué! Si différent!

In your America, so many, many talcs! To be different, to be *distinguée*, which will *Madame* choose?

A French Talc, *assurement*. And, I urge you, *Mademoiselle*, my French Talc Djer-Kiss. In my own Paris do I fragrance it with my *Parfum Djer-Kiss*—there do I gift it with a charm and romance quite, quite Parisian.

My Talc Djer-Kiss! Indeed a luxury for France! So soft *Madame* will find it as fairy thistledown. So cool as an ocean breeze. So welcome as snow in August.

Everywhere now will you find it—this Talc Djer-Kiss. In two fashionable shades: Blanche and Rose. For your boudoir in the new bottle of fluted glass—so chic, so French. And for traveling, in the tin of mottled green.

Kerkoff PARIS

Djer-Kiss
KERKOFF, PARIS
TALC

FASHION'S LAW: "Let but a single French fragrance breathe its alluring *parfum* from each *nécessité de toilette*."
—KERKOFF, PARIS

Monsieur Kerkoff's Djer-Kiss Aids to Charm
TALC PARFUM FACE POWDER
VEGETALE TOILET WATER BRILLIANTINE LIP ROUGE CREAMS
BATH CRYSTALS ROUGE SACHET SOAP

Wild Geese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Judith, hostile-eyed and withdrawn, was trying hard not to smile at his advances.

"Tell me," he was saying, "do you like me better without my tenderfoot get-up?"

"A little," she admitted. "But you think you're too smart."

Sven laughed teasingly. "Wouldn't notice my clothes the other day at all, would you? And me comin' all the way from town just to show you 'em. You hurt my feelin's, Jude, terrible!" She looked sternly away, and he moved closer to her. "Have you forgot all about the picnic last Summer, Jude? Remember what you said? I h'ain't forgot." His voice was so low that the tone of it alone made Judith blush.

LIND, followed by the nudges and leering eyes of the half-breeds who hung about, came up to Jude, who introduced her to Sven. Sven, quite at ease, talked with the teacher while Judith argued with Johanneson over the merits of a certain dried codfish.

"What's the matter?" Johanneson demanded. "That's good fish, and double worth the money. Guess yer paw give ye only ten cents to buy for, ha?"

Judith tossed her head angrily. "You keep still, you flat-faced Swede! If there was another store here we'd not give our good money for your bum stuff. Give me a dollar's worth of the fish, and be quick about it!" She stamped her foot, and all the men in the store looked toward her appreciatively. She had been told to get only fifty cents' worth of the fish. She would have to explain to Amelia, who would understand well enough, but perhaps not approve.

Johanneson turned sheepishly about and wrapped up the package of cod. He could not afford, on second thought, to lose Gare as a customer. But this big girl's insolent quibbling over prices always annoyed him. No doubt she had been prompted by those at home.

Still somewhat ruffled, Judith went out with Sven and Lind, who had bought what she wanted. The two girls got into their own cart, and Sven drove slowly away alone behind them.

"Lind," said Judith when they were out of sight of Yellow Post, "Sven asked me to ride with him. Will you take the cart home? And I'll get out and wait for him."

"But your father——"

"I don't care. I get —— anyway."

Lind obligingly, tho with some misgivings, took the cart home, and Judith rode with Sven.

"Judie," Sven began, putting an arm around her shoulders, "I want you to marry me."

Judith was silent. She thought of Amelia. Ellen would never forgive her.

"Don't you love me any more, Judie? You used to," said Sven, almost humbly.

Judith's head was high, her eyes half closed. The buggy rumbled down the hollow over a little bridge that led through a dense growth of spruce and cedar. Sven drew her suddenly into his arms, letting the reins fall slack over his knees.

"Darn—you're beautiful, Judie!"

Judith smiled. Her body softened toward him. It rippled with strength. She was peculiarly aware of her strength. It seemed to flow upward from her spine in a powerful current and issue from her breast and her finger-tips and all the sensitive surface of her body. A strange desire seized her. She could not free herself from the obsession—it had come upon her first the day she had seen Sven after his return.

"I wonder if I can throw you," she said suddenly. Sven laughed loudly.

"I'll bet I can," she asserted. "Let me try."

"All right, some time," he agreed, laughing still.

"No, right now," Judith insisted, her eyes roving over the muscles that moved under his shirt-sleeve. It was warm and neither wore a coat.

Sven glanced at her and saw that she was in earnest. They got down from the buggy, tying the horse to a tree at the side of the road. Then they crawled through the fence into a little clearing among the cedars, where the sunlight lay in a warm pool on the ground.

"Kiss me first," said Sven.

"No—after," Judith said steadily.

So they wrestled. Judith was almost as tall as Sven. Her limbs were long, sinewy, her body quick and lithe as a wildcat's. Sven, who started the tussle laughing, could get no lasting grip on her. She slid from his arms and wound herself about his body, bringing them both to the earth. As their movements increased in swiftness and strength Sven forgot to laugh and became as serious as Judith. It did not occur to him that he might have to use his real energy in defending himself until he saw that the girl's face was set and hard, her eyes burning.

He realized suddenly that she was trying to get a head-lock on him that he himself had taught her. He caught both her hands, twisting her right arm backward. She threw herself upon him violently, almost somersaulting over his shoulder, freeing her arm with a terrific jerk. Sven turned quickly, caught her about the waist with one arm and pressed the other against her throat, so that she was bent almost double and unable to breathe. He looked at her, saw that her eyes were closed and her face almost scarlet and dripping with perspiration.

"Had enough?" he asked, slightly loosening his hold.

Judith took advantage of the moment, and with a twist of her head was out of his grip like an eel. Her eyes were blazing, her breath coming in short gasps. She lashed out with her arm, striking him full across the face. While Sven, half stunned from the weight of the blow, was trying to understand the change in the issue, she hurled herself against him and he fell to the earth under her. Then something leaped in Sven. They were no longer unevenly matched, different in sex. They were two stark elements, striving for mastery over each other.

Sven crushed the girl's limbs between his own, bruised her throat, pulled her arms ruthlessly together behind her until the skin over the curve of her shoulders was white and taut, her clothing torn away. Her panting body heaved against his as they lay full length on the ground locked in furious embrace. Judith buried her nails in the flesh over his breast, beat her knees into his loins, set her teeth in the more tender skin over the veins at his wrists. She fought with insane abandon to any hurt he might inflict, or he would have mastered her at once.

The faces, throats, and chests of both were shining with sweat. Sven's breath fell in hot gusts on Judith's face. Suddenly her hand, that was fastened like steel on his throat, relaxed and fell away. Her eyelids quivered and a tear trickled down and mingled with the beads of perspiration on her temple. Sven released the arm that he had bent to breaking-point. He was trembling.

"Judie," he muttered, "Judie—look at me."

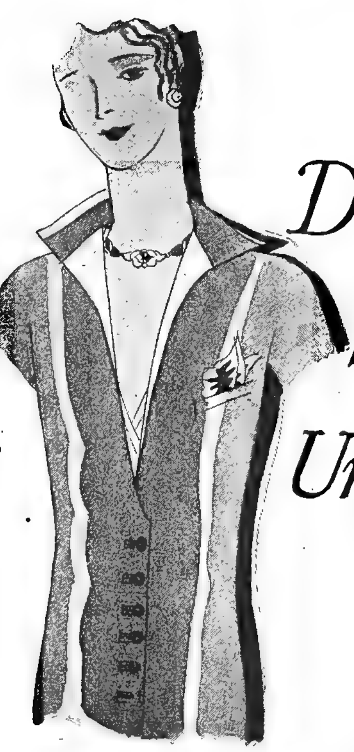
Judith raised her eyelids slowly.

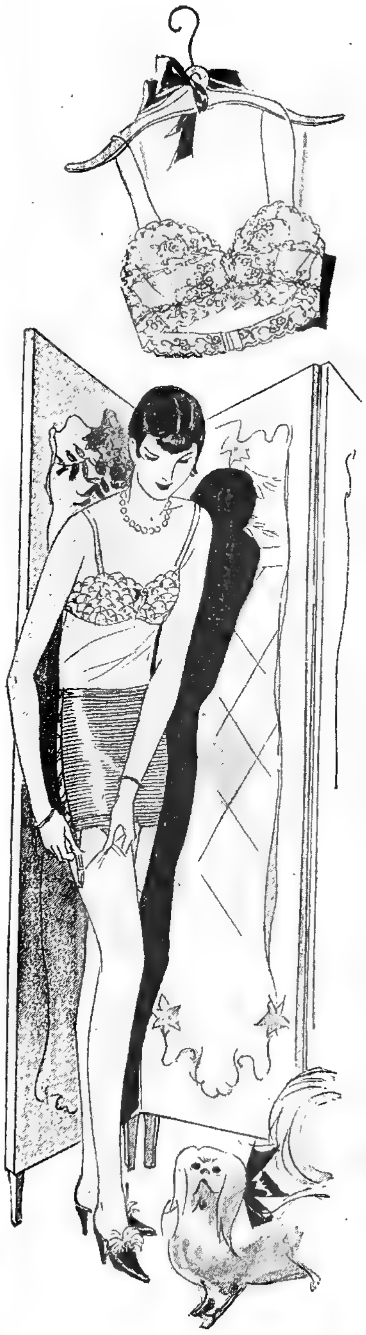
"Kiss me—now," she said in a breath.

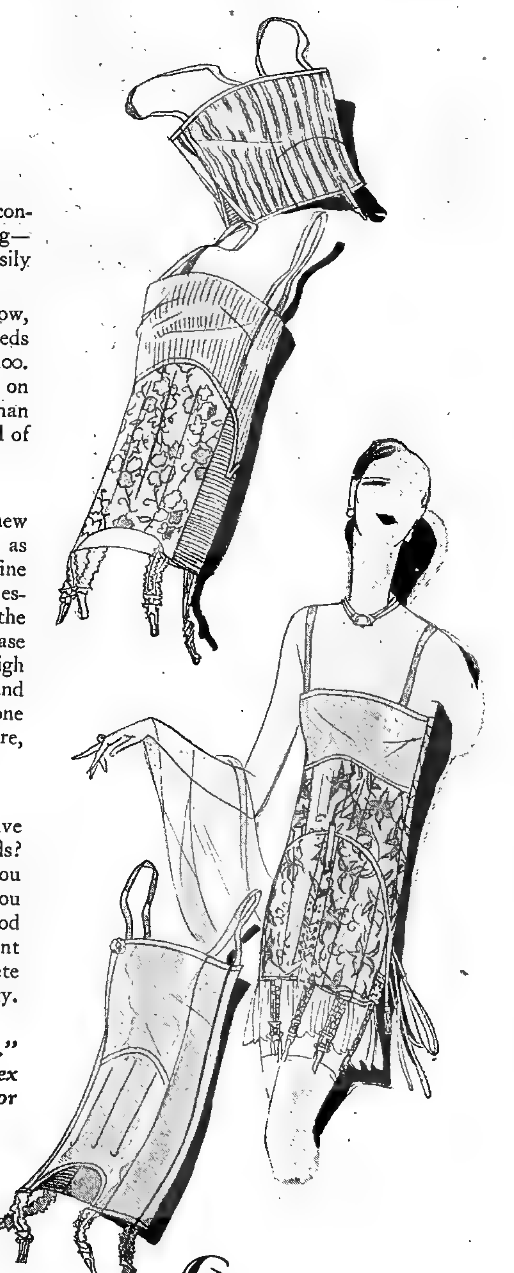
THERE was a thick hedge of dwarf firs at the end of the garden which lay toward the main trail. Amelia was on her knees spraying the tomato-vines that grew there. The night before had been cold, and from long habit the tomatoes were last in her thoughts before she had gone to sleep, and first when she had wakened, altho her heart was heavy with other things.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

V-NECKS *in Dresses - - the vogue of the Waistline - bring Important Changes in your Underthings for Fall*







SUBTLE but important are the changes wrought in the mode for fall. A new silhouette has appeared defining the figure more clearly. The waistline is going up—it's nearer the natural line of the waist than for many seasons past. Necks are going down—in a sharp, uncompromising V.

Hence changes in foundation garments, too! Girdles, combinations and brassieres for fall will more definitely round and shape the figure, cause it to follow more closely its own natural lines.

Long before the Paris openings had confirmed these tendencies, the House of Nemo, who had been listening in on the Rue de la Paix, cut its delicious piles of pink brocade and silk jersey and its heaps of creamy laces exactly as Paris ordained.

* * *

NEW Nemo-flex Brassieres take a dip just where the V neck will be. On the hanger and on the figure to the left, you see two of them, cut low in back for evening wear, their filmy laciness giving surprising support just where curves need upholding, $3.50 and $2.00. Other brassieres fasten with trim smoothness over the girdle, as you see by the model to the right above, $2.00. The garter brassiere, on the heavier figure to the right, eliminates even the suspicion of a diaphragm, fitting over the corset without a break in line, $3.50.

* * *

NEMO-flex Girdles and Corsets have developed many newnesses. The unboned elastic step-in on the slender figure to the left is a marvel at $3.00; the girdle to the left below has a convenient new feature—the half-way fastening—which permits the garment to slip off more easily and also makes for more support, $10.75.

The Wonderlift, second from the left below, has a special device for the figure which needs particular abdominal support, $7.50 to $15.00. And Nemo-flex back-lacing corsets—one is on the figure to the right—are a boon to the woman who feels she must return to a firmer control of hips and waist, $5.00 to $10.00.

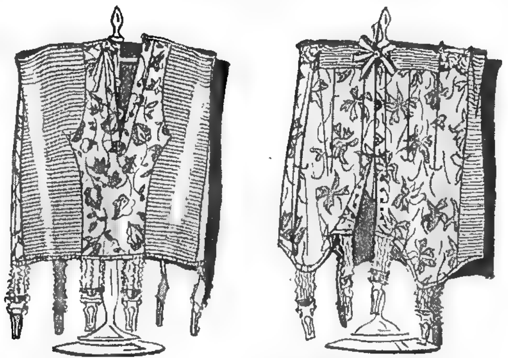
* * *

NEW Nemo-flex Combinations define the new silhouette for fall, five different types fitting as many kinds of figure with the nicety of a fine French glove. The one to the right above is especially designed to wear under the frock of the hour. A silk-knit brassiere-top affords ease through the bust, and the girdle curving high in front is deftly shaped to define the waist and control the diaphragm, $7.50 to $10.00. The one to the right below is for the slenderer figure, $3.00 to $22.50.

* * *

WOULDN'T you like to try on these attractive Nemo-flex things, designed for your fall needs? No matter what kind of foundation garment you are looking for, at no matter what price, you will find it among Nemo-flex models in any good store. And such charming fabrics, such excellent workmanship! Nemo, The House of Complete Corsetry, 120 East 16th Street, New York City.

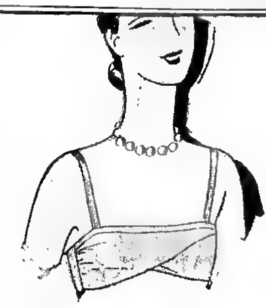
SEND ***for our booklet "The Newer Corsetry." It shows you heaps of other lovely Nemo-flex things coming out for fall, designed for every type of figure and every occasion.***



Nemo-flex

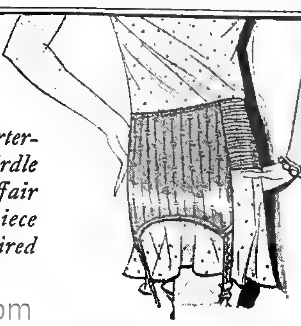
BRASSIERES · COMBINATIONS · GIRDLES · CORSETS

Around a dollar for the younger set



This charming little cross-over bandeau of silk jersey works pink magic on the silhouette of the jeune fille. In shell-pink and pastel shades, $1.00.

More than the usual garter-belt and less than a girdle proper is this little affair which with a longer piece behind gives the desired flat back, $1.50.



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We want you to see for yourself. We will send you a free sample—to introduce Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream to you.

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Already this new Vanishing Cream has been enthusiastically praised. We asked 1800 women to try it—1720 said they preferred it to any. Said it was quicker to disappear. A smoother base for powder and rouge. A better protection for their skins.

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PERFECT
Vanishing Cream

The free sample tube which will be sent you upon request.

Wild Geese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

She got to her feet, and, hearing the approach of a horse, stepped into the shadow of the fir-hedge to see who might be riding by. It was a break in the day's routine even to see the passing face of a stranger. The horse came into view at a walk, the rider sitting lazily in the saddle, looking ahead of him toward the schoolhouse. He presently turned from the road and cut across the school-lot, where the horse stopped and the rider dismounted.

Amelia's heart sickened her with its beating. The hedge gave way slightly behind her as she leaned against it, but her eyes held the face of the man riding as if they were physically fastened to it. The man passed, and the back of his head and shoulders were all that she could see of him. Then she turned and knelt before the blanket that had covered the tomato-plants the night before. He was his father over again—but not so simple.

She wondered if it would be necessary to blanket the tomatoes to-night again—a man of the world—education lay on his brow like a light. He wore his clothes with such an air, sat in the saddle like a soldier. And his father had been gored by a bull—after everything.

Amelia knelt on the ground above the tomato-vines. She felt cold and exhausted and exposed, as she had years ago after being up all night with one of the children during sickness. It was as if she had been dragged terrified out upon a stage to play the leading rôle in a tragedy at which the audience would laugh. The unbelievable drama of her whole life flashed before her. She shrank from the spectacle as she might have from a hanging, or a brutal and unfamiliar scene of crime, in which she had no part. Her body trembled with actual cold.

She had been so unfitted for the rôle that life had chosen for her—no more fitted than Lind. She had been so unshaped for the burden that had never known a moment's easing. In her heart she cried out for eternal release from the still crueler consequence of her impulse that Caleb had in store—the carrying out of his threat that fell upon her mind like an awful gong sounded at regular intervals.

AFTER a few minutes her mind became clearer. She had seen Mark Jordan. He was a man of the world; perhaps his friends were people who commanded respect and looked upon him with respect. Who was she, a common farm-woman, to know what was his life or what it demanded of him? His face was proud, sensitive. He must never know. She would break under Caleb rather than have him know. Caleb's children could wither and fall like rotten plants after frost—everything could fall into dissolution.

He was his father's son, Mark Jordan, the son of the only man she had ever loved. Ellen, Martin, Judith, and Charlie, they were only the offspring of Caleb Gare; they could be the sacrifice. She would bend and inure them to the land like implements, just as Caleb wished her to do. She would not intercede in their behalf against their father hereafter. She would see them dry and fade into fruitlessness and grow old long before their time, but her heart would keep within itself, and there would be no pity in her for the destruction of their youth. Amelia's face grew pale and hard as she knelt in the garden. A distinct change had come over her.

She carried the blanket indoors, thinking that it would be unnecessary to cover the tomatoes to-night. The air seemed visible and intimate, as before rain.

Her eyes wandered to the fields of tame hay and rye-grass that lay beyond the sheep-pasture. There would be a tremendous yield this year. Always before, the sight of growth had somehow thrilled her, had struck a vital, creative chord within her that was otherwise left unsounded in this barren life. Now her mind was dulled by the sight of it. Growth—with death in its wake. She felt that in an instant her life had reached finality, that all the years behind her had been spent in a chrysalis, in a beginning. There had been no development between—only a beginning and an end.

She went indoors and began energetically to polish the stove with a blackened cloth.

BEFORE long Amelia returned to her old pale manner of self-effacement and submission, and the atmosphere on the Gare farm became normal once more to Lind's perception. The place was holding its breath again after a quiet exhalation.

Feeling that what had disturbed Amelia was at least for the present lulled, Lind approached her one day with a question. Mrs. Gare was gathering eggs in the barn mangers, and, since it was Saturday morning, the teacher had undertaken to help her.

"Mrs. Gare, Mark Jordan would like very much to come here to see me and to meet you people as well. Do you think Mr. Gare would like to have him call?"

Amelia was prepared for just such a question. She smiled at Lind, and shook her head.

"I'm afraid it would only excite the children, Miss Archer, and stir up trouble. Mr. Jordan would talk about things that we can't afford to think about."

"Well, then," said Lind, "will you permit Jude to come with me to see him? He is living there all alone, and I think it would be kind to cook a good meal for him now and then."

Amelia glanced at her, and looked away quickly.

"Judith might make an errand over that way, but don't speak of it before her father." Mark Jordan should have what he wanted, she resolved.

"I'll be careful not to, Mrs. Gare," Lind said gratefully. She groped about in the hay and came upon another brown egg, which she placed carefully in the pan with the others. The feeling of conspiracy against Caleb was rather enjoyable.

She took the eggs to the house, and then went to the potato-patch where Judith was absently hoeing between the rows. The sun was beating down upon the girl's bare head and on the strong honey-brown nape of her neck. A hot, dusty wind was stirring the tops of the dry potato-plants. A little groove of dust had formed on either side of Judith's nose, and there were gray filaments of dust on the hair of her forearms. She crossed her arms and leaned forward on the hoe as Lind came up to her.

"A little romance, Judie," Lind said softly. "We're going to have supper to-morrow night with Mark Jordan—the man you saw me with at Yellow Post."

Judith frowned. To-morrow was Sunday. On Sundays Caleb usually went to the farm of one of the Icelanders in the afternoon, and did not return until late in the evening.

"Ma say I could go?"

Lind told her what Amelia had said. Judith was silent for a moment and then decided to confide in the teacher to an extent.

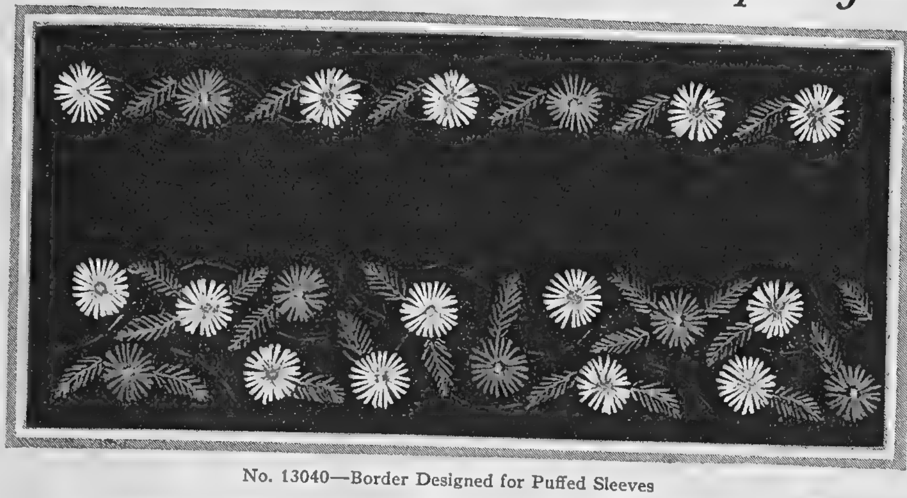
"Will you let Sven come?"

"Why, that would be fine! We'll have a real party. If only Ellen and Martin could get away, too. They never have any fun."

"No," said Jude with conviction. "They wouldn't enjoy themselves. Anyway, they mustn't know that Sven is going to be there—at least, Ellen mustn't. Sven wants me to marry him, Lind, and go away to town."

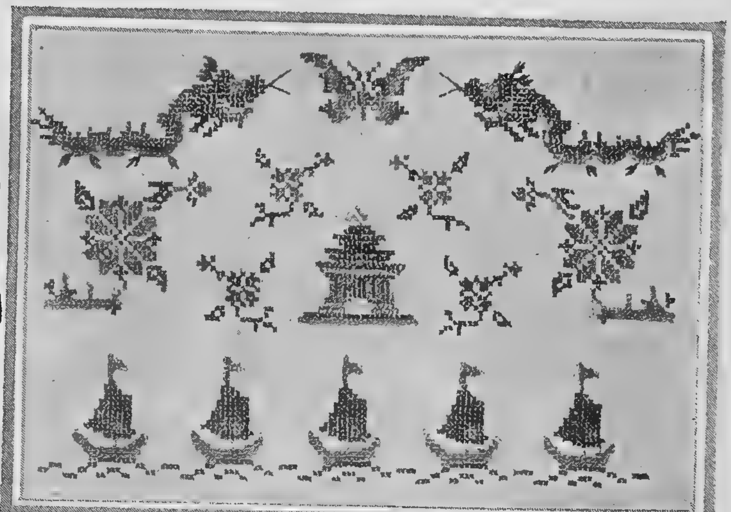
CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

To Make Needlework Simpler for You, These Designs Are Colored



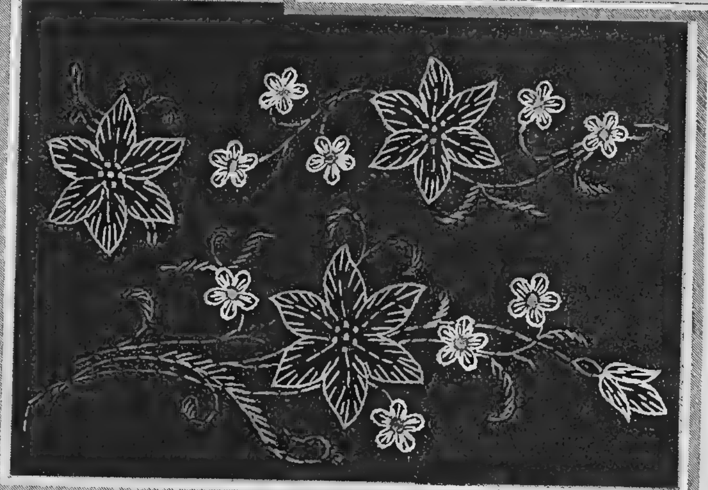
No. 13040—Border Designed for Puffed Sleeves

The Pictorial Review Company's Colored Embroidery Design No. 13040, furnishes sleeve motifs 6¼ inches wide. They were designed especially for the smart new bishop sleeves and mav be cut apart.



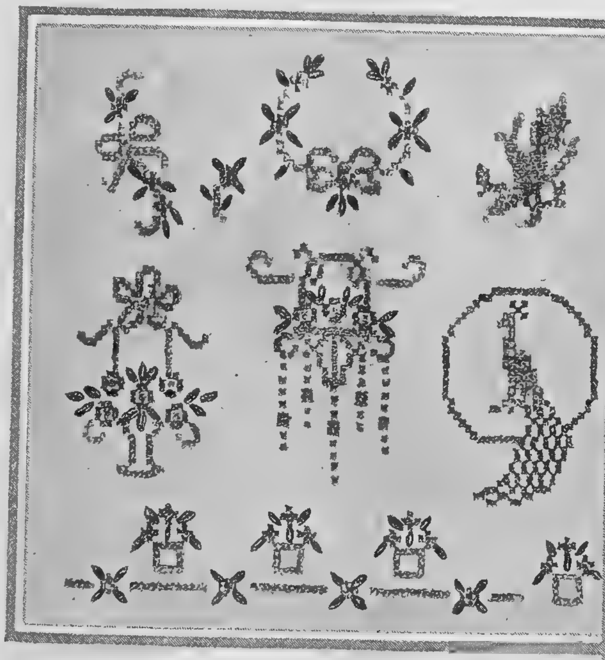
No. 13045—Cross-Stitch

The Pictorial Review Company's Colored Embroidery Design No. 13045, furnishes one and one reverse each of four motifs from 2 to 3⅝ inches high, one each of two motifs 3 and 1¾ inches high and a row of border consisting of five boats 3⅛ inches high. These are designs of unusual character, picturing dragons, ships at sea and a Chinese Temple. They are all worked in cross-stitch, simplest of stitches.



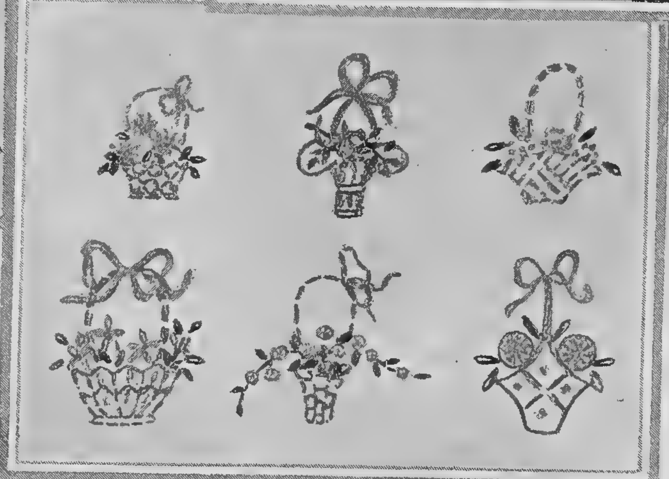
No. 13039—Floral Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Colored Embroidery Design No. 13039, furnishes three floral motifs 5½, 12½, and 17½ inches high. They were designed for trimming frocks, blouses, pillows, scarfs, etc. With six-strand floss, they are easily developed in outline, solid satin, and one-stitches.



No. 13038—For Cross-stitch and Lazy-Daisy

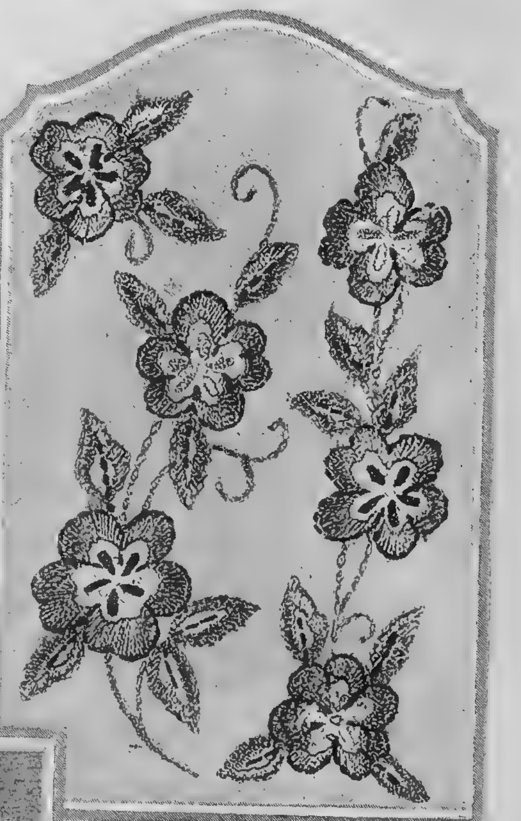
The Pictorial Review Company's Colored Embroidery Design No. 13038, furnishes nineteen motifs ranging in height from 1¼ to 4⅝ inches. These dainty motifs may be used for trimming buffet-sets, luncheon sets, towels, curtains, etc. For the most part, the motifs are worked in cross-stitch, lazy-daisy being employed occasionally.



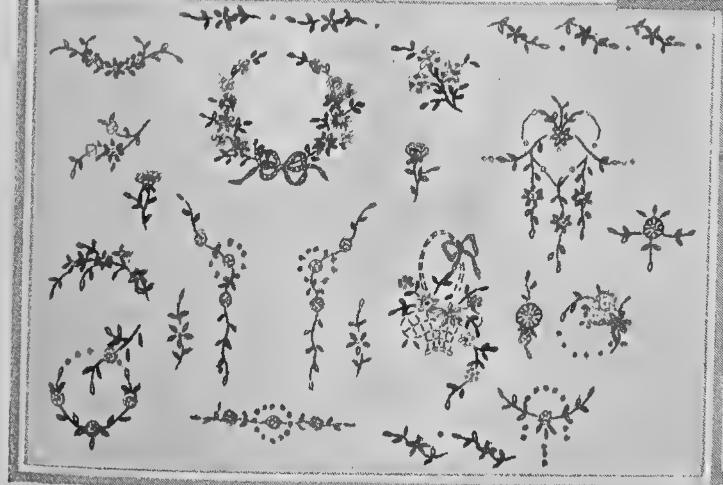
No. 13037—Basket Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Colored Embroidery Design No. 13037, furnishes twenty basket motifs ranging in height from 1⅞ to 3¾ inches. They are especially suited to luncheon, buffet, and vanity sets, and for trimming children's dresses, etc. Lazy-daisy, outline, rambler rose, one-stitch and French knots are the stitches used.

The Pictorial Review Company's Colored Embroidery Design No. 13046, furnishes one each of three different motifs, 5, 15, and 17¼ inches high, for trimming dresses, blouses, pillow tops, table scarfs, etc.

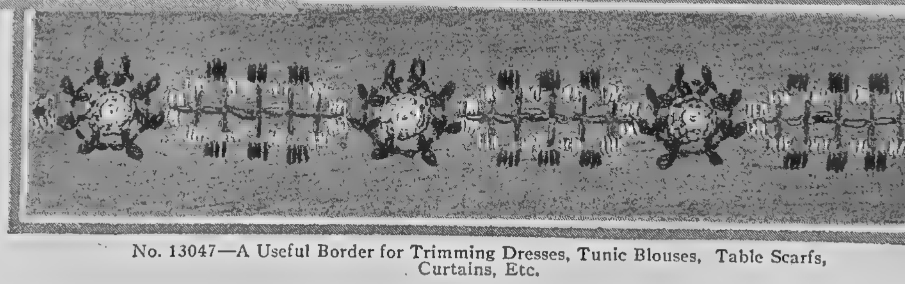


No. 13046—Floral Trimming Sprays



No. 13044—Dainty Trimming Sprays

The Pictorial Review Company's Colored Embroidery Design No. 13044, furnishes twenty-three dainty sprays ranging in height from ¾ to 5 inches. From such a variety of different motifs, you can select just what you need for your handkerchiefs, lingerie, guest towels, luncheon sets, breakfast sets, etc. The stitches used are lazy-daisy, outline, running, one-stitch, and French knots.



No. 13047—A Useful Border for Trimming Dresses, Tunic Blouses, Table Scarfs, Curtains, Etc.

The Pictorial Review Company's Colored Embroidery Design No. 13047, furnishes two and one-third yards of border 1½ inch wide. For adding a touch of bright color on a dress or blouse, for the dainty trimming required for children's dresses, for a quickly made guest towel, such a border is extremely convenient.

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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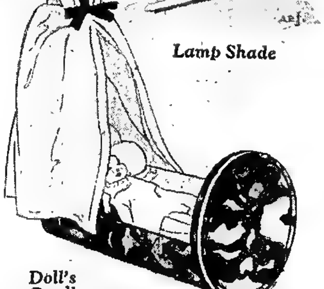
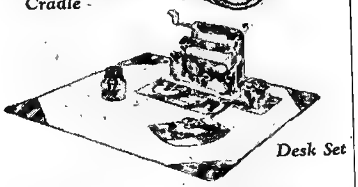
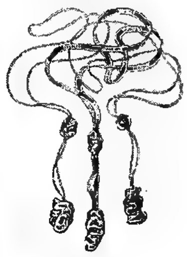


Doll's Cradle

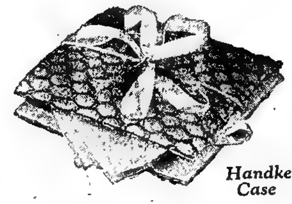


Desk Set

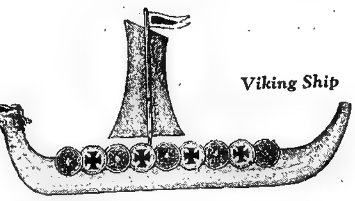
Gesso Vase



Gesso Pendants



Handkerchief Case



Viking Ship

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Wild Geese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

Lind looked at her quietly for a moment. A change had come over her during the past few days. She was not so boisterous in her care of the animals nor so defiant toward the human beings on the farm as she had been.

"And shall you?"

"Yes—before long. Don't let the others know."

Lind slipped away, and Judith went on with her hoeing. She cast a resentful eye over the long rows of potatoes. Food for another Winter—another Winter of stumbling about in the bleak, icy dawn and tugging at stubborn calves and hauling icicle-rimmed buckets full of water through manure and frozen mud. Another Winter of inhibition and growing restiveness, and hopeless dreaming of a better time to come. Another Winter under Caleb Gare—no, anything was preferable.

As the work on the farm grew and grew Judith was struggling to see her way clear to liberty. Covertly she watched Ellen and Amelia and Martin, even Charlie now that he was learning to take his place, and saw them all bowing without a question under the stupefying load. And she recognized in herself an alien spirit, a violent being of dark impulses, in no way related to the life about her. She was alternately seized with an agony of pity for Amelia, whose reticence she could not fathom, and futile rage at Ellen and Martin for their endurance. And beneath it all her passion for Sven pressed through her being like an undercurrent of fire.

She lay awake at night with hot cheeks, thinking of him—of the day in the clearing among the cedars—running her fingers over the muscles of his throat. Caleb had not found out that Lind had brought the cart home that day. She had not seen Sven since they had fought, had not wished to see him. She had need of an interim in which to think.

After another hour's work Judith, looking up, saw Martin entering the gate from the pasture with three cows that were about to calve. More money for Caleb Gare, more toil for the workers under him. He had nearly twice as many cattle this year as three years ago, and no hired man now to help with their care, because Martin and Judith were old enough to do it together, and Judith strong enough to do it alone when Martin was otherwise occupied.

IN a hollow in the pasture she saw the sheep grazing, all of them shorn now, shorn of dollars' and dollars' worth of wool that would go toward the acquisition of more sheep—and more sheep—but not more freedom for the workers under Caleb Gare, not more joy in living. She remembered suddenly that the bag of wool she had got from her own sheep was still stowed away under the rafters in the loft. She must dispose of it some way before Caleb found it.

The hoe over her shoulder, Judith went to the barn, where she found Martin hammering new planks into the rotten floor.

"Martin," she began with difficulty, "do you suppose he figures on getting a man for the haying?"

Martin looked at her dryly.

"Not with threshers asking what they're goin' to. We'll be lucky if he hires a full crew. What you ask for?"

Judith threw herself down upon the threshold of the barn door and leaned her head against the worn log frame. "Oh, nothing, but I was just thinkin' Ellen isn't really strong enough to help. Remember how she ran the fork into her foot last year 'cause she couldn't see it?"

"Well—" Martin said slowly, "I'll ask him again."

Judith looked sideways at Martin where he was on his hands and knees fitting the new boards into the floor. She felt a sudden fulness of heart as she looked at him, and wished that somehow she might talk with him about things. She had always felt more kinship with Martin than with any of the others. How stooped already his shoulders were, how pitifully scrawny his neck! She watched him insert nails into the boards, after he had fitted them, and saw how gentle his face was in the doing of the mean task. Why had she never seen these things in Martin before?

Tears came into her eyes as they dwelt on him, and she could have rushed to him and thrown her arms about him, sheerly from sudden realization of what he was. Martin would have been certain that she had gone out of her mind. She rose hastily and left him, before she should do the unaccountable thing.

Martin looked after her. In his uncertain way he felt that it was not so much Ellen that Judith was concerned about. Jude was not adept at dissimulation.

HIS job in the barn done, Martin went to the pile of long, straight poplar logs he had cut, planed, and measured for the new wagon-shed. Martin was always building in his spare time. Caleb often chided him for the material and time he wasted on what he considered purely decorative and unnecessary outhouses, but since building was the thing that lay nearest Martin's heart the boy was not readily deterred.

Martin marked off with pegs, which he drove in the ground, the area which the wagon-shed was to cover. Now and then his eye wandered to the rough, unpainted log house that had been his home all his life, and in his heart he conceived a dream. The dream grew to a desire that crept into his hands. His hands grasped the good, enduring lumber, the plaster, the fine laths, the shingles, the panes of glass, the stones for the foundation and the chimney of the new house. It would be painted brown, a rich, dark brown—gallons of paint and turpentine that you could smell all over the place.

There would be a veranda facing the main road such as he had seen on the houses pictured in the mail-order catalog. And there would be a tall iron fence across the driveway, and the road would be cleared of the ruts made by the cattle—and he would plant an acorn on either side of the road that in years to come would be a great spreading oak-tree.

That evening Martin's face wore an almost rapt look as he sat whittling smooth a board that was to be a shelf for Amelia's preserves.

Caleb had come in after a tour of the fields. He hung his lantern on the wall, shaking it first to see whether it needed oil. Finding that it did, he handed it to Amelia to fill. "Goin' to be a bumper crop if it keeps up like this, Martin," he remarked, ignoring Judith and Amelia, who were washing the parts of the separator.

"How's the wagon-shed comin'?" he asked pleasantly, sitting down to take off his heavy boots. He had asked Martin the same question during supper, but it was the first subject that occurred to him which would obliquely shut the women out of the conversation. It was not exactly to show an interest in Martin's work that he asked it.

"Pretty good," Martin told him again. The thing that was on his mind gathered courage for utterance when he heard Caleb speak optimistically of the crops.

Slowly shaving at the wood, he said, "I was thinkin' we might build next Spring if we have a good harvest."

Judith and Amelia half turned to hear what he was saying. Caleb saw their looks of interest.

"Yeah, the barn does look as if it was saggin' in the middle," he said softly, moving into the other room.

Martin and Judith and Amelia exchanged involuntary glances.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian

HER whole evening had been a success. Everyone had wanted to dance with her —and it was wonderful to hear so many flattering things.

Perhaps all those dull times she *used* to know were gone forever! It was amazing to find out how completely a girl could change her appearance by "knowing what to do." She had Madame Jeannette to thank—for it certainly made a difference, now that she knew how to care for her skin.

She had learned from Madame Jeannette how to select the proper shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder and to apply it correctly for youthful beauty.

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Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of the face, neck and shoulders. It will give your skin that lovely effect of rose-petal softness.

Lastly, a touch of Pompeian Bloom to bring exquisite youthful color.

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Medium Skin—The average American woman has this type of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

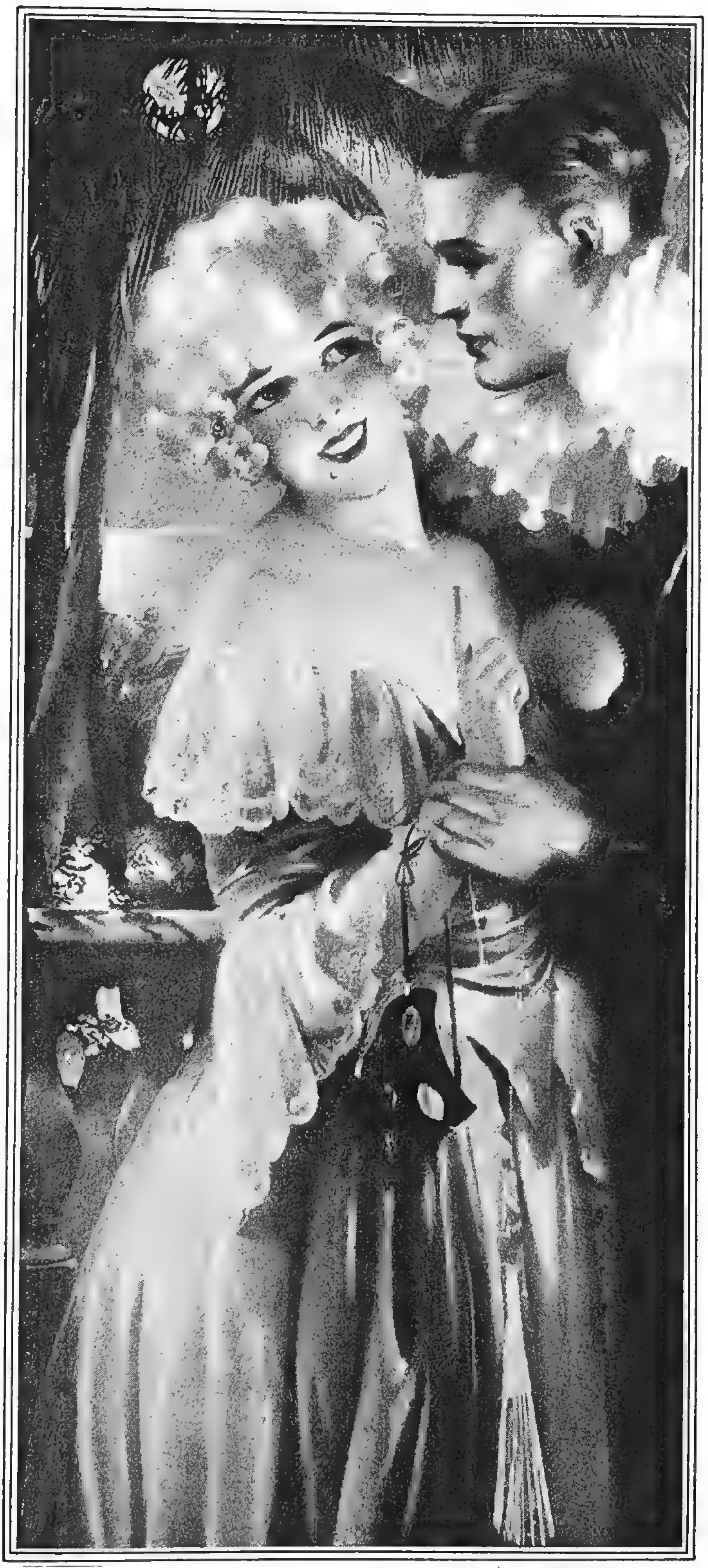
Olive Skin—This skin generally accompanies dark hair and eyes. It is rich in tone and should use Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pink Skin—This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. This type of skin is usually found with light hair, or red hair.

White Skin—If your skin is quite without color, use White powder. Only the very white skin should use white powder in the daytime.

Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

What is your title for this picture?



Save and study this offer

$1,000.00 for best titles

PLEASE help us get a title for this beautiful picture—the 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel. A few moments' thought may bring you cash for your cleverness.

Who will win this prize?

You—if you are the one who can best imagine yourself in this enchanting scene—a flower-scented night with a full moon splashing its silver through the palm trees and over the little dancing waves at Palm Beach, Miami—or is it California? Shut your eyes and think how wonderful it would be—you and the-dearest-one-in-the-world. That odor of flowers—are they orange blossoms? And is this fancy dress ball just planned for two hearts to find each other?

How would *you* describe this scene in a few words? Write down the titles that come to you; then send in the best one.

CASH PRIZES. 1st, $500; 2nd, $250; 3rd, $150; and 2 prizes of $50 each.

SUGGESTIONS. These titles may set your mind working—Beauty's Reward; Love's Hour; One or None?; "I Love You, Dearest"; Beneath the Palms; Beauty Wins.

RULES

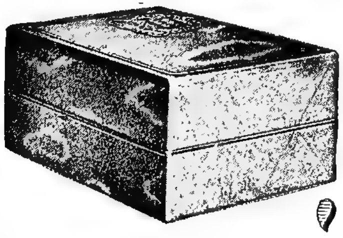
1. Only one title for one person.
2. Ten words or less for the title.
3. Write title on one sheet of paper. Below title write only your name and full address plainly. Mail to the Pompeian Laboratories, Cleveland, O.
4. Coupon and coin for panel can be sent along with your title.
5. Contest closes November 30, 1925, but get your title in early.
6. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.
7. Prizes paid December 15, 1925. Winners announced January 9, 1926, in Saturday Evening Post.

Note. If you plan to get panel anyhow, you can send for it first and study it in full size and colors. Then send in your title. However, no one is required to get a panel to enter contest.

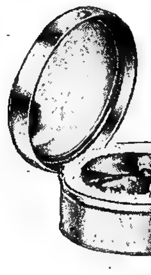
GET 1926 PANEL

and Samples

This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Executed by the famous colorist, Gene Pressler. Size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value 75c to $1. Sent for two dimes, along with valuable samples of Pompeian Bloom (for youthful color); Pompeian Beauty Powder; Pompeian Day Cream (powder base); and Pompeian Night Cream (skin nourishing). Clip the coupon now, enclose 2 dimes and send today.



Pompeian Beauty Powder 60c



Pompeian Day Cream 60c

Pompeian Night Cream 60c

Pompeian Bloom 60c

Pompeian Night Cream

Pompeian Beauty Powder

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

The Pompeian Laboratories
3304 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel and valuable samples.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City______________ State________
Shade of powder wanted?____________________

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5 AND 10¢ STORE

Fashionable Hairdressers sponsor this coiffure which draws the hair demurely to the nape of the neck where it is arranged in a broad puff. A Lorraine Hair Net preserves the cameo-like perfection so necessary with the formal headdress.

Modes of Charm replace the Bob

AFTER the uniformity of the bob, it is fascinating to dress your hair in the charming new coiffures. In the evening, especially, headdresses of long hair are so much more effective.

To keep the hair thus smartly arranged, Lorraine Hair Nets are essential. Their soft, weightless meshes hold the hair lightly in unaccustomed arrangements. Yet so strong are these fine webs of human hair that worn over extra hair pieces, they free you from any worry. No finer nets are obtainable!

To make your marcel last twice as long—wear a Lorraine Hair Net while you sleep.

For Sale Exclusively at

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES

Double or Single Mesh for Long Hair
Special Size Double Mesh for the Bob

Lorraine HAIR NETS 10¢

LIGHT BROWN
MADE IN FRANCE
Lorraine
SILK NET
Small
LIGHT BROWN
CAP SHAPE #22
Lorraine
DOUBLE MESH
HAIR NET
DOUBLE STRENGTH
DURABLE
HAND MADE OF REAL HAIR

You will find a Lorraine Hair Net to blend beautifully with any shade of hair.

Wear a Lorraine Net beneath your bathing cap to keep your hair well off your face.

Lorraine SILK NETS with elastic edge. 5c

Wild Geese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

"H'm!" said Judith. "Then we'll live in the barn, Martin."

Amelia said nothing, altho she saw that Martin felt the rebuff keenly.

But Martin was a builder born, and the dream reared itself in his mind and would not down. He resolved to approach Caleb when the women were not around. He would wait until he saw what the end of the Summer brought. Even if the crops failed the cattle should bring something, and Caleb was keeping far too many horses in pasture now. He could well afford to build in the Spring.

As it happened, the next day was a "church" day, and Caleb, at the Yellow Post service, was invited to dinner at Thorvaldsons'. He drove back home with Thorvald, and told Amelia that he was going on west and would not be back until dark. In the afternoon Judith and the teacher, with Amelia's deliberate sanction, took two of the horses and rode to the Sandbos'.

Lind felt excitedly happy.

"Judie," she said, "have you told your mother about Sven?"

"No," she replied. "She would only worry. And he would find out, and then it would be all over."

"Why all over?"

"He would kill me rather than let me marry Sven, or anybody. He knows that would mean a change on the farm. He'd have to get a man—he couldn't save so much money—it would start Ellen and Martin and Charlie wanting to go away."

"But, Judie—you can't all stay here forever?"

"Oh, yes, we can. We can stay here until Ellen goes blind and I go crazy and the others die. That's the way people live up here. But I'm not goin' to stick. Wait until the haying is over."

THEY rode along in silence then, the afternoon warm upon them. Lind glanced down at the drying pools that lined the road, and saw the countless "lucky bugs" darting about on the water like crazy sparks of light. The reeds stood up straight and brittle. It must rain soon. Lind could not bear the dry dust on the reeds. Then she suddenly realized that it was not the reeds that she was thinking of, but of the Gares.

At the Sandbos', Sven joined them eagerly. He came running up the road when he saw them, and caught hold of the pommel of Judith's saddle. He would have kissed her, but she drew back and looked at Lind.

"We're goin' over to Klovaczs'. Come along?" Jude asked him casually. He lifted his healthy, eager face to her, and she thrilled through and through at the sight of him again.

"You bet I will! I talked with Jordan one day on the road. He's not a bad sort for a city guy," Sven commented generously. "I'll be along. Comin' in to talk to ma?"

Mrs. Sandbo and the girls came out to the road, and Lind and Judith dismounted while Sven got his own horse out.

Mrs. Sandbo, who had not talked with Judith Gare for some time, eyed her inquisitively. She congratulated herself upon getting a look at one of the Gares again at such close range. Jude did not yet have her new shoes, she noticed. Emma, who had seen her one day near the schoolhouse, had reported that her toes were sticking out. It was almost true. And her dress! What a faded calico it was for a Sunday! She would have a choice bit of news for Dora. What a man Caleb Gare was! What a father! Ludvig had had his faults, but he had not been stingy—a spender, in fact.

"Your mother, then—how goes it with her?" Mrs. Sandbo asked Judith. "She had so bad toot'ache last I see her."

Lind forbore from smiling. Mrs. Sandbo always seemed intent on learning the latest concerning Mrs. Gare's teeth.

"She's well, thank you," Jude said stiffly. The ferreting gaze of Mrs. Sandbo and her plump young daughters in their pink lawn dresses did not please her. She wished Sven would hurry.

He was with them at last, and they took leave of Mrs. Sandbo and Emma and Dena. Sven was full of talk about the improvements he had made on the place since he came home.

"Can't stand having nothing to do," he told them. "Farming is my idea of nothing to do, on a place like ours, anyway. Had a real job in town—bricklayin'. Good money. I'll just get ma to sell the place and go back, soon's the Summer's over."

JUDITH scarcely looked at him in the presence of Lind, but when the teacher rode ahead to announce their coming to Mark Jordan, she leaned over in her saddle and kissed him quickly.

Mark laughed with boyish pleasure when Lind swung the screen door of the kitchen open and walked in upon him. He was stretched out upon a couch in the sitting-room, reading a magazine which had come from the city. He sprang up and lifted Lind by her elbows. She disengaged herself demurely.

"I've brought Paul and Virginia," she smiled. "May they come in?"

Mark went out with her and beheld the two jumping easily off their horses. "What a pair they make, eh?" he murmured. Lind nodded.

Jude shook hands a little bashfully with Mark when Lind introduced them. It was not long before Mark's good humor put them both at their ease. They all went into the house, Judith glancing about the kitchen a little fearfully as if she expected it to fall upon her, so unused was she to being in other people's houses.

They sat about in the sitting-room for an hour listening to Mark's phonograph. Judith had heard one in the home of an Icelander, but it had had a horn and had not produced the alluring music that she listened to now. Her eyes grew dark and absent as she let her emotions drift with the spirit of the dance. A waltz was played, and she feared that she would cry before it came to an end.

Lind and Mark danced a little, and Jude watched them, enraptured. It was all so new to her, and yet it seemed the thing to which she belonged. Sven, knowing that she could not dance as Lind and Mark danced, did not ask her, and she was grateful to him.

The supper, which Mark called a "banquet," was a merry occasion. Judith and Lind concocted many savory dishes while the men smoked and talked about things which Sven had heard of and some which he had seen. When they finally sat down to the table gay humor prevailed. Judith was peculiarly alert and bright-eyed, as if to seize every moment of happiness in the evening.

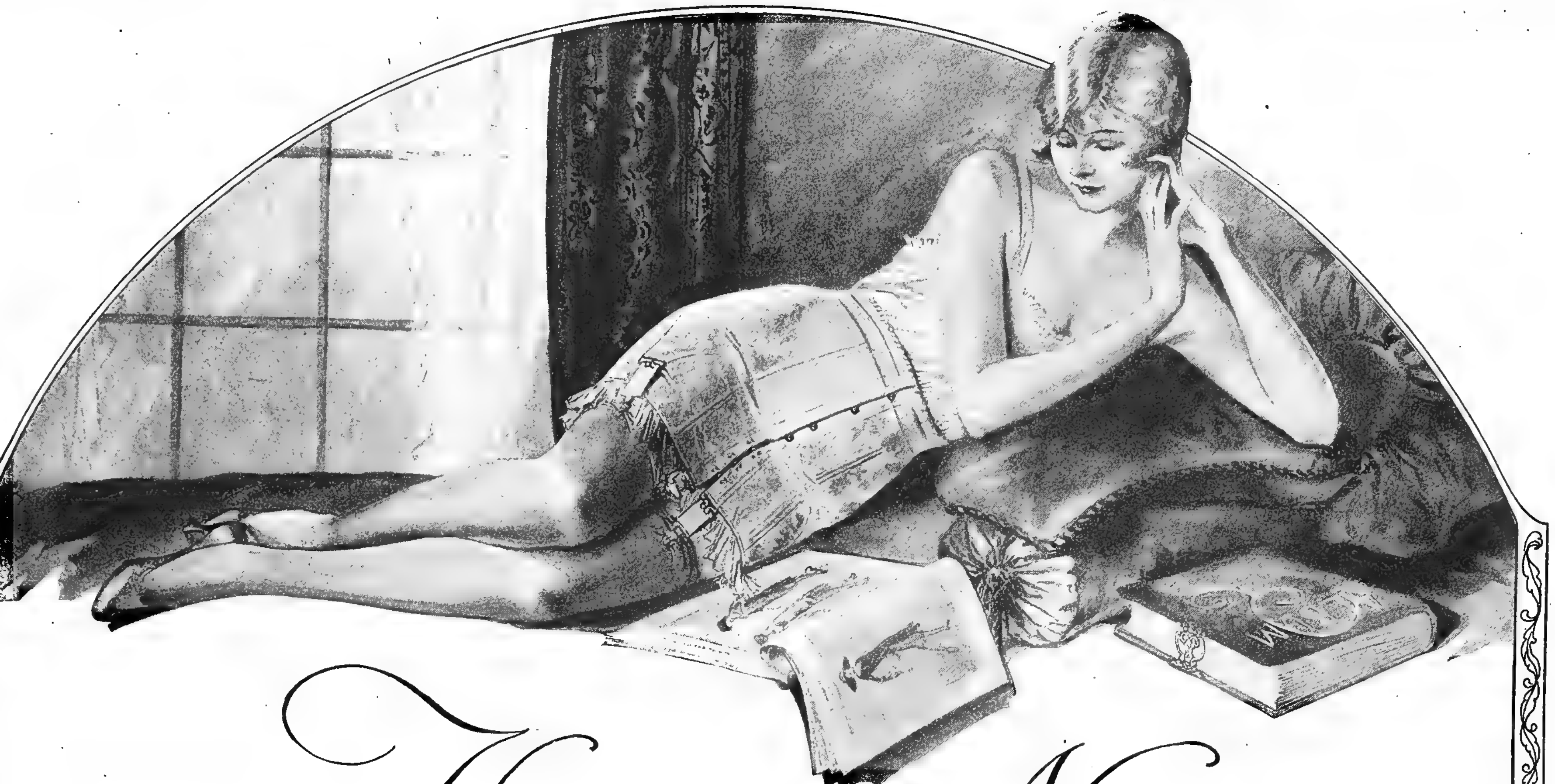
THEY went home after supper, Judith fearing the return of Caleb. The horses of Lind and Mark loitered, while Judith and Sven hurried ahead of them. The air in the wood road was redolent of tree-gums. Occasionally a swallow dipped across the light and vanished like a shadow.

As they reached the summit of a ridge half-way between Klovaczs' and Sand-bos', Mark and Lind noticed that the sun was just sinking beyond Latt's Slough, drawing a bar of crimson across the long, motionless water. The sprawling shad-ows of the horses purpled; it seemed as if their hoof-beats in the gray dust became softer. Silence had come over the world like a wing—like a brooding thought.

After a while Mark spoke.

"It changes you—this life. You won't come out of it quite the same, Lind."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

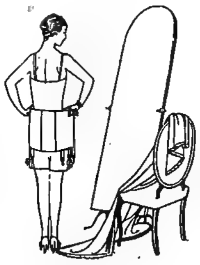


Then and Now

HORSEHAIR
AND WHALEBONE

IT is not so much the dresses and hats that our mothers wore when they were photographed amid the horsehair furniture of thirty years ago that appall us today, but the deadly monotony of their *figures*. So much corset! So little imagination!

Today women not only admit that they are different one from the other but they emphasize the subtleties of that difference. Well-dressed women now, as then, wear corsets bearing the same world-famous name, WARNER'S, but corsets in which whalebone is superseded by designing—charming corsets, smart, individualized, good to look at and undetectable under clothes.



CONTRAPTIONS

In the album days, corseting was a question of *force*. It mattered little what was to be squeezed into the contraption, provided that the result was standard, uniform and more or less uncomfortable. It was the corset that was important: the woman was secondary.

Today it is the woman who inspires the corset. According to her needs, the corset is conceived and made, and the requirements of women being manifold, "corsets" are as different one from the other as are women themselves. Warner corseting is a fine art with many variations of design; dedicated to the perfection of individual figure types.

Then and Now—a Warner's

Fitted undergarments of every type—Wrap-Around*, Corselette*, Oriental*, (*trade marks registered U. S. Patent Office), Laced Corsets and Brassieres, so perfectly designed that without distortion and without discomfort they bring every figure within the narrow confines of the mode.

If you are interested in visualizing the corset styles of the season, send for booklet W—The Warner Brothers Company, 347 Madison Ave., New York City; 367 West Adams St., Chicago; 28 Geary St., San Francisco.

Warner's

COME OUT of the KITCHEN!

Let Del Monte help you these hot summer days

You'll find hot-weather menus just as tempting—just as satisfying—yet much simpler—if you'll only take advantage of the summer service Del Monte always offers.

Under this one brand—for your instant convenience and enjoyment—are packed the pick of the world's finest fruits and vegetables, with every bit of their natural, fresh flavor and delicacy.

Let them shorten kitchen hours this summer in your home! The dishes shown here are only hints of their almost endless possibilities. Just remember one thing. When you order canned fruits and vegetables—be sure you say Del Monte. You always know in advance exactly what quality this label stands for—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where or when you buy.

The tempting Asparagus Salad above is one of the many delightful touches Del Monte Asparagus can add to menus at this season. For many other summer dishes, just as convenient and simple, write for a copy of "The Del Monte Fruit Book." Free. Address Department 31-E, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

Pineapple Charlotte Russe
Drain 1 can Del Monte Sliced Pineapple. Cut a loaf sponge cake in two. Between layers arrange slices of the pineapple. Heap whipped cream on top. Garnish with pieces of pineapple and serve.

Frozen Sliced Peaches
Pack a can of Del Monte Sliced Peaches in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt. Let stand three hours. Take out can; dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top, and turn out the cylinder of frozen fruit. A distinctive Del Monte suggestion.

The Home Bureau

Delicious Ice-Box Cakes

By Elsie Fjelstad Radder

ICE-BOX cakes are delicious. They are quite nice enough for company, yet not time-consuming in their preparation. Too, they are nourishing, eggs and plain sponge-cake being their foundation. Some, containing butter, are rich, but these are more particularly intended for company-serving, and then just a dab is enough.

This is the idea: Line the bottom and sides of a melon mold, spring-form, or cake-pan with ladyfingers, separated, with the rounded side toward the pan, or thin slices of sponge-cake. Prepare a filling. Spread a layer of filling over the ladyfingers; add another layer of ladyfingers. Repeat until the ingredients are used up. Place in the refrigerator for twenty-four hours. The filling will soak into the ladyfingers and all will solidify. When serving, the rim of the form is removed and the tin bottom is placed on a platter, the top being covered with sweetened, flavored whipped cream. The top may be decorated with chopped nuts and candied fruits. Real sunshine cake is not necessary for the foundation as an inexpensive hot-water sponge-cake will do just as well. Sponge-cakes, you know, are made light by beating air into the eggs, and then carefully folding in the sugar and flour so as not to break the air-bubbles.

Photo by Dana B. Merrill

ICE-BOX CAKE WITH CHERRY GARNISH

Chocolate Ice-Box Cake, No. 1

30 Ladyfingers
½ Pound Sweet Chocolate
3 Tablespoonfuls water
3 Tablespoonfuls Powdered Sugar
4 Eggs
½ Pint Whipping Cream

LINE the form with ladyfingers or sponge-cake. Melt the chocolate in the double boiler, adding the water, sugar, and the beaten yolks of four eggs. Cook slowly until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. When cool, fold into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Place filling in the cake-form and proceed as outlined. Cover with the whipped cream an hour or so before serving. This will serve twelve persons.

Chocolate Ice-Box Cake, No. 2

2 Squares (2 ounces) Bitter Chocolate
½ Cupful Sugar
¼ Cupful Water
4 Eggs
1 Cupful Confectioners' Sugar
1 Cupful Butter

MELT the chocolate in the double boiler and add the sugar, water, and beaten egg yolks. Cook until thick and smooth. Cool. Cream together the confectioners' sugar and butter. Add the chocolate mixture and fold into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread over the ladyfinger-lined mold. This is pretty decorated with pistachio-nuts and candied cherries, cut fine.

Mocha Ice-Box Cake

1 Cupful Hot Milk
¼ Cupful Coffee-Grounds
2 Tablespoonfuls Corn-starch
½ Cupful Sugar
⅛ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
½ Pint Whipping Cream

POUR the hot milk over the coffee-grounds and allow to stand where it will keep hot for ten minutes. Strain. Mix together in the double boiler the corn-starch, sugar, and salt. Add the coffee infusion and the beaten egg yolks. Cook slowly until thick and smooth. Add the vanilla. While still warm fold into the stiffly beaten egg whites and proceed as before. This will serve a family of six for two days.

Lemon Ice-Box Cake, No. 1

1 Teaspoonful Corn-starch
1 Tablespoonful Butter
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Milk
3 Egg Yolks
Juice of 1 Lemon

PLACE the corn-starch, sugar, butter, milk, and egg yolks in the double boiler and cook until thick and smooth. Add the lemon-juice and the stiffly beaten egg whites while still warm. Proceed as in the other recipes. This will harden in from twelve to eighteen hours. Orange ice-box cake may be made in the same way, using the juice and rind of one orange and the rind of one lemon.

An attractive decoration for this cake may be made by using sections of orange in flower fashion on top of the whipped cream, or finely chopped pistachio nuts and candied or maraschino cherries also make a delicious and attractive garnish.

Lemon Ice-Box Cake, No. 2

½ Cupful Butter
1 Cupful Powdered Sugar
¼ Cupful Milk
¼ Cupful Granulated Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Corn-starch
3 Eggs, Separated
Juice of 1 Lemon and Rind of ½ Lemon
½ Pint Whipping Cream

COOK until smooth in the double boiler the milk, corn-starch, sugar, egg yolks, and add the lemon-juice and rind before removing from the fire. Add the powdered sugar and butter, which have been creamed together, and fold into the beaten egg whites. Proceed in the same manner as in the other recipes.

Nut Ice-Box Cake

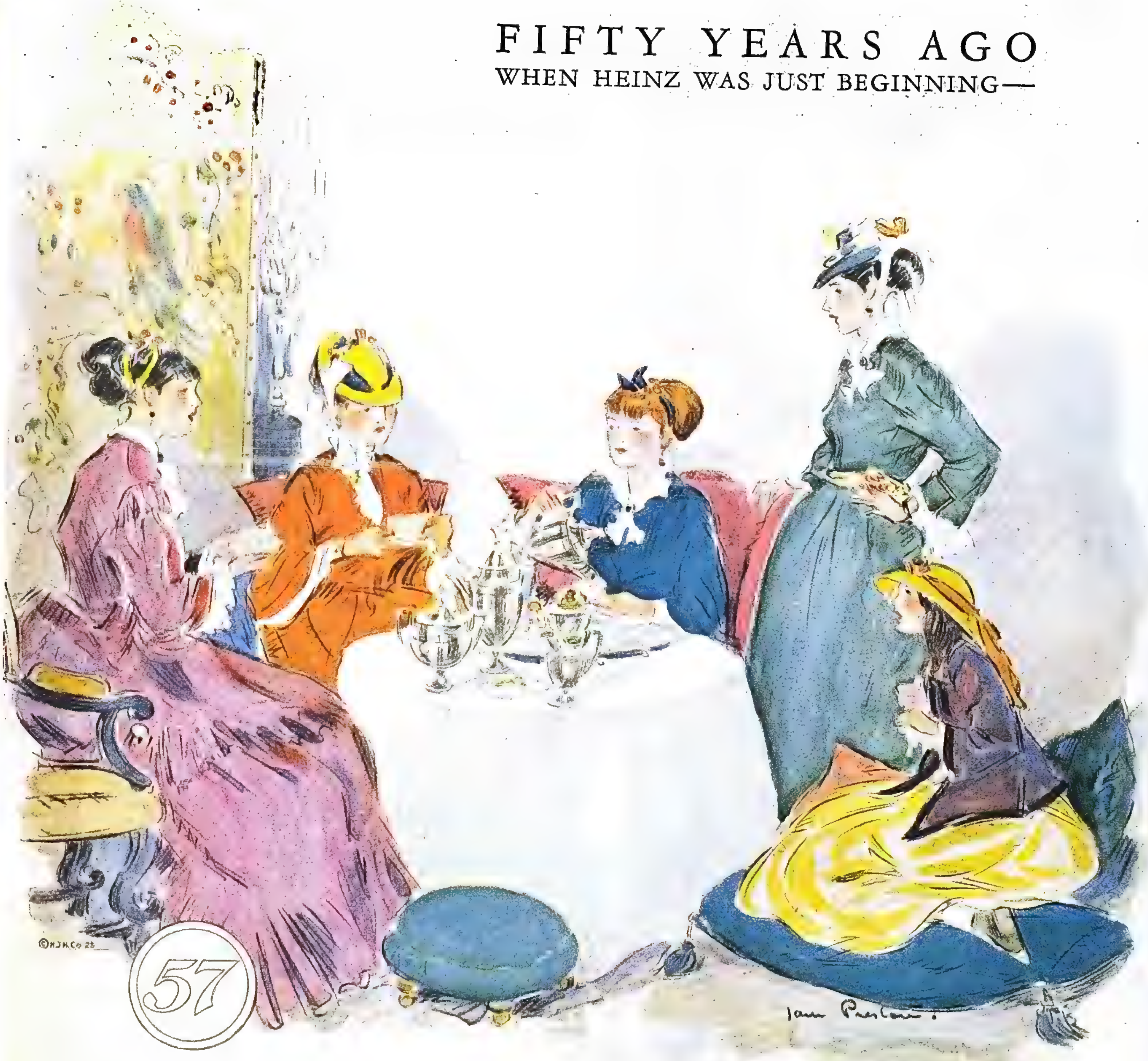
30 Macaroons
18 Ladyfingers
1⅓ Cupful Powdered Sugar
1 Cupful Butter
3 Eggs
3 More Eggs
½ Pound Blanched Almonds (or Pecans)

LINE the bottom of the spring-form with stout wax-paper and then with ladyfingers. On the bottom place a layer of the macaroons. Cream together the powdered sugar and butter and add the three eggs, one at a time, beating well. Now add the yolks of three more eggs, well beaten. Add the nuts. Fold into the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Cover the macaroons with half of this mixture; add another layer of macaroons and the rest of the mixture. Allow to harden in the ice-box for thirty hours. Remove the mold-rim and slide the bottom tin onto a platter. Cover with whipped cream and decorate with candied fruits and nuts, cut up.

Recipes for making the inexpensive Hot-Water Sponge-Cake and Ladyfingers, referred to in this article, will be sent free of charge upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelop. Address Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 7th Ave. and 39th St., New York City.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

WHEN HEINZ WAS JUST BEGINNING—



More than fifty years ago, when the house of Heinz was yet young, women were just as proud of their skill in cooking, and their well-kept kitchens, as are the women of today.

But today's housewife has advantages unknown fifty years ago. She is helped by devices that simplify her work. Foods all ready to serve are at her instant command. Services by outside organizations are always available.

These give her more time for other activities while enabling her to maintain the old-time standards of housekeeping.

In the realm of foods she knows how faithfully the highest of all standards are perpetuated in the Heinz kitchens.

Here foods are carried in glass and silver lined containers. Flowers bloom in every window. Sunlight floods every nook and corner. Competent girls in immaculate costumes, and with faultless hands, preside over every operation.

Knowing this, she serves Heinz 57 Varieties with the same confidence in their purity and flavor that her grandmother had in the foods prepared in her own kitchen.

When you come to Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens · H. J. HEINZ CO.

New Salad-making recipe booklet sent for four cents in stamps

For Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch
Cleanser
Chases Dirt
Old Dutch
Chases Dirt

There's nothing else like it.

Old Dutch is distinctive in quality and character and unlike anything else.

It is composed of a natural detergent of remarkable properties, free from hard, scratchy grit. To the eye a fine powder—under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. They erase not only the dirt you see but the invisible impurities as well. And they do it without making scratches in which dirt and impurities quickly collect. These flat particles cover more surface, too, therefore Old Dutch goes farther and is more economical.

Old Dutch makes everything clean, wholesome and sanitary. Use it in the kitchen to clean pots, pans, stoves, sink, floors and woodwork. For refrigerators; for bathrooms; for steps and porches. Make Old Dutch your first cleaning aid everywhere because it is the easiest, quickest and safest means of keeping the home in a condition of *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Goes farther—lasts longer

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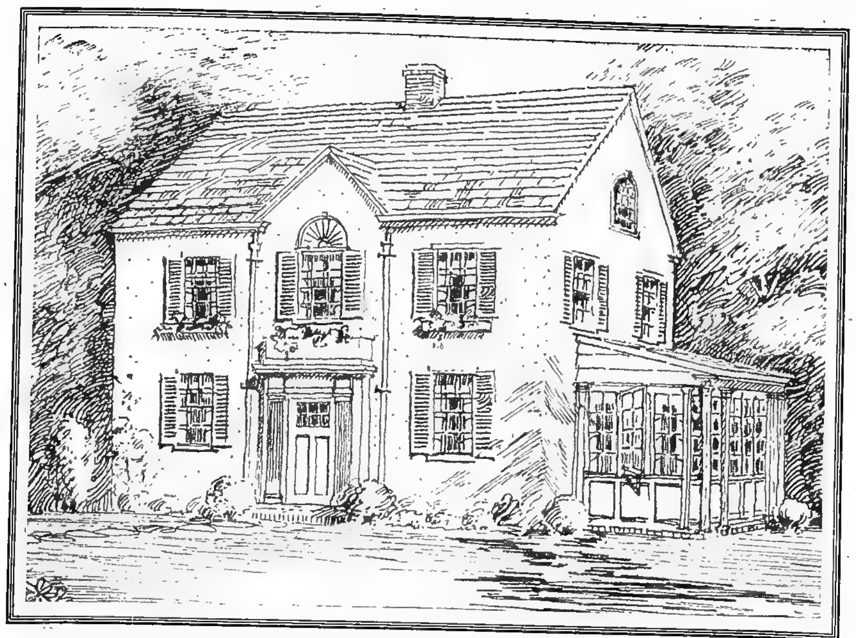


RESTFULNESS OF EFFECT IS HERE ATTAINED BY CAREFULLY BALANCED OPENINGS AND BROAD EXPANSES OF UNBROKEN WALL-SURFACE

A House of Simple Dignity

By COLLIER STEVENSON

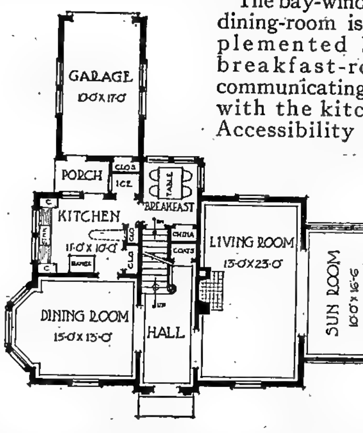
Designed by Watson K. Phillips

DIGNITY is an outstanding characteristic of this attractive little house of pleasantly simple Colonial treatment. Now, for whatever other commendable qualities they may be noted, comparatively few small houses are to-day marked by any great degree of dignity. The dignified simplicity of the pictured house is, therefore, all the more a badge of real distinction.

In the structural development of the house frame walls are employed as a foundation for an exterior finish of creamy-toned plaster of smooth texture, and shingles stained to a soft wood-brown are used for the roof of graceful proportions. The pilastered doorway, the glass-enclosed porch, the windows, and the cornice are painted alike in ivory-white, the window-blinds of stimulating emerald-green, together with the dark-red brick of the chimney, steps, and porch-floor, supplying the necessary contrast.

The area of the hall is increased by a slight projection beyond the main wall of the house—a detail of planning successfully introduced to give appropriate emphasis to the entrance. A staircase of Colonial type serves not only to beautify the hall but to establish an architectural standard, which is consistently maintained by all the other interior equipment of a structural nature. A coat-closet usefully occupies a convenient space near the staircase.

The sun-room is intimately related to the living-room by a group of four floor-length French casements, uniquely hinged to form pairs. By this arrangement the two central units may be opened either singly or together while the outer casements remain stationary, or the entire group can be swung back against the sun-room walls when an unobstructed opening is required for entertaining.



The bay-windowed dining-room is supplemented by a breakfast-room, communicating only with the kitchen. Accessibility from the living-room is suggested by the situation of the breakfast-room, tho it could be achieved solely by a sacrifice of valuable furnishing space in the living-room.

A remarkably well-handled garage, having unusual facilities for light and ventilation, a shelved closet for supplies, and direct contact with the service-porch, adjoins the house at the rear. Occupying so inconspicuous a position, the garage could, of course, be omitted if not needed.

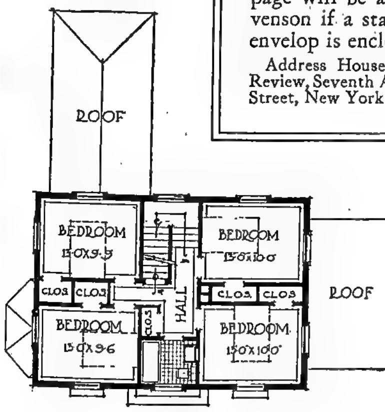
The requirements of an average household are aptly met on the second floor, where there are four bedrooms and a bath. The careful planning of the bedrooms promotes a convenient disposal of furniture, and the corner locations guarantee abundant light and air.

HOUSE-PLAN SERVICE

Thirty beautiful homes, varied in architectural style and construction, are illustrated by new photographs and plans in "Houses from Coast to Coast," compiled by Collier Stevenson. The booklet will be sent post-paid for 30c. in stamps.

Inquiries about the house on this page will be answered by Mr. Stevenson if a stamped, self-addressed envelop is enclosed.

Address House-Plan Service, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.



STAIRS RISE FROM THE SECOND FLOOR TO AN ATTIC THAT CAN BE DEVELOPED INTO EXTRA BEDROOMS

Millions choose this famous food

for flavor—for energy—for balanced nourishment

GRAPE-NUTS was made, first of all, to be good to eat—a delightful food! And it *is* delightful! Millions love the nut-like flavor stored up in these crisp, golden kernels. In Grape-Nuts, the food value of wheat and barley is carefully conserved and the characteristic flavor developed. All the goodness of this delicious grain combination is brought out for your enjoyment.

Our modern diet is often deficient in some of the essentials to health. If we were all food experts, we could select each meal to give all of the food elements in the right proportions. As it is, we get too much of some, too little or none of others. That means that some function of the body is impaired—in some respects we are literally starved. There are authorities who say this is the basic cause of all sickness.

Grape-Nuts supplies food elements which are often deficient in the average diet. It gives dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy, iron for the blood, phosphorus for the teeth and bones, protein for muscle and body-building, and the essential vitamin-B—a builder of the appetite! Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is a well-balanced ration!

It is a *crisp* food! A food you like to chew, giving teeth and gums exercise which authorities agree is the fundamental necessity for sound, beautiful teeth.

The special process of baking prepares Grape-Nuts for digestion—gives you the food elements you need with the least digestive effort. If you prefer a light breakfast, Grape-Nuts with milk or cream gives you the essentials—the energy for a morning of hard work. If you start the day with a heavier meal, eat Grape-Nuts for its vital food elements, then turn to other foods with a ready appetite. Buy a package today at your grocer's, or accept the following offer.

A series of health breakfasts—with two servings of Grape-Nuts free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

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Grape-Nuts
IN THIS FOOD IS NOURISHMENT YOU NEED in the form your body can digest
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Wild Geese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

Caleb did not learn of Judith's trip with the teacher to the farm of the Klovaczs'. But Ellen, absorbing the knowledge in his stead and reacting to it as she knew he would have done, vented her disapproval upon Amelia. She and her mother were frying doughnuts, of which Caleb was very fond, when she brought the matter up.

"It don't seem just decent to me—Jude going off that way on a Sunday to visit a strange man with no older person along," she began with a censorious press of the cutter into the dough she had rolled out on the table. "And father not home. It seems straight deceitful."

"The teacher was along, and she *is older*, Ellen," Amelia said mildly. "Surely no harm can come of it, their going off for an afternoon. Judie has so little pleasure, and she works so hard." Amelia bent over the pan of sizzling lard on the stove and felt hypocritically happy. Lind had told her of how Mark Jordan had enjoyed having the girls there.

"Well," Ellen retorted, drawing a deep injured breath, "it seems we all work hard."

"Of course we do, Ellen, and you ought to have a holiday now and then, as well as Jude," Mrs. Gare hastened to say. "There's no reason why you shouldn't. And you do get out more than Jude, you know. Jude has never been with Martin to Nykerk, and you have."

"Yes—with the cattle," Ellen fretted. "But I wouldn't sneak around getting fun. What if he had found out where she was yesterday? What if he hears about it somehow? Jude is getting more and more selfish every day. She doesn't care about any of the rest of us. She doesn't give a pin for anybody but herself."

"Now, Ellen," Amelia said conciliatorily, "don't take on so. There's no deceiving about it. Jude and the teacher just went over to cook supper for that poor young man who's living all alone there. There can't be anything so wrong in that, can there?"

"H'm," sniffed Ellen. "You'd think he was some relation or something! There's enough bachelors living alone on homesteads around here to keep Jude busy all week at that rate."

Amelia smiled and turned the doughnuts over in their pan with a fork. Ellen, if she knew the truth, would be the first to condemn her mother, out of her high tower of puritan self-righteousness.

THE days were growing longer and more full. Caleb was sending cream and some butter to the Siding again, and there was the separating and the churning to be done. The garden cost Amelia no end of work and worry; she tended the delicate tomato-vines as if they were new-born infants, and suffered momentary sinking of the heart whenever she detected signs of weakness in any of the hardier vegetables. She was grateful for the toil in which she could dwell as a sort of refuge from deeper thought.

Caleb spent much time away from the farm dealing with breeders and horse-traders, and returning heavy with importance and news from other parts which he did not divulge to those at home. The care of the animals fell largely to the children.

Following the eventful Sunday, Judith walked about in a strange dream, not quite realizing what had happened to her. That she had been for a brief space in another world, she knew—a world marvelously familiar in spite of its strangeness. But the music—it enveloped her.

She herded cattle, cleaned the stable, or hoed the potatoes to the strains of a waltz or the melody of a popular song as tho it had been a symphony concert that had lodged in her heart. And then, waking, she found Amelia, Ellen, Martin, and Charlie going about in the same dumb way, weeding the garden, tending mares in foal, carrying water, leading horses to water, searching the sky for rain, and reporting to Caleb Gare by their wordless code the fact that all was serene over the land he owned.

Observing the increasing confidence with which Caleb conducted affairs on the farm, and the meek resignation of the others, Judith began to fear that there was a sinisterly passive influence in the soil tying her to it hand and foot even while she was planning to escape.

SVEN, on the two occasions when she had seen him during her circling of the north pasture after the cattle, had urged her to speak to her mother of their plan to be married. But Judith had put off doing so, hoping that some change in Caleb's running of the farm would make it easier for Amelia to look kindly upon the announcement.

She went again to Martin and asked him if Caleb intended to hire a man for the haying.

"I'll ask him," Martin said dubiously.

He approached Caleb in the barn, where he was unwrapping a package of patent horse-medicine newly arrived through the mail-order.

"That hay is sure comin' up," Martin began. "There'll be half as much again as last year."

Caleb peered at him. He drew the cork out of one of the bottles of medicine and smelled it. Then he replaced the cork and arranged the bottles on the shelf of the barn wall.

As he made no remark, Martin was forced to go on with what he had to say without any encouragement.

"I was thinkin' it mightn't be a bad idea to get one of the half-breeds up. They're cheap, and we could get it in quicker than with the girls."

"Can't do it, Martin—can't do it this year. Wool went down ten per cent., you know," Caleb said gently. "The girls will have to be shown how to hurry."

What anger Martin was capable of feeling came to the surface now like a squall on smooth water. "I don't see what difference a little wool makes," he broke out. "I call it poor economy, figgerin' like that."

Caleb turned slowly. "It doesn't make much difference what you call it, my boy," he said in the same even tone. "This farm is goin' to be run like I want it run. When you're old enough to do it better, then I'll ask ye how." He slapped the dust from the shelves off his hands and shuffled out of the barn. Martin, red of face and humiliated, went off to find Judith.

She was mixing chicken-feed in the hen-house.

"Well, Jude, you might as well stop worryin' about Ellen. There ain't goin' to be any man for the hayin'," he remarked.

"There ain't?" Jude repeated dully after him. Her eyes hardened, but she made no further comment. After she had prepared the feed she went into the house and faced Amelia.

Judith stood before her mother with her hands in her pockets, much in the attitude of a laborer demanding his wages. There was nothing soft or confiding in the girl's manner. She had an announcement to make, and she made it.

"Sven Sandbo wants me to marry him," she stated.

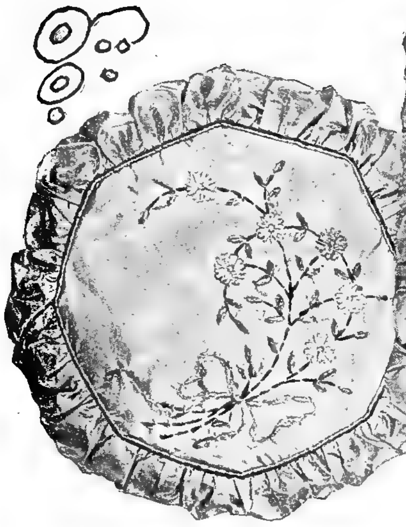
Amelia looked at her dazedly. "And will you?" she asked, in a faint voice. One of the things she had feared had come, then.

"As soon's I know *he* won't kill everybody if I do," was her reply. "You best tell him he'll need another man for the haying, and see what he says. I can't stay after that, anyway—I just can't."

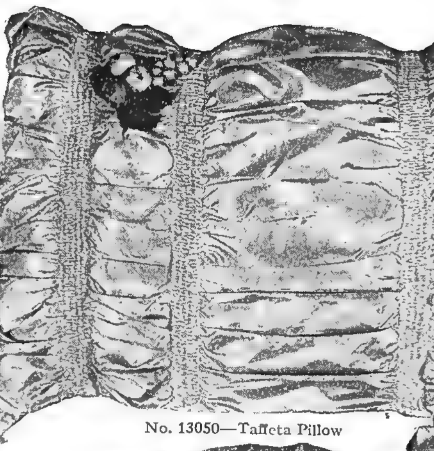
She turned abruptly on her heels and went up-stairs. It had surprized her that Amelia was not at once opposed to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

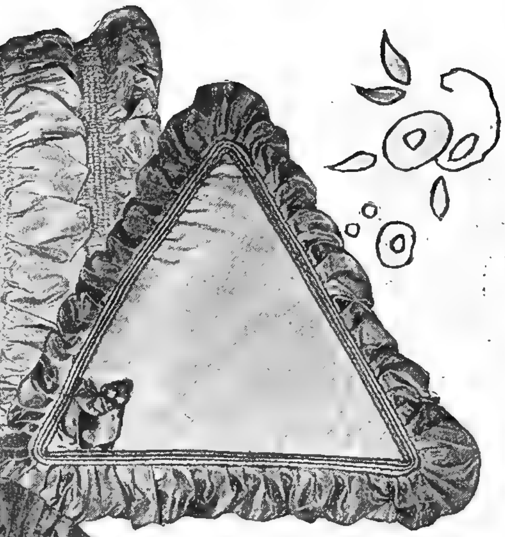
In Artistic Detail Lies the Beauty of Your Home



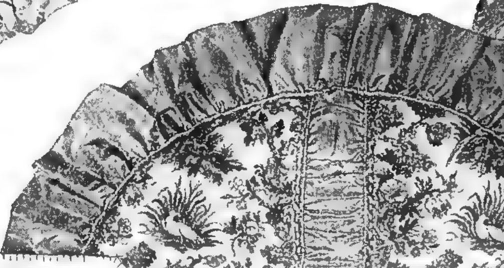
No. 13050—Pillow with Embroidery Motif



No. 13050—Taffeta Pillow

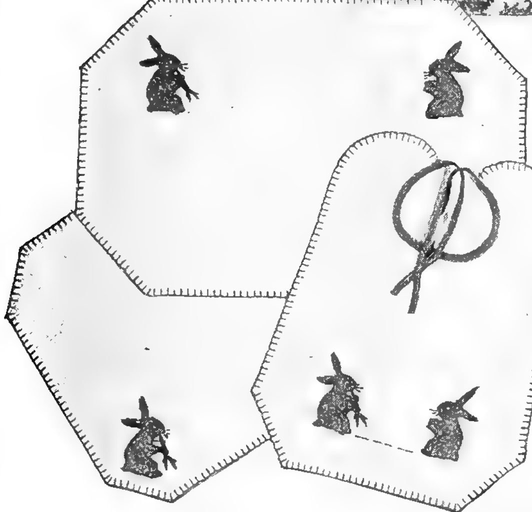


No. 13050—Pillow of Triangle Design



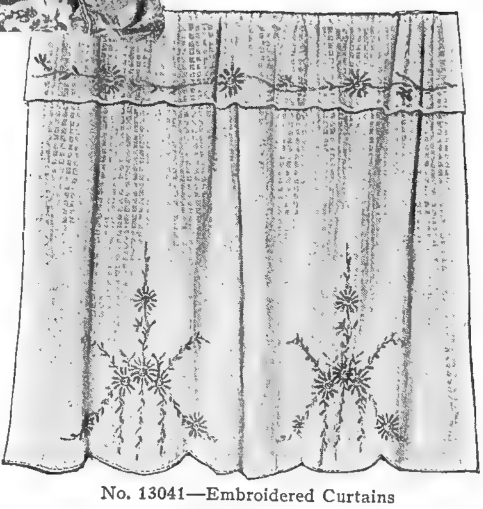
No. 13050—Crescent-shaped Pillow

The Pictorial Review Company's Pillow Design No. 13050, furnishes the outline of four pillow tops with an embroidery motif for one. They were especially designed for taffeta but may also be made of cretonne, soft silk, satin, etc. Two-tone taffeta is particularly effective. Many beautiful color combinations may be chosen to suit the decorations of the room.



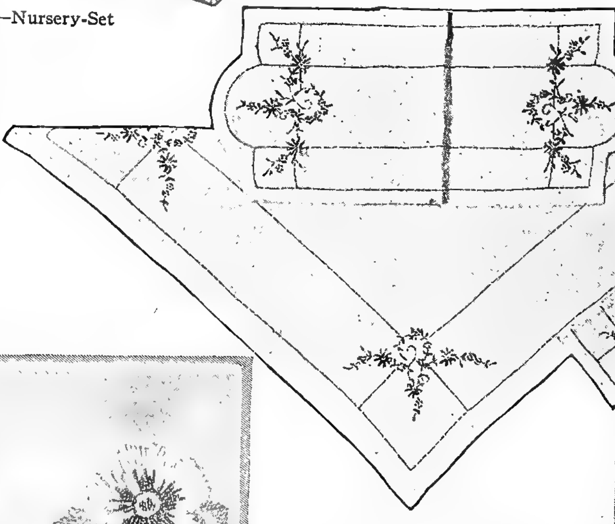
No.13048—Nursery-Set

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13048, blue only, furnishes the shape and design for a nursery set consisting of a bib, tray cloth, and napkin and an additional border. A pretty set may be of unbleached muslin, bound with red.



No. 13041—Embroidered Curtains

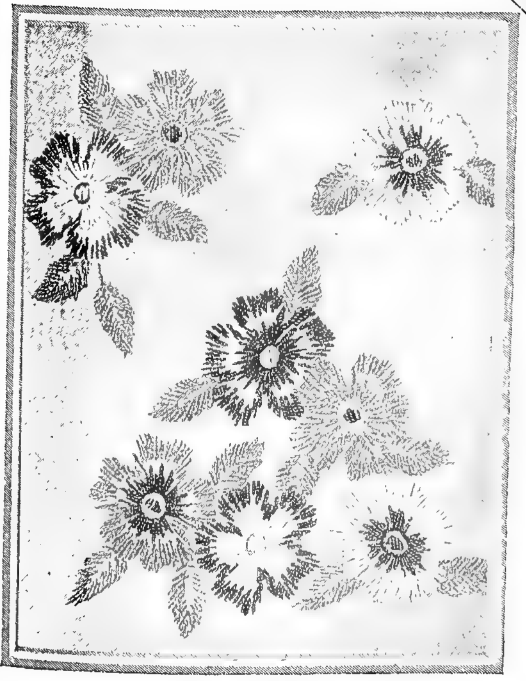
The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13041, blue only, furnishes design for two pair of curtains and a valance for one. Made of barred or checked dimity, they are dainty for kitchen, bedroom or bathroom.



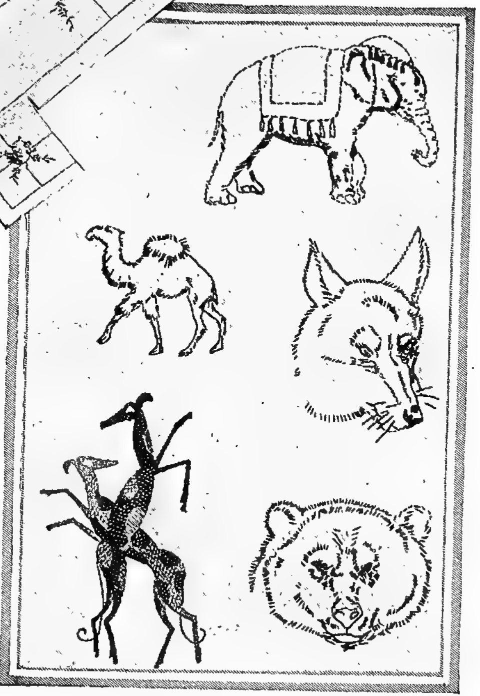
No. 13042—Luncheon-Set

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13042, blue only, furnishes shape and design for a luncheon-cloth 36 inches square, a buffet scarf 12 by 32 inches, and four napkins 11¾ inches square. Allow a 3-inch margin on the cloth for a hem, and a 2-inch margin on the scarf and napkins.

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13043, blue or yellow, including the New Color-Pictograf, furnishes two sleeve motifs 11½ inches high, two right and two left 9-inch motifs, and four of a 4-inch motif. On a background of tan satin, the motifs are effective in bright-colored wool.



No. 13043—Design Including Color-Pictograf



No. 13049—Animal Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Embroidery Design No. 13049, blue or yellow, furnishes one right and one left each of five animals for trimming frocks, blouses, etc. The dogs are 11½ inches high, elephant 7 inches, camel 5 inches, fox 8½ inches, and the bear 6 inches.

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Ordinary tooth pastes won't combat it successfully. Try the one you now use. See if the film does not still remain.

* * *

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Only one tube to a family.

Wild Geese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

the idea. She would go straight ahead now, and agree to any plan Sven suggested.

As the girl went out Amelia lifted her eyes and looked long at the rough plaster of the wall before her. It was coming, in spite of all that she could do. She could not expect the girls to sacrifice all their youth for her—she could not achieve that sacrifice with all her concentration.

Caleb would be obdurate if Jude went away with Sven. He would carry out his threat concerning Mark Jordan in order to keep the others on the farm. The disgrace would immure them all within these log walls forever. No one would want to marry into the family after the truth was out about the mother. Caleb would ruin Mark Jordan to insure himself against the desertion of the others. She knew him so well. Would it make any difference to Mark? To Lind Archer? That was the question. And she had no way of finding the answer to it.

THAT night, after the others had gone to the loft, Amelia spoke hurriedly to Caleb. He was in an unusually mellow mood, having transacted profitably during the day in regard to a second-hand hay-rack.

"Caleb, Sven Sandbo wants to marry Jude," she began in a low tone lest those in the loft should hear.

Caleb glanced up irritably. "Speak out, woman, speak out! There's nothing you're ashamed of, is there?"

Amelia drew her lips in; a flush gathered on her cheeks.

"I think she ought to marry him *now*, before Bart Nugent comes up here, if he does. He might—he might not be so careful what he says when he has had something to drink," she said nervously.

Caleb had been hinting lately that Bart Nugent might take a trip up from the city during the Summer. Amelia did not know whether to believe him or not.

Caleb began to enjoy the situation. "*You* think, do you? Hah! Scared Bart might tell the truth, eh? Rather have Sven taken in, eh? Have him think he's marryin' into fine stuff?"

"You know—you know nobody around here would marry the girls—if—if they knew."

"No," he agreed softly, "the people around here are careful of their morals. But that's no reason why you should take advantage of them. Wouldn't it be better to wait and find out what Jude is going to be before you turn her over to an honest man?"

Amelia sprang to her feet, her face white.

"I've had enough from you, you hypocrite!" she said, her voice breaking. "It isn't Jude you're thinking of. It's your filthy greed—and the work you can get out of her. If you even told the truth—I might—I might respect your bullying. But this—this—I won't bear it—you—you sneak!"

She heard her own voice without recognizing it. As he descended upon her, his eyes burning into her face, she stood rigid, all feeling gone out of her body. Then suddenly the old fear of him swept upon her like a torrent of icy water; beads of sweat broke out about her lips; her hands shook.

Caleb laughed under his breath. He spoke now almost in a whisper, as he always did when frenzy reached its height with him.

"Getting independent suddenly, are you? Mark Jordan isn't so far away but what I could reach him to-night, before I go to bed."

Amelia shook her head, her lips moving silently. If she did not end the scene the children would know that something was happening below. Lind would hear. Caleb looked at her. She was a poor thing, after all, scarcely worth the trouble.

Calmly taking off his shoes, he barred the door for the night, blew out the lamp, and went to bed. In the kitchen Amelia sat for a long time in the light of the lantern, shelling tiny new peas for something to do.

JUDITH, who had heard fragments of the talk from the thinly partitioned staircase, noiselessly crept back to bed. But she lay all that night without being able to sleep. She felt that she had learned something too terrible to frame in words. Something that kept her eternally from Sven. Monstrous conjectures as to what it might be fled through her mind like a waking nightmare. Whatever the disaster that hung over Amelia, she knew now that it threatened her as well.

The next day the thing gnawed at her mind like a pain. She could not unburden her knowledge to any one. She watched Amelia, and her pity grew—an intangible thing. There was no demonstration of affection between them, no mother-and-daughter sentiment. So that the feeling Judith had in regard to Amelia was rather a deeper thing, springing from the broad stratum of human sympathy.

When she went for the cattle she took the wood road on the opposite side of the timber, out of sight of the Sandbos', to avoid meeting Sven. The evening was so clear that the trees in the brush seemed to be standing in a glaze. She heard him calling across the swamps to his own cattle, and knew that it was to make her hear. It made her bitterly lonely. But there was no romance of desire in her loneliness. What she had heard had made her feel soiled and mysteriously unworthy. "Nobody would marry her if they knew," Amelia had said.

She shut herself in from the teacher completely. Here was something raw, inexorable, that Lind, who had soft fingers and belonged to that other world of dance and magic music, could never understand.

A horse dropped dead one day in the pasture, and Caleb sent Martin and Charlie out to skin it. Before the carcass had been taken away Judith came upon it, red and horrible in the burning sunlight. After that the hurt in her mind seemed to take on the image of the horse.

She worked like a tireless machine from morning till night, and Caleb almost admitted his pleasure to her.

"I'll be goin' in to town one of these days, Jude. Perhaps there's something you'd like me to bring you—a pair of shoes, or something like that," he suggested, as if he did not know that she was wearing Charlie's boots for want of shoes.

"H'mp!" Judith muttered. "I don't want anything."

Amelia noticed Judith's stolid indifference to everything about her, and she reproached herself even while she was reminded of the vow she had made to herself in the garden the day she had seen Mark Jordan. "She is too proud to ask me whether I have spoken to him about the man for the haying," she guessed, "and it's worrying her." But long custom kept her silent. They were separate workers under Caleb Gare, each with her own concerns.

CALEB'S acres of delicate flax became a tissue of pale silver under the sky. Caleb watched it daily now, measured its height, noticed the moisture in the soil. The flax was his pride—his great hope. He had planted twice as much this year as last. Articles on its cultivation had become to him the Word of God. The rye-grass would grow abundantly without a thought, and he would sell it well, but the flax was a thing to pray over.

On the day following his little differ-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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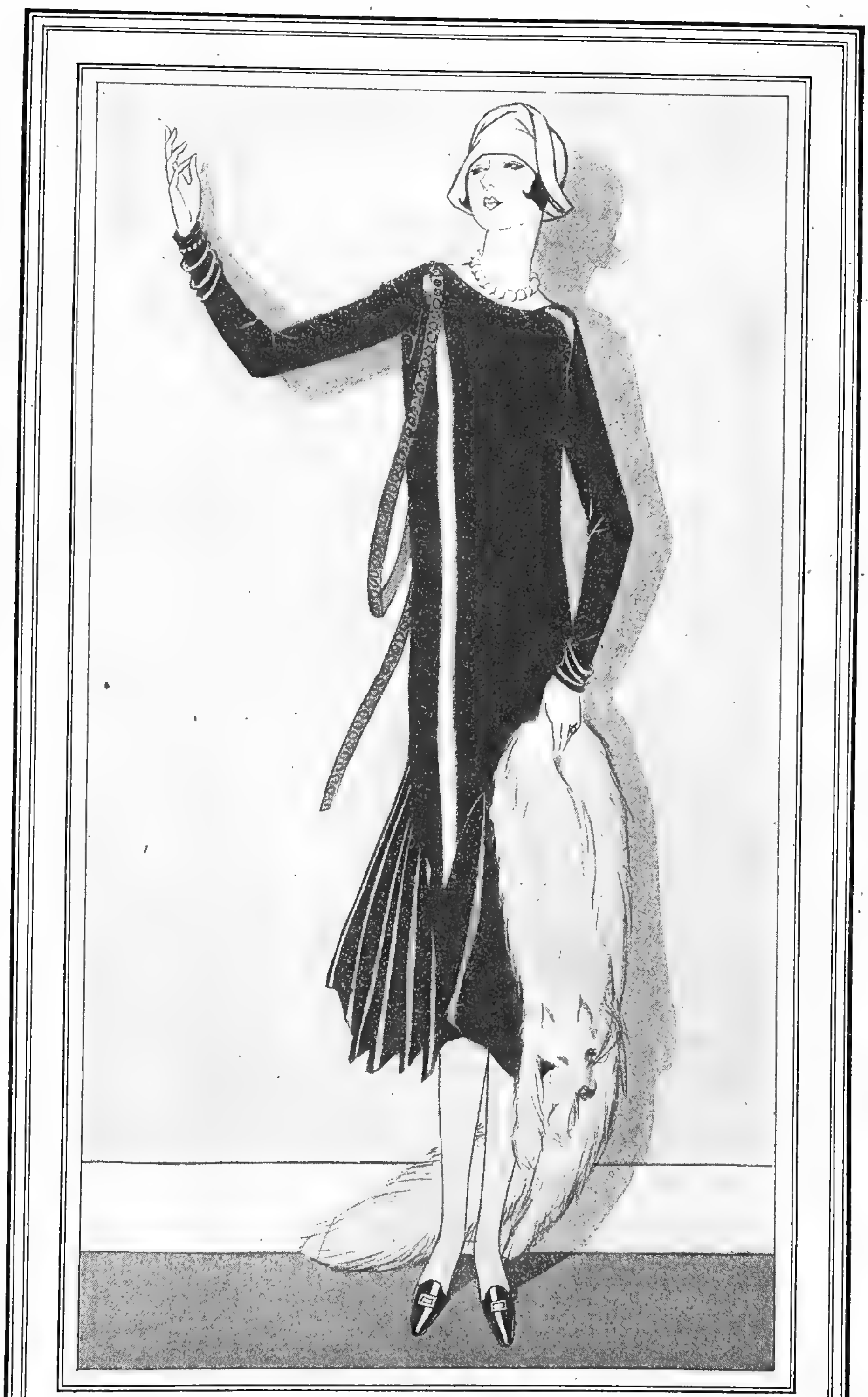

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With this issue, Pictorial Review Magazine inaugurates a service of the greatest importance to women. Save the articles of this series for future reference.

Mrs. Picken for the past nine years has been Director of Instruction of the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Science of Scranton, Pennsylvania. She prepared the Institute's complete courses in sewing, dressmaking and designing and has directed the teaching of more than two hundred thousand students in those subjects.

Prior to this period she had devoted many years to the study and practice of her art. She graduated from seven schools of dressmaking, taught sewing in high schools, night schools and private classes, conducted her own dressmaking shop, and all the while was herself an efficient homemaker.

Her fine appreciation of the practical needs of the home woman, her long personal experience as housewife, author, editor, teacher, dressmaker and business executive have carried her to undisputed distinction in her field.

In every city, town and country community throughout the United States and Canada she is known and admired by mothers, wives and daughters who have been helped by her with their clothes problems, who have treasured her letters of intimate understanding, and who think of her always as a friend.

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY

The New

LET'S make a dress—a modishly smart silk dress that definitely expresses the new.

Yes, there will be new features, possibly some things to do you have never done before. And that is just why I want to tell you about them now. I want you to know now, at the very beginning of the new season, just how to achieve the smart effects that the mode demands of the well dressed woman.

You shall see that some dashing new venture of fashion is not difficult to copy in a dress of your own. The important thing is simply to know the right way to effect it and the right way is always the easiest way, of course. There is no reason at all why you cannot attain both smartness and becomingness in your own clothes if you will just pause to study and understand each new feature of fashion that each new season brings us. Then you can proceed with confidence to make the lovely dresses of your choice.

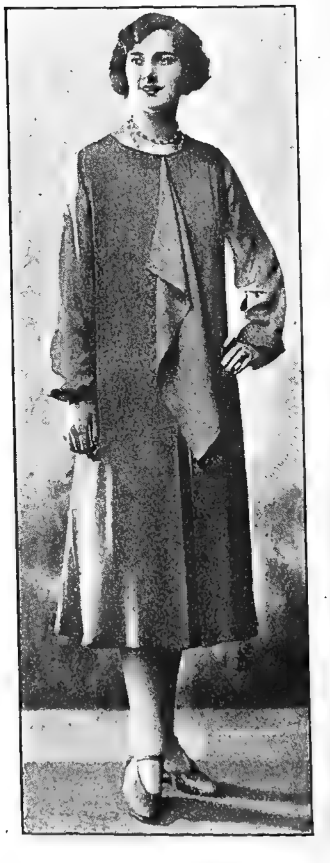
So this month I have chosen a silk dress that admirably expresses the mode, and I shall take you through the making of it step by step. There's a reason for choosing silk—it helps us in parting with the sleeveless Summer frocks and helps to put us in mood for the trim cloth dresses that the Fall mode whispers it will so definitely favor.

Here is a dress in which we can find a threefold delight—in the planning, the making, and the wearing. The kick plait, the flare tunic, the long underarm, the peasant sleeve, the cascade front, and the trimmed back are all suggestive of the accepted fashion.

To carry smartness through pattern to finished product, your pattern and material must be in accord. In this case, a firm crêpe or satin is desirable to give appropriate weight to the dress. In buying dress silks, choose good quality silks. Flimsy silks are all right for lingerie but not smart enough for good looking dresses. In this case, 4 yards of 40-inch heavy crêpe de Chine was used, with ⅜ of a yard of heavy Georgette for the cascade and ties. Designed from 2846.

You may choose for your color, black, navy, pansy purple, rosewood, Indian tan, or Autumn blond, and use, if you wish, a contrasting or harmonizing color for the Georgette cascade and ties.

One thing should always appeal to you in making your own dresses. Even though there are many patterns of one model sold, no two dresses need ever be exactly alike, because you can express your own preference for fabric, for color, for trimming, and then, by your own care in finishing, make your dress truly expressive of you.



Steps Necessary to Make a Lovely Dress.—Dresses are not tedious to make once you know just what to do. Take, for example, the dress shown here. Procure the pattern in exactly your size, being careful to get the correct bust and hip measurements; also test it for length. The pattern is designed for a figure five feet six inches in height; if you are taller or shorter, follow instructions on the pattern to make the length right for you.

MAKING BETTER DRESSES

By MARY BROOKS PICKEN

DRESSMAKING EDITOR

Silks Allure Us—We Buy—Then Find Them Delightfully Easy to Sew

Read and Study the Instructions.—Every word printed on the pattern and envelope is important. Lay the pattern on the material economically and correctly according to instruction. Mark each large perforation with a tailor's tack, and cut each notch neatly, not too deep. Notches correctly placed save time in putting the garment together, so miss nary a one.

When your dress is cut and basted, all notches corresponding, all tailor's tack marks meeting, which will bring all plaits in place, slip the dress on for fitting. Before fitting a dress, always take the precaution to prepare for it. A little powder and arranging of stray locks make us like our dresses better, especially if we take the pains to have shoes, corsets, and slip as nearly as possible like what we will wear with the finished dress.

Fit with Style as Your First Consideration.—Stand in front of your mirror and survey yourself. If you have bought your pattern according to correct measurement and have taken the desired precautions about length, you should have very little fitting to do. If the dress is slightly snug, or if it is too loose, stitch outside or inside your basting lines to correct the trouble. This is so simple to do without interfering in any sense with the essential style lines.

Let me caution you now to avoid too much fitting. Remember that Fashion calls for grace in line and this can quickly be lost in a dress that is fitted too much.

Mark the hem line. Skirts are very short, but strive for becomingness. A half inch either way will not affect the style, yet it may affect the appearance of the dress when it is on. When you know the hem is even, pin it in place. The reason for doing this at this time is to allow the tunic edges to be finished and progress to be made with the finishing of the dress before the next fitting.

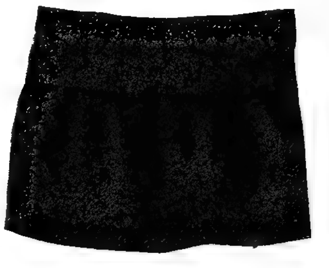


Fig. 1

To Construct this Dress.—After the dress is removed, shirr the fulness at the underarm seam. This, you see, is for ease and to overcome the dart that might otherwise be required. Ease this fulness in to a distance of about 3 inches, as shown in Fig. 1, taking care that no plaits form when the seam is stitched. Sew the underarm and shoulder seams, then bind the neck. By doing this at this time, you protect it from stretching in handling and thus insure a more satisfactory neck line.

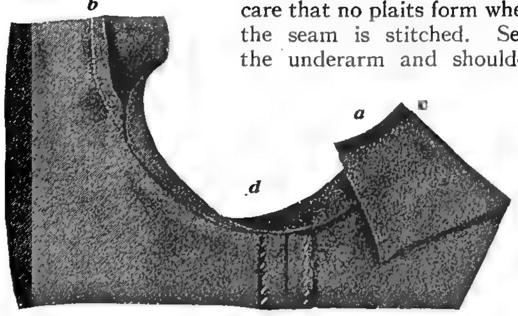


Fig. 2

Notice the neck finish, as in Fig. 2, especially because of its newness. It gives, as you see, at *a*, the effect of a handmade piping, but it is all made by machine. To make it, first cut a true bias binding $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch wide. Place the right side of the binding to the right side of the dress. Stitch in a generous $\frac{1}{8}$-inch seam, as at *b*. Turn the free edge of the bias over and stitch just outside the first row of stitching, as at *c*, catching the raw edge, but keeping the stitching free from the right side. Press the bias piece flat on the wrong side, so that it will appear as at *d*, with a neat piping on the right, as at *a*.

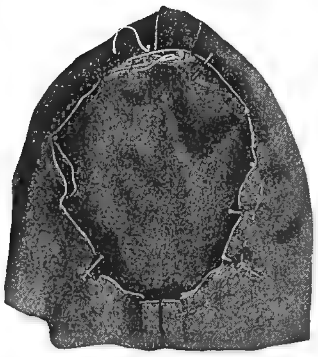


Fig. 3

Baste the sleeves in, using short, easy stitches, but do not stitch until after you have had a final fitting, when you will want to see that the sleeves set correctly. Baste the hem. Finish the bottom of the sleeve seam, as shown in Fig. 4, preparatory to joining the cuff. Hems such as these are less conspicuous than applied facings, and if a wee buttonhole bar is made on the inside at the top of the opening, the opening will be quite secure. Note that the sleeve seams, as at *a*, and the underarm seams are stitched, pressed open, and overcasted.

Keep an iron near by. Press all seams as you make them, using a moderate iron and press for perfection rather than just for smoothing. If the seams are pressed as you make the dress, you will find that it appears more professionally done when finished, and it will save time, too, because there will be less to do at the final pressing.

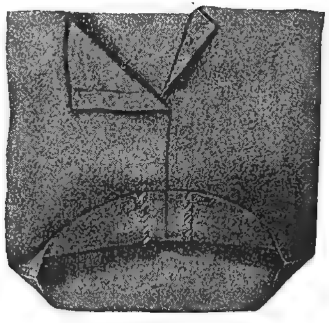


Fig. 4

Finishing the Tunic Edges.—A simple, practical way to finish the tunic edge is by means of a center-stitched binding, as shown in Fig. 5. At *a*, you see the edge turned a generous $\frac{1}{4}$ inch; at *b*, a second turn is made; *c* shows another turn in process, and *d* shows how both turns are held secure by the stitching which is made directly in the center, holding the corner squarely as shown.

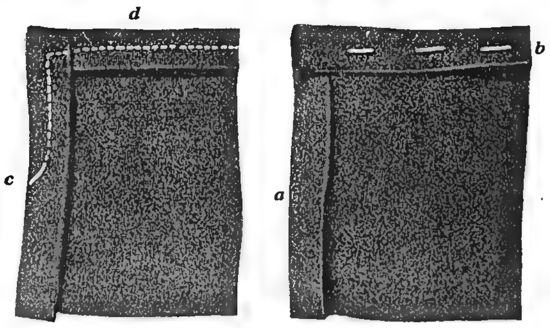


Fig. 5

Finish the cascade edge the same as the tunic, and slip this inside the seam at the center front so that it begins exactly at the top of the plait and comes just below the piping at the neck.

Fig. 6 shows how the back of the tunic flare is fastened to the back of the dress, first on the seam line with machine stitching, then the raw edge turned in and whipped down for neat and secure finishing.

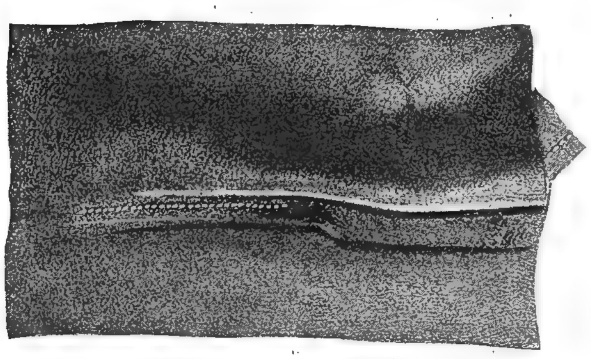


Fig. 6

After the kick plait is pressed, stitch it as shown in Fig. 7, so that the stitching line is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and very perfect, because of its showing from the right side. Overcast this edge, then bring the top of the inside skirt up, as at *a*, and overcast it to the top of the plait, taking care all the while to keep every part smooth and flat so that no drawing will be evident.

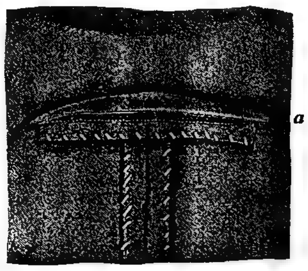


Fig. 7

Final Fitting of Your Dress.—Put the dress on with as much care as before. See that the sleeves set right. Note the length of the sleeves. Remember that they should come just to the wrist and not appear short. The finish is a simple band $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch deep, and may be cut slightly wider if necessary. Observe the hem also at this time to make sure that it is perfectly even.

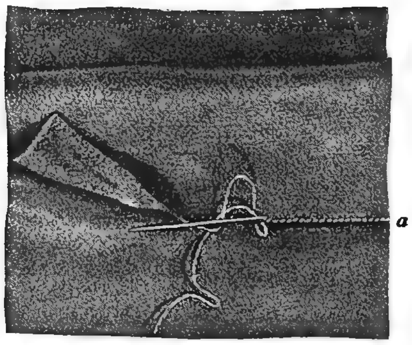


Fig. 8

In putting in a hem by hand, it is advisable to first stitch the top of the hem by machine, as shown at *a*, Fig. 8. This gives a foundation for the hem and makes it easier to put the stitches in without their showing on the right side. In slipstitching a hem, barely catch the material of the skirt, but take a firm stitch in the edge of the hem. Also, to prevent tearing the hem out, take a backstitch in the hem edge every five or six stitches.

When the dress is completed, thread ends pulled through to the wrong side, every necessary point caught securely with a few finishing stitches, put the dress over the pressing board, wrong side out, and go over it entirely, pressing each part very well. Never push your iron as you would in ironing linen, but lift it frequently. Move it easily over the fabric so as not to stretch the material or destroy any of its newness.

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The Scientific Side of
YOUTH & BEAUTY
What is feminine hygiene?

Women who know, say: "Tell every woman!"

WOMEN of today who know the sense of feminine charm, the feeling of immaculacy and well-being that feminine hygiene gives, say: "Tell every woman about this important new practice which preserves her health and daintiness and protects her from disease".

This delicate subject of feminine hygiene is of the utmost importance. Your physician will tell you of its value in the great modern health-crusade against insidious infection. Health authorities now advocate it for every mature woman. Once you have adopted it you will use it regularly.

Your physician will tell you further that the selection of your antiseptic for feminine hygiene is of the utmost importance. He will recommend to you "Lysol" Disinfectant, the *standard* antiseptic in leading hospitals and with physicians everywhere.

Why your physician recommends "Lysol"

THE antiseptic you use for this vital health practice must be utterly germ-destroying, to provide you with complete antisepsis. It must also be gentle and soothing, free from any ingredient that would cause the slightest irritation. It is from these two essential standpoints that "Lysol" is acknowledged the perfect antiseptic for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is three times stronger than carbolic acid. Yet in proper proportion its effect is actually soothing and lubricating. It is less irritating than fine toilet soap. It leaves you with the protection of complete antisepsis, and the general soothing feeling of comfortable well-being. It is also a gentle deodorant.

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IF YOU do not know authoritatively the facts about feminine hygiene, and the great comfort and protection it can be to you, send for a free set of the "Lysol" Health Library. One of the three volumes contains a simple and concise story, scientifically accurate, with directions for "Lysol's" many uses.

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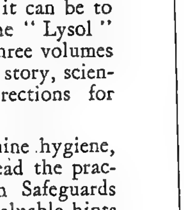

Wild Geese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

ence, as he called it, with Amelia, he walked through and through the timber he had "bought" of Fusi Aronson, with increasing satisfaction. To the south lay the muskeg and the dried lake bottom that he had disposed of in exchange for the timber. Fusi would no doubt be able to put it to good use—the Icelanders were a thrifty lot.

He smiled to himself as he saw how things were shaping up. It was all a matter of concentration and one got what one wanted. True, it might be a little difficult to persuade the pig-headed Thorvaldson to sell the grazing-land adjacent to his own on the west. It was a shameful waste of land, given up to a few head of moth-eaten scrub horses. He would have to get around Thorvaldson.

Caleb felt secure and mellow after his encounter with Amelia. She had betrayed by her attitude that she would not abet Judith in any scheming. And, like all thorough egotists, he could not conceive of Judith's crossing him without the support of at least one other member of the family. Caleb had no special desire to bring matters to a climax in regard to Mark Jordan. As it stood the thing savored of intrigue and the pervasive, subterranean control of a master. In a sense, it had lost its serious significance and had become a sort of game by which he amused himself.

A dénouement, while it would perhaps tighten the screws on the fixtures on the farm, would make him less an heroic figure in a mystery. For Caleb, altho he had known of Amelia's moral defection before he had married her, had always looked upon himself as the betrayed and cheated victim in a triangle. It was perhaps this which prevented him from ever feeling pangs of remorse for his acts. His sensibilities were crystallized in the belief that life had done him an eternal wrong, which no deed of his own could overavenge.

On the last day of June, Caleb went to the city in the south. It was a semiannual journey which occupied only three or four days, and was made solely for the purpose of laying in such provisions as could not be obtained at Yellow Post or at Nykerk, but it was attended always by a show of solemn importance. And there was never a releasing of tension after Caleb's departure; he always took pains to set tasks which would remain behind like an image of himself.

Judith was free to go where she liked without discovery for four days. But she did not try to find Sven Sandbo.

CALEB was away, but things went on with the same unbroken monotony: Martin finished the wagon-shed, and dreamed his dream of the new house; Amelia and Ellen worked in the garden, milked, churned, and sent the balance of the cream to the Siding with Skuli Erickson, from whom the cans were borrowed for the purpose, Caleb not believing in buying them for so short a season. Judith and Charlie tended the live stock.

The teacher, free of her school duties for two weeks in the month of July, watched the Gares out of the pity of her heart, and came no closer to any of them. Ellen harbored a scarcely concealed resentment for everything about Lind Archer, from the dainty underwear she hung on the line to dry, to the manner in which she taught the children at school to look for beauty in every living thing. She pointedly refrained from remembering whether Lind took sugar in her tea or not, so little did the teacher and her tastes mean to her.

Martin avoided her out of sheer shyness and awe. Charlie was more unbending, and offered to play "catch" with her now and then, but the boy, old as he was, was peevish and sulked when he did not get his own way, and Lind could draw nothing from him that was not a reflection of Caleb.

Lind was nonplused by Judith. Whenever the girl spoke to her it was in a brusk, almost offensive tone. Lind had gone to the Sandbos' one evening, where she frequently met Mark Jordan, and Sven had asked her why Judith went out of her way in order not to meet him when she brought in the cattle. But she could get no response from Judith when she approached her in Sven's behalf. It hurt and surprized her, especially after the pleasant Sunday when Judith's restraint had been so completely broken.

On a drowsy afternoon during Caleb's absence, Lind took the little pony of the Sandbo children and rode to the homestead of Dora Brund, Mrs. Sandbo's married daughter, who, according to her mother, lived a life of misery under a brutal husband. "The poor girl," Mrs. Sandbo had lamented. "She vill be so glad vhen you come."

The trail led several miles along a swamp mottled with clumps of floating moss and rank, hair-like grass. The landscape had a suave bleakness, as if it were complacent in its poverty.

LIND wished that Mark Jordan were with her. She got so much from him of warm ease and contemplative companionship. There was an impersonal glow in him. He offered her always a deliciously casual intimacy that never once bordered upon a redeclaration of the feeling he had expressed on the night when she had come in upon him out of the rain. It piqued her to know, however, that the thought dwelt just behind his eyes whenever he looked at her, and that there had been times when she had not dared to meet his eyes for fear of precipitating the moment that each knew lay ahead.

Lind was wisely aware that she could not see much of Mark without causing comment of a malicious nature among the settlers. The intolerance of the earth seemed to have crept into their very souls. And the school-teacher above all was looked to as a model of propriety. But there were moments when Lind could have thrown her concern to the winds and fled from the overhanging chill of the Gares to the shelter of the Klovacz homestead and buried her face in Mark Jordan's shoulder from sheer loneliness.

She looked out now upon the level monotony of the prairie with its low, ragged woodland on the west, north of the Gares', and wondered how she would live through the Summer. Were it not for Mark, who, she knew, would miss her keenly, she would have gone back to the city for the short vacation.

Back among a few lean shreds of birch-trees stood the "shack" of the Brunds. It was covered with tar-paper and perpendicular laths. It looked like a flat pan upside down on the ground. In the only window at the front of the house hung a lace curtain with frayed lace edges. The slanting barn and the two ungainly-looking outhouses that could be looked straight through, so large were the crevices in them, stood below a slope near the margin of Latt's Slough. Joel Brund's cattle stood knee-deep in the water, all staring absently at Lind.

Dora Brund opened the door and looked at Lind with round, china-blue eyes. Her face was emptily pretty; her full, small mouth had a sulky droop. She wore a pink wrapper that was sticky with food, and on her round breast dangled four linked safety-pins. An odor of cheap talcum-powder hung about her heavily.

"I am Lind Archer," the teacher smiled at her. "Your mother told me where you lived and I thought I'd like to call on you."

"Oh—yes, you're the teacher," Dora said. "Sit down, please, and I'll get my clothes on. I been working round all day. You got no idea how it is in a place like this. No time to clean up decent in,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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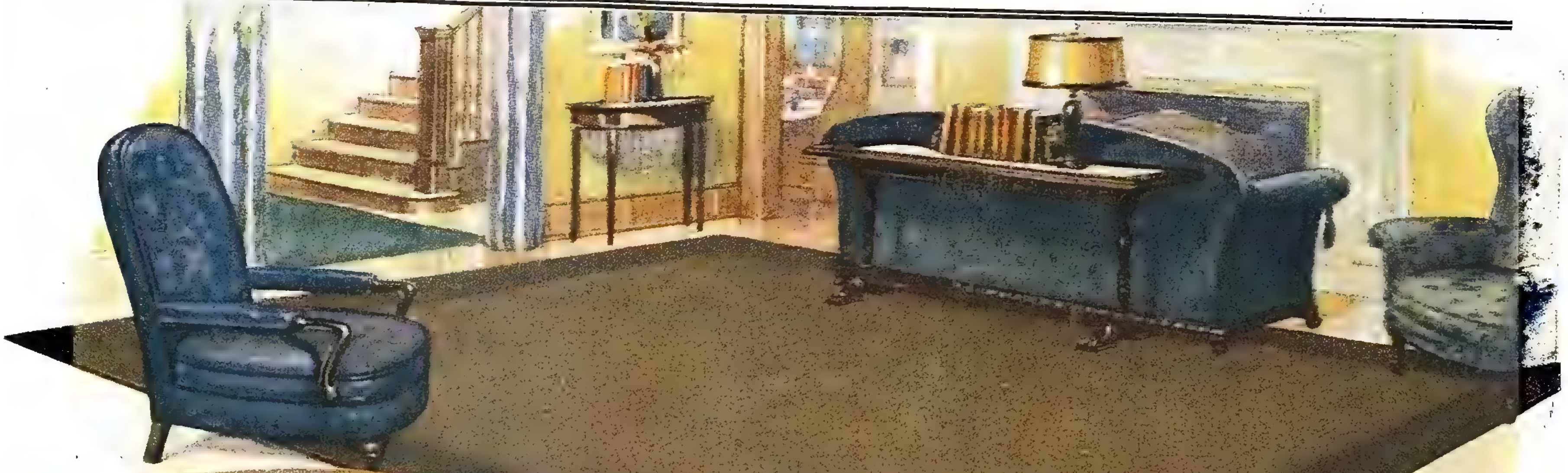

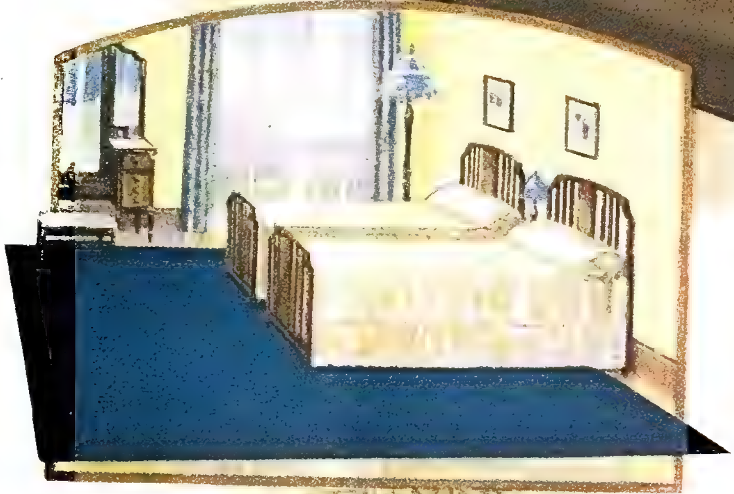

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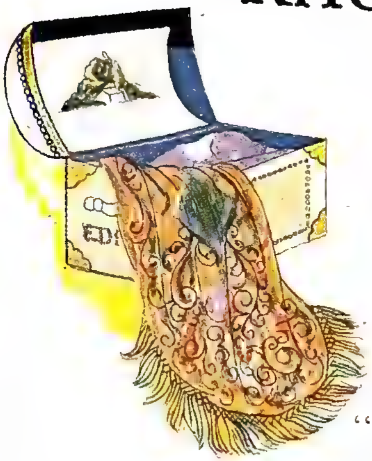
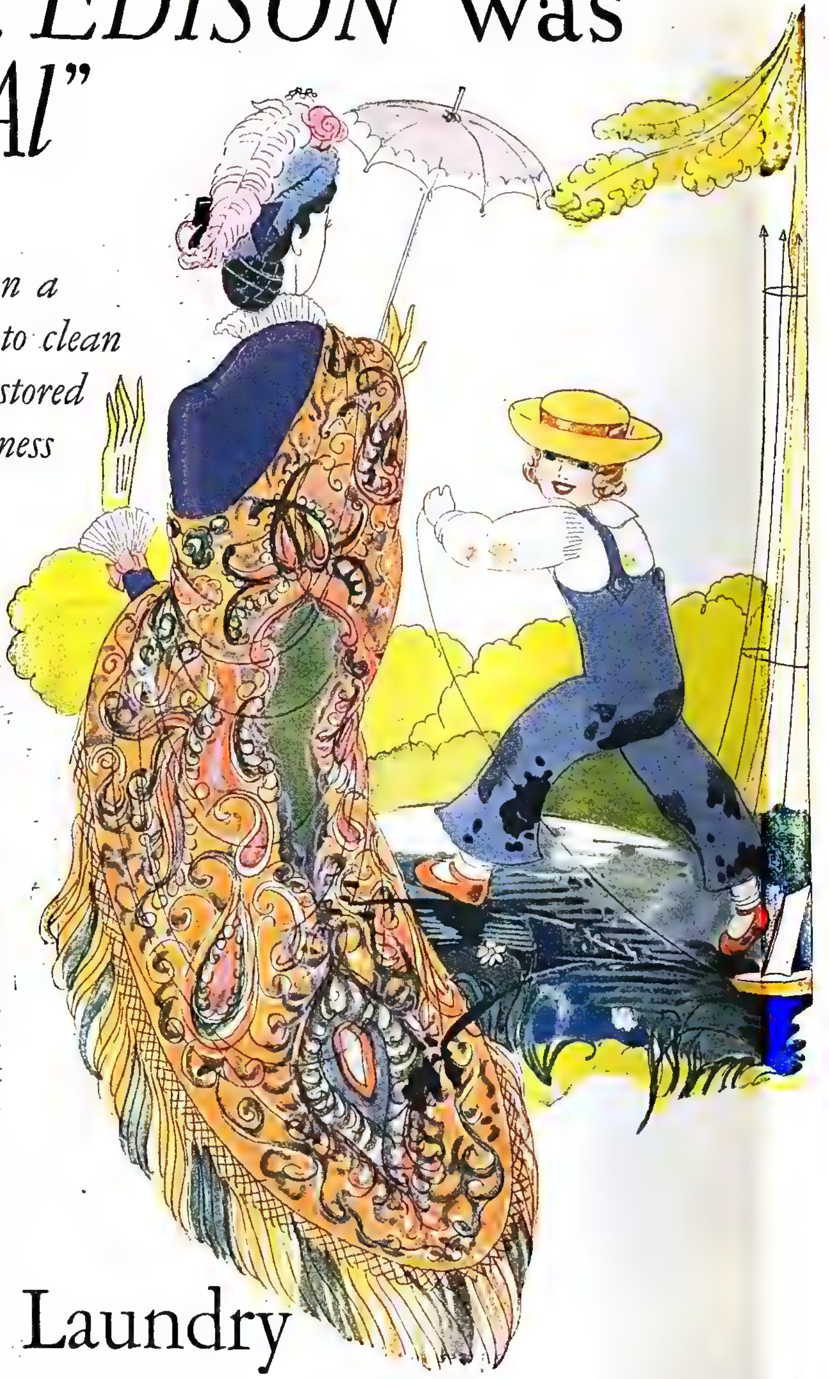
When *THOMAS A. EDISON* was known as *"Little Al"*



He accidentally splashed mud on a beautiful Paisley shawl ~ attempts to clean it failed ~ 65 years later Lux restored this treasured heirloom to loveliness



"MY Mother was out walking one day with *her* Mother who wore a beautiful Paisley Shawl about her shoulders.

"As they were passing a warehouse, a little boy jumped from a wagon to the sidewalk, immediately in front of them. The plank was loose and a big splash of muddy water literally covered the beautiful Paisley.

"Grandmother attempted to clean it, but such 'soaps' as she had were ineffectual.

"The little boy who soiled the shawl was then known as little Al Edison, now known as Thomas A. Edison. As near as Mother could remember, this incident occurred in 1855. In 1920 the Paisley was given a thorough Lux washing and restored to its original beauty—after 65 years!"

Mrs. Jean Pratt, Chicago, Ill.

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For years you washed all your fine things in marvelous, bubbling Lux suds and you saw them bloom with a fresher, sweeter beauty. You saw how soft and smooth Lux left your hands.

Then one Monday—a new idea! Joyfully you plunge *all* your clothes—the whole week's laundry — into rich active Lux suds. Such nice clothes, too — for which you have to pay so much more nowadays than formerly—really, they *do* deserve the care you give your silks and woolens.

With what deep satisfaction you fold away your laundry! Not since the day you bought them have you seen your clothes look as beautiful as they do after their Lux-washing—colored ginghams and prints so bright and fresh, house linens so snowy white! And Lux is such a relief to your hands.

You'll be amazed to see how far a little Lux goes—it's really an economy to use it.

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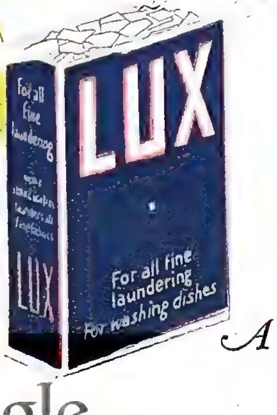
Drop a few Lux flakes—just about one teaspoonful—into your dishpan. See the difference! Lux leaves your hands soft and smooth-white. It treats them as kindly as the finest toilet soap. Your hands quickly respond to this care—wash your dishes in Lux today! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



A little Lux goes so far it's an economy to use it

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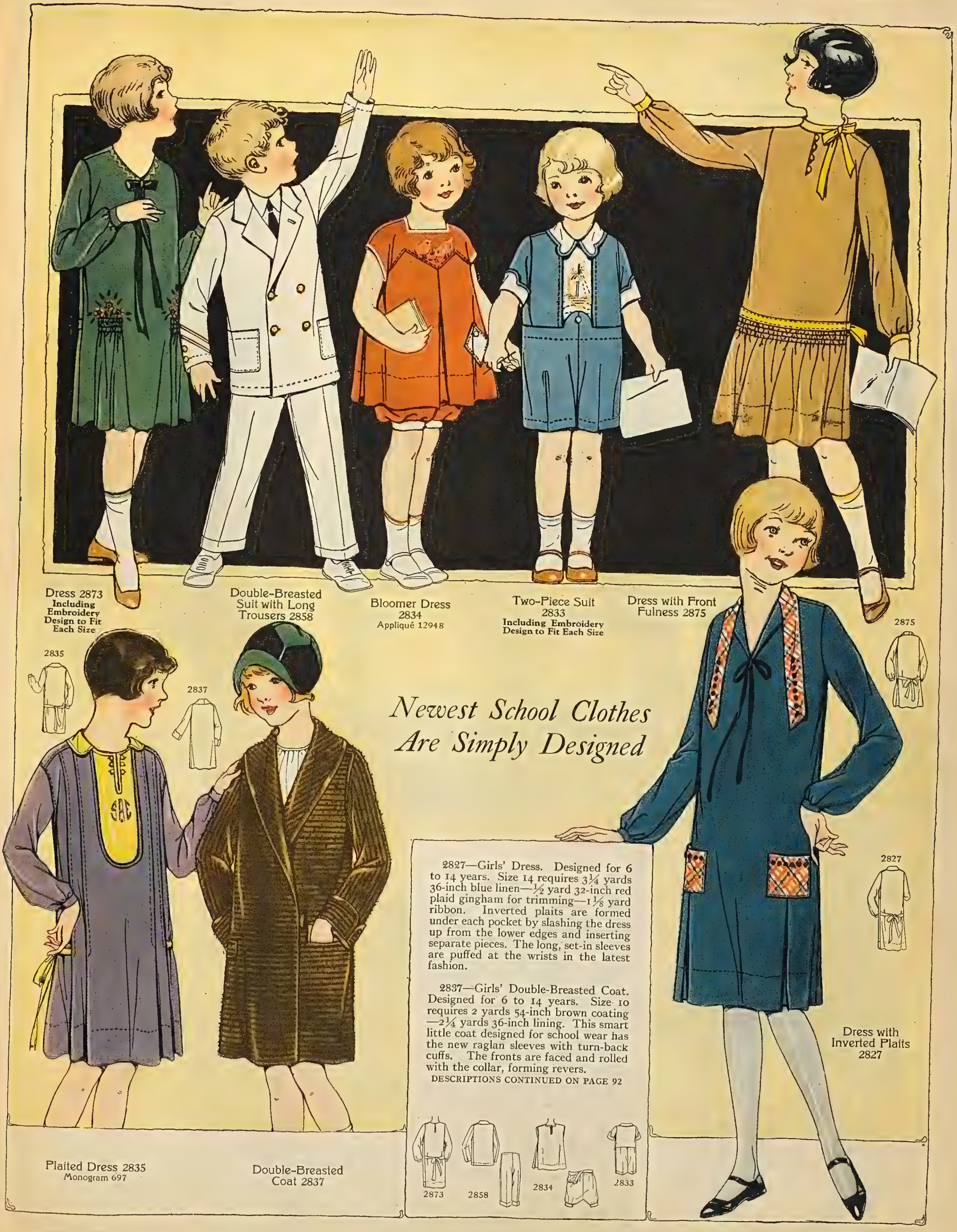

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Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

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Double-Breasted Coat 2837

Dress with Inverted Plaits
2827

2827—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch blue linen—½ yard 32-inch red plaid gingham for trimming—1⅛ yard ribbon. Inverted plaits are formed under each pocket by slashing the dress up from the lower edges and inserting separate pieces. The long, set-in sleeves are puffed at the wrists in the latest fashion.

2837—Girls' Double-Breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 54-inch brown coating—2¼ yards 36-inch lining. This smart little coat designed for school wear has the new raglan sleeves with turn-back cuffs. The fronts are faced and rolled with the collar, forming revers.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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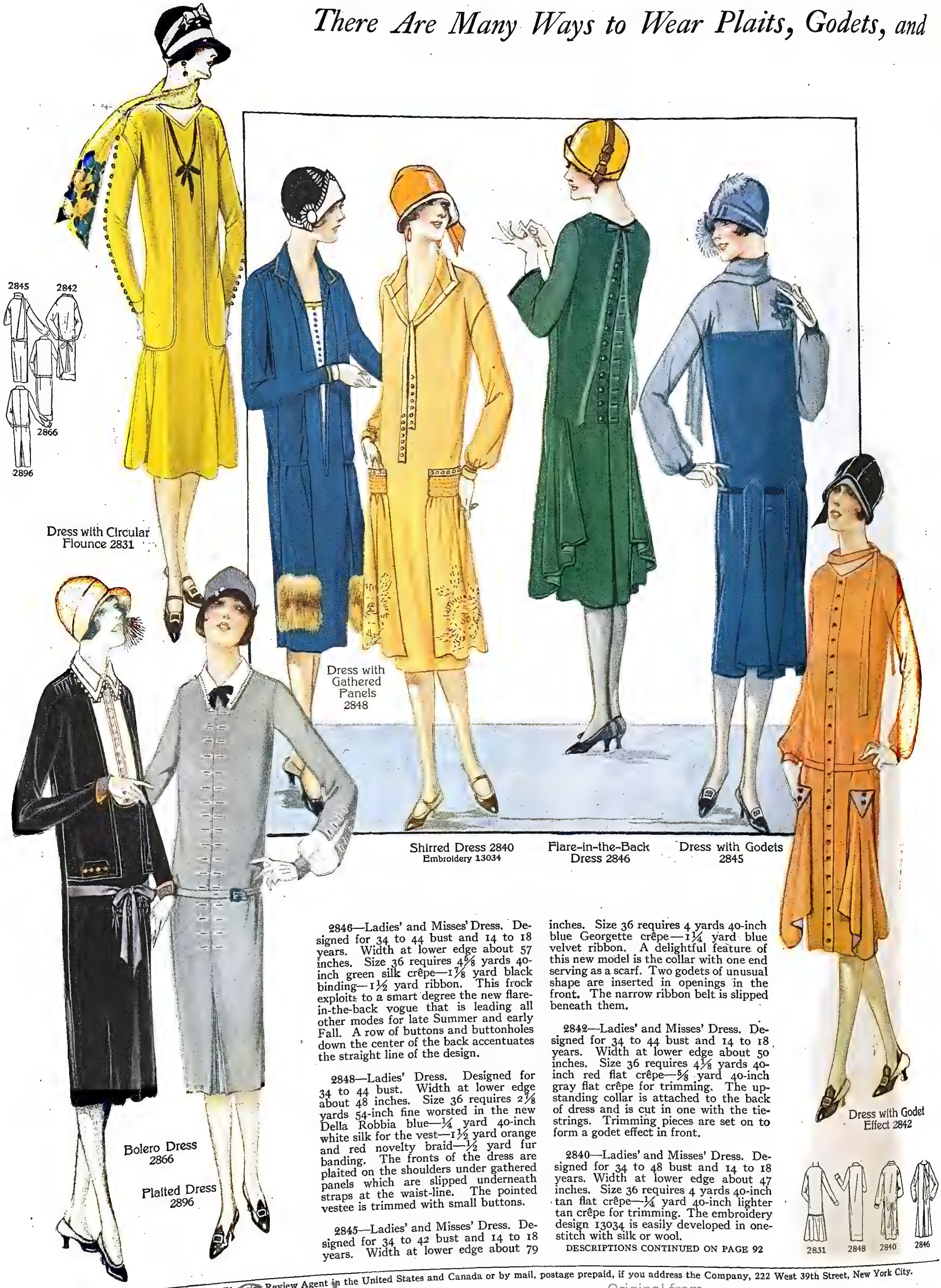
There Are Many Ways to Wear Plaits, Godets, and



Dress with Circular Flounce 2831

Dress with Gathered Panels 2848

Shirred Dress 2840
Embroidery 13034

Flare-in-the-Back Dress 2846

Dress with Godets 2845

Bolero Dress 2866

Plaited Dress 2896

Dress with Godet Effect 2842

2846—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 57 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch green silk crêpe—1⅛ yard black binding—1½ yard ribbon. This frock exploits to a smart degree the new flare-in-the-back vogue that is leading all other modes for late Summer and early Fall. A row of buttons and buttonholes down the center of the back accentuates the straight line of the design.

2848—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch fine worsted in the new Della Robbia blue—¼ yard 40-inch white silk for the vest—1½ yard orange and red novelty braid—½ yard fur banding. The fronts of the dress are plaited on the shoulders under gathered panels which are slipped underneath straps at the waist-line. The pointed vestee is trimmed with small buttons.

2845—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 79 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch blue Georgette crêpe—1¼ yard blue velvet ribbon. A delightful feature of this new model is the collar with one end serving as a scarf. Two godets of unusual shape are inserted in openings in the front. The narrow ribbon belt is slipped beneath them.

2842—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 50 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch red flat crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch gray flat crêpe for trimming. The upstanding collar is attached to the back of dress and is cut in one with the tie-strings. Trimming pieces are set on to form a godet effect in front.

2840—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 47 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch tan flat crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch lighter tan crêpe for trimming. The embroidery design 13034 is easily developed in one-stitch with silk or wool.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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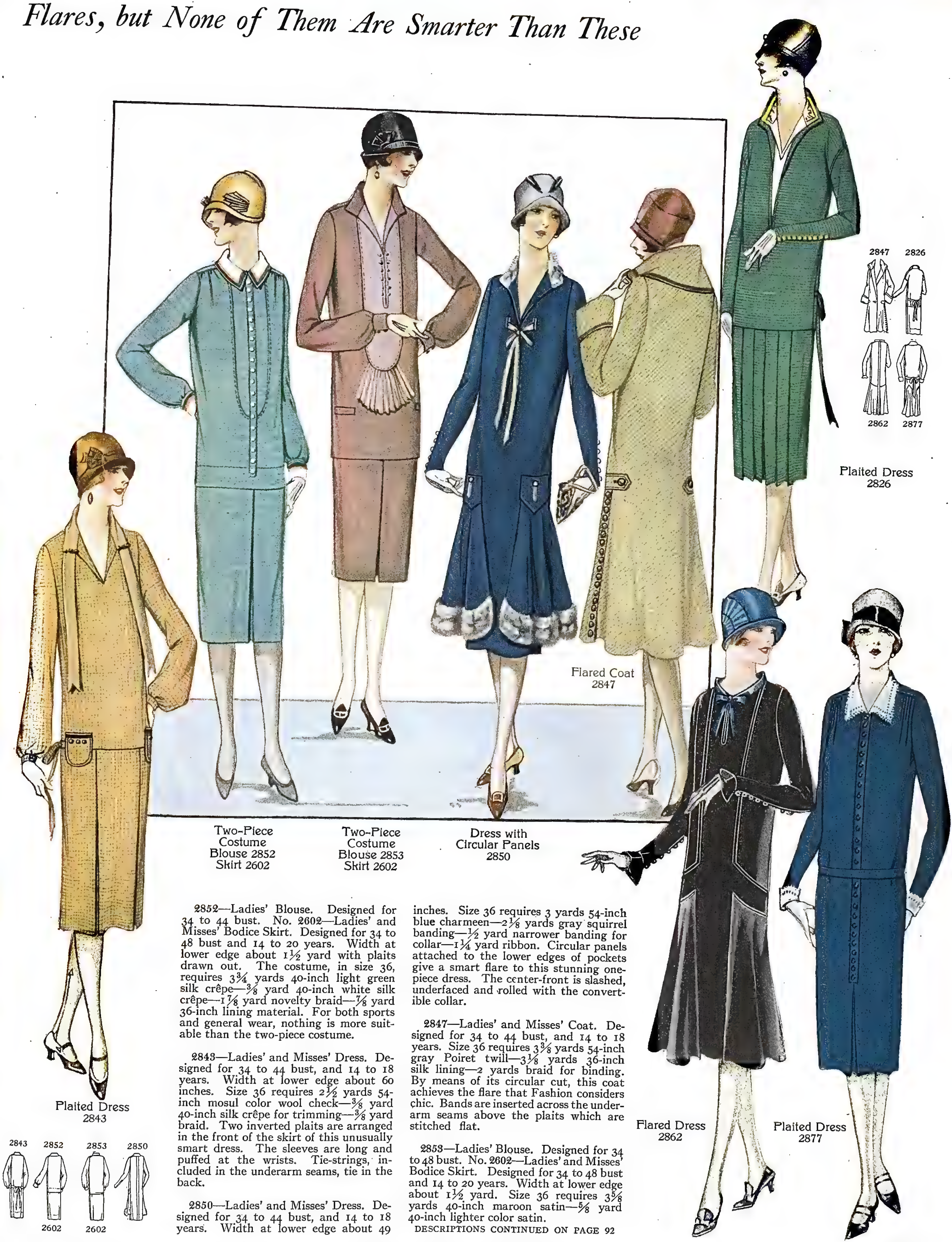
Flares, but None of Them Are Smarter Than These



Plaited Dress
2826

Two-Piece
Costume
Blouse 2852
Skirt 2602

Two-Piece
Costume
Blouse 2853
Skirt 2602

Dress with
Circular Panels
2850

Flared Coat
2847

Plaited Dress
2843

Flared Dress
2862

Plaited Dress
2877

2852—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. **2602**—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard with plaits drawn out. The costume, in size 36, requires 3¾ yards 40-inch light green silk crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch white silk crêpe—1⅞ yard novelty braid—⅞ yard 36-inch lining material. For both sports and general wear, nothing is more suitable than the two-piece costume.

2843—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 60 inches. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch mosul color wool check—⅜ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for trimming—⅜ yard braid. Two inverted plaits are arranged in the front of the skirt of this unusually smart dress. The sleeves are long and puffed at the wrists. Tie-strings, included in the underarm seams, tie in the back.

2850—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 49 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch blue charmeen—2⅛ yards gray squirrel banding—½ yard narrower banding for collar—1¼ yard ribbon. Circular panels attached to the lower edges of pockets give a smart flare to this stunning one-piece dress. The center-front is slashed, underfaced and rolled with the convertible collar.

2847—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch gray Poiret twill—3⅛ yards 36-inch silk lining—2 yards braid for binding. By means of its circular cut, this coat achieves the flare that Fashion considers chic. Bands are inserted across the underarm seams above the plaits which are stitched flat.

2853—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. **2602**—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch maroon satin—⅝ yard 40-inch lighter color satin.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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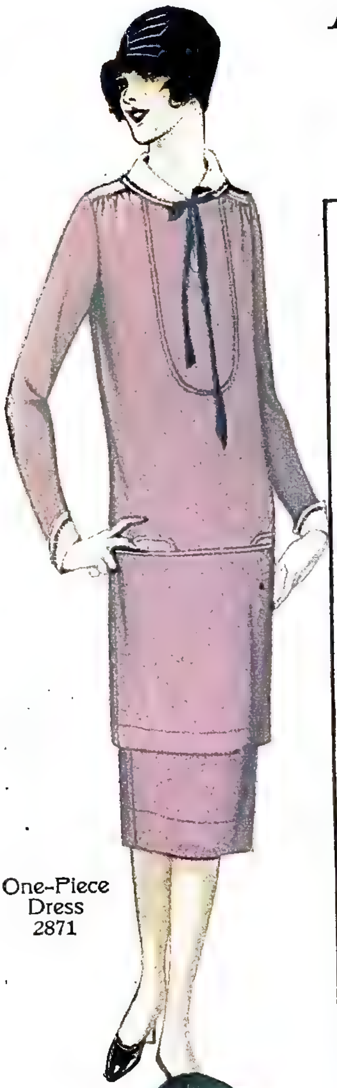
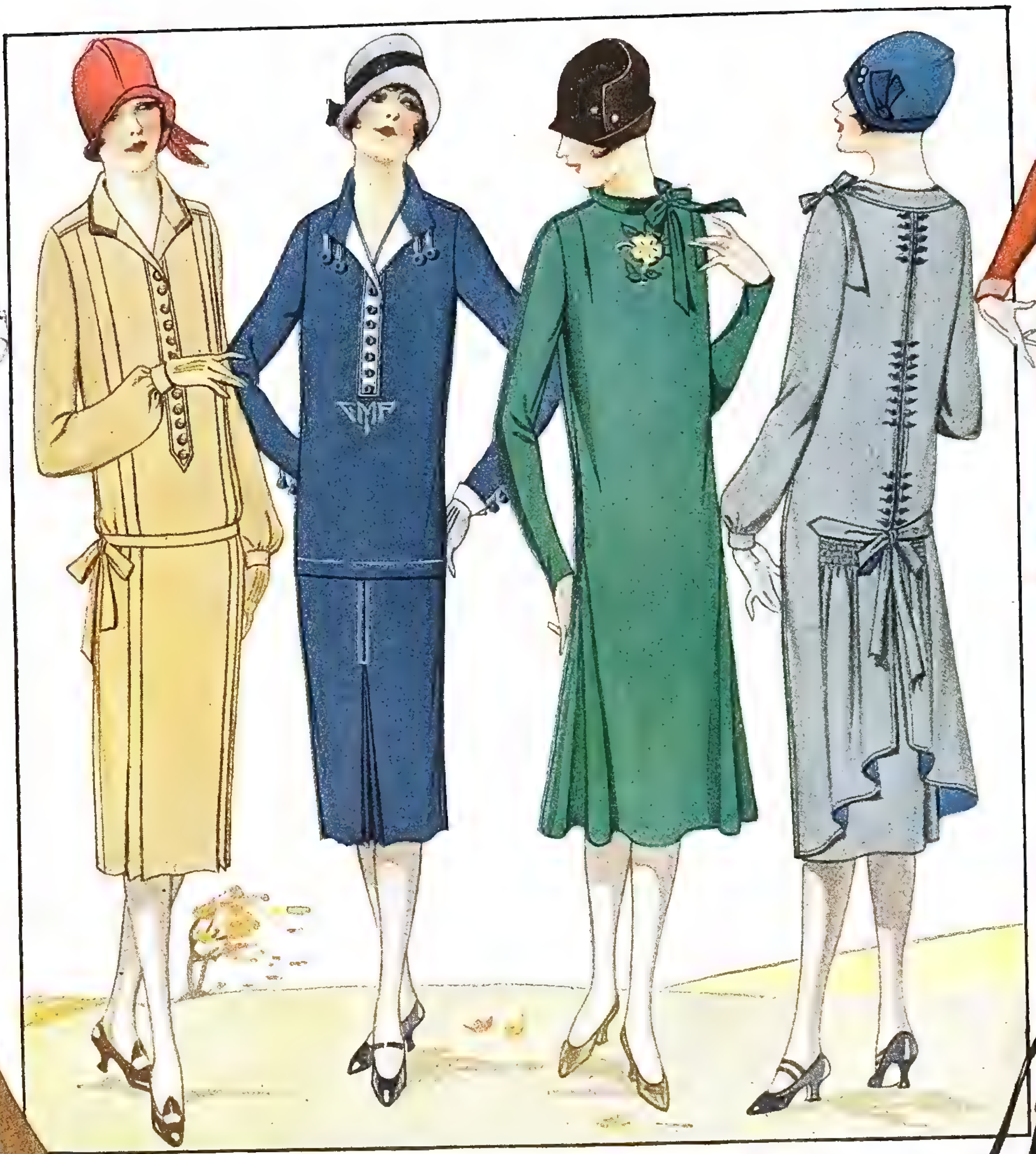
The Chic Silhouette May Be Flared or Straight



One-Piece Dress 2871

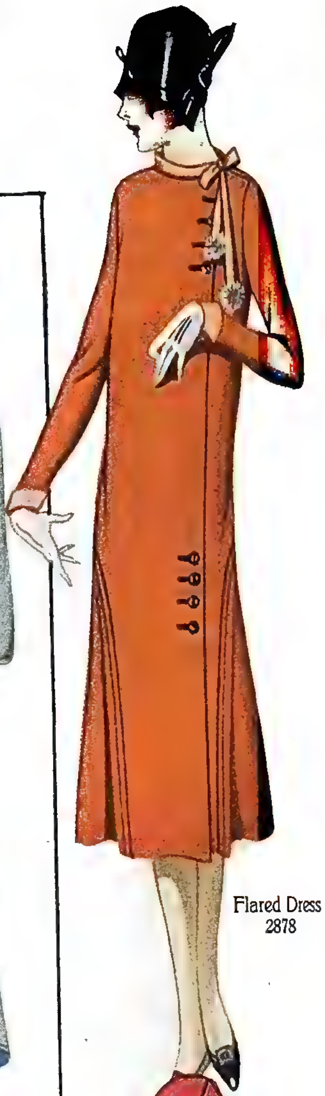


Plaited Dress 2828

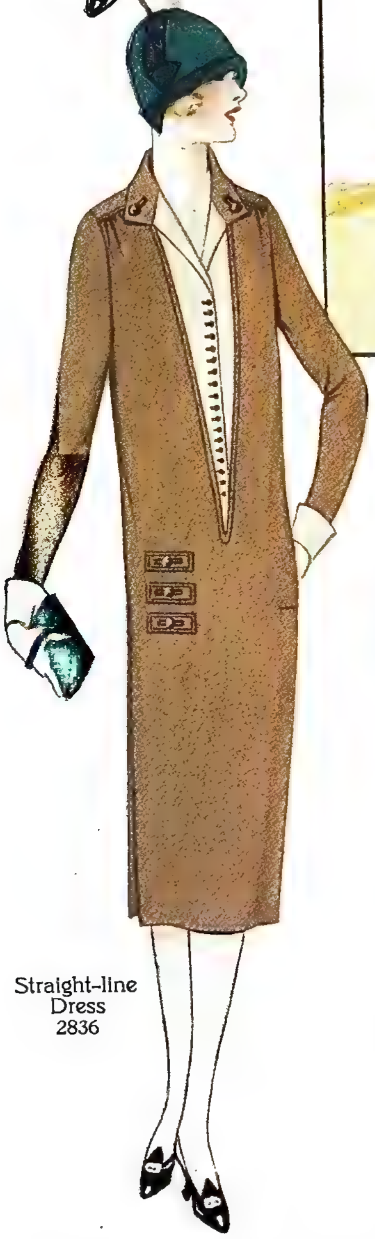
Two-Piece Dress 2841 Monogram 558

Flared Dress 2897 Embroidery 12935

Flare-Back Dress 2863



Flared Dress 2878



Straight-line Dress 2836

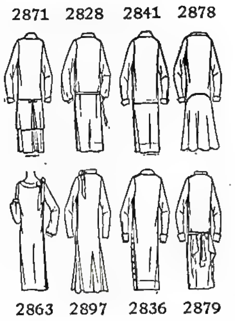
2828—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 57 inches. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch tan flat crêpe—¾ yard brown braid. The back of this smartly plaited dress is extended over the shoulders, forming a yoke effect, and is joined to the plaited fronts. Long, one-piece sleeves, gathered to wristbands, are puffed below the elbow.

2841—Ladies' and Misses' Two-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 58 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch blue kasha—½ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for trimming—1 yard 36-inch lining material. This chic two-piece model consists of a slip-on blouse and a four-piece bodice skirt. The blouse is trimmed with monogram 558, effectively embroidered in raised satin stitch.

2836—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 54 inches. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch brown twill—¾ yard 40-inch tan silk crêpe for vest and cuffs. The deep open front has removable vestee which may be closed to the neck or rolled with the convertible collar. The front is gathered on the shoulders to a narrow yoke.

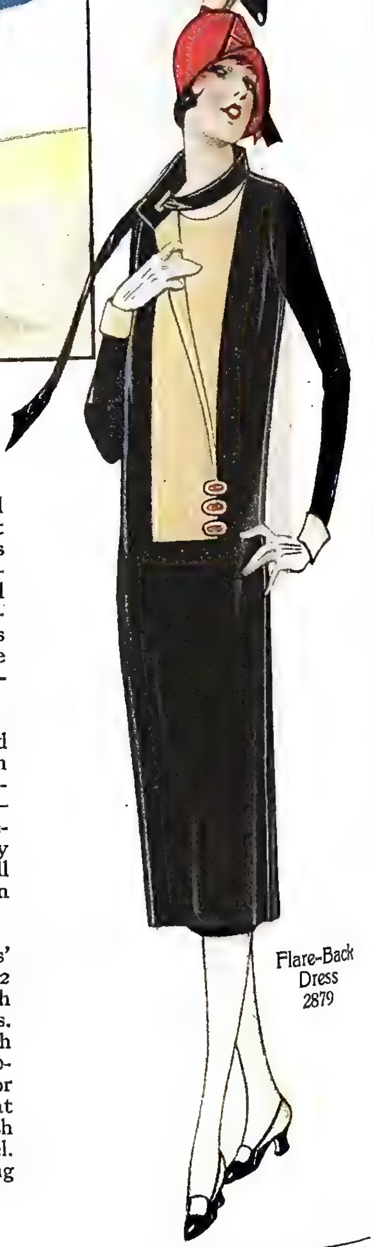
2871—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 61 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch orchid crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch lighter orchid crêpe for trimming—1 yard blue ribbon. The charming frock for afternoon wear has the new plastron effect that is extremely becoming. Plaits are laid in the back of the skirt and tunic to give the fashionable back fulness.

2863—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch gray silk crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch light blue silk crêpe for facing. The woman who wants to be very smartly gowned this Fall will appear in a frock that flares in the back like this one.



2878—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 111 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch brick red worsted—¾ yard 40-inch lighter red silk crêpe for trimming. A circular piece at back and sides gives a modish flare to this one-piece model. The up-standing collar and long sleeves are correct styles.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



Flare-Back Dress 2879

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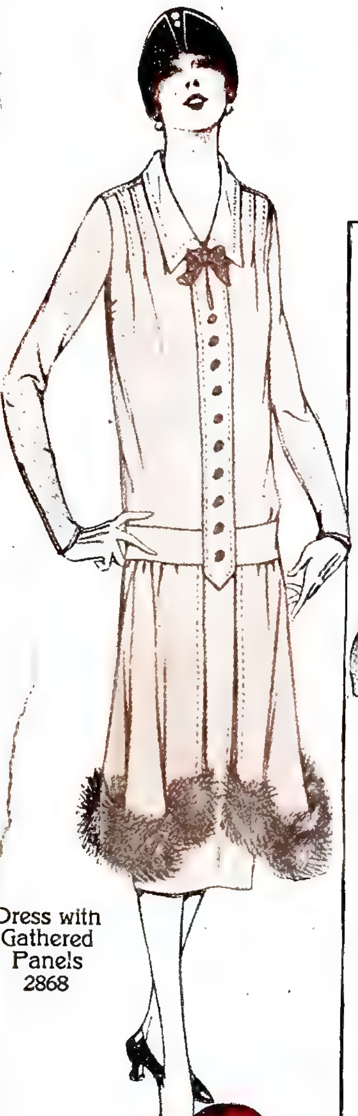
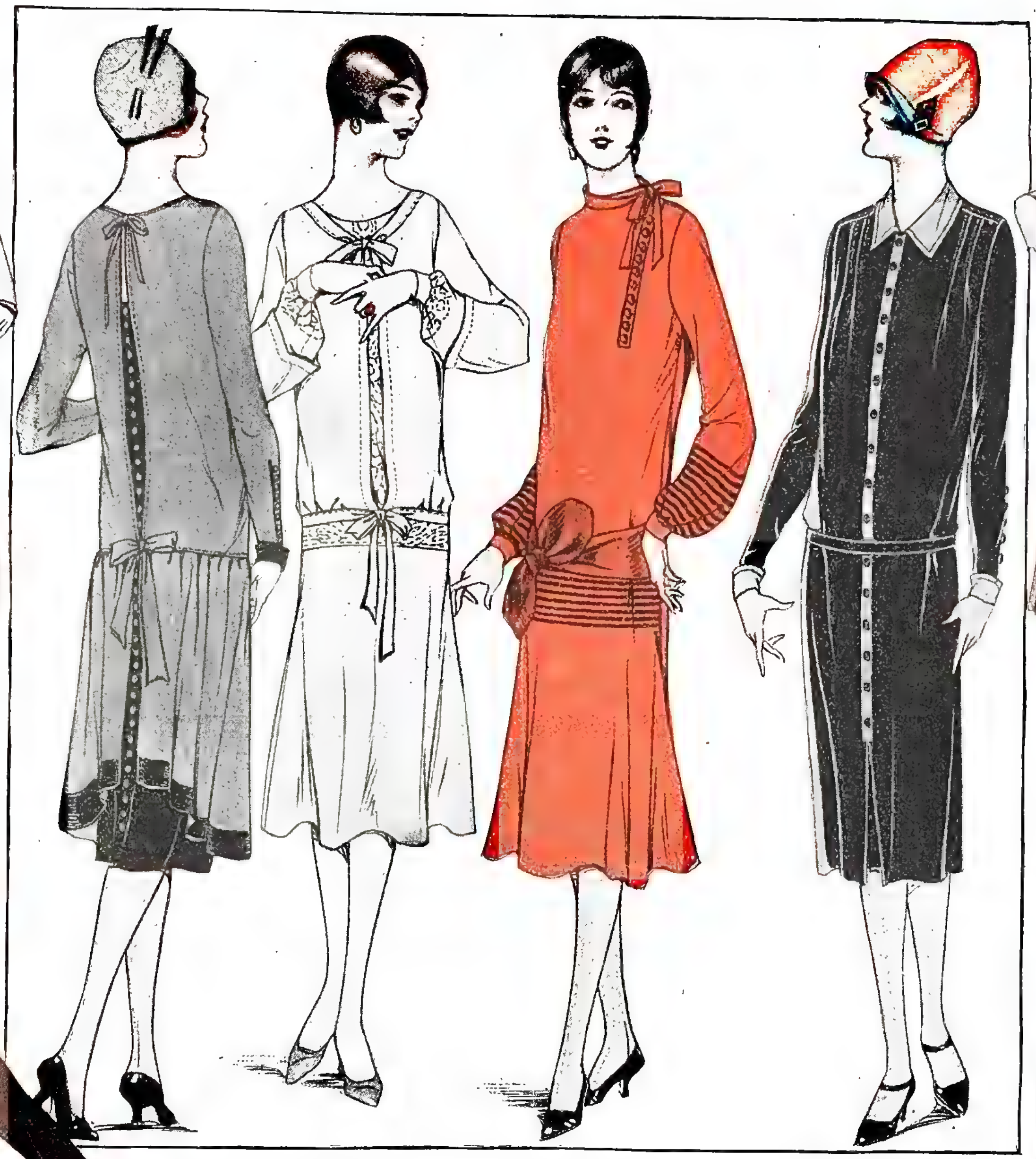
Circular Fulness Is Sponsored by the Mode



Dress with Gathered Panels
2868

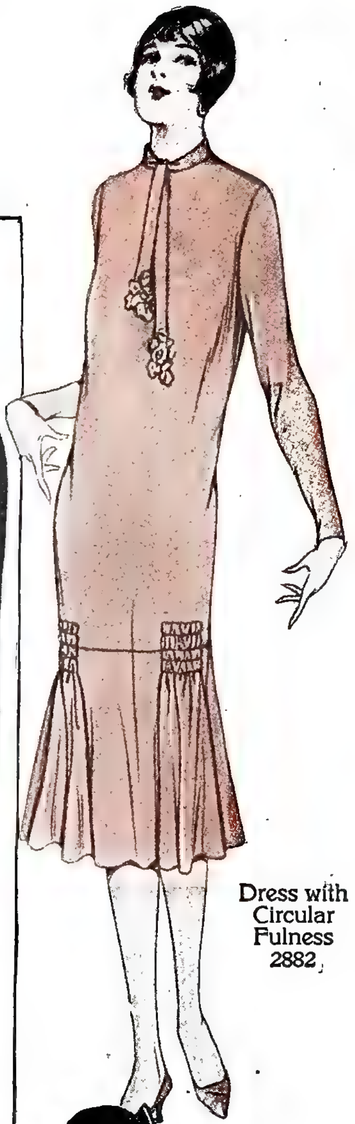


Flare-Back Dress
2876

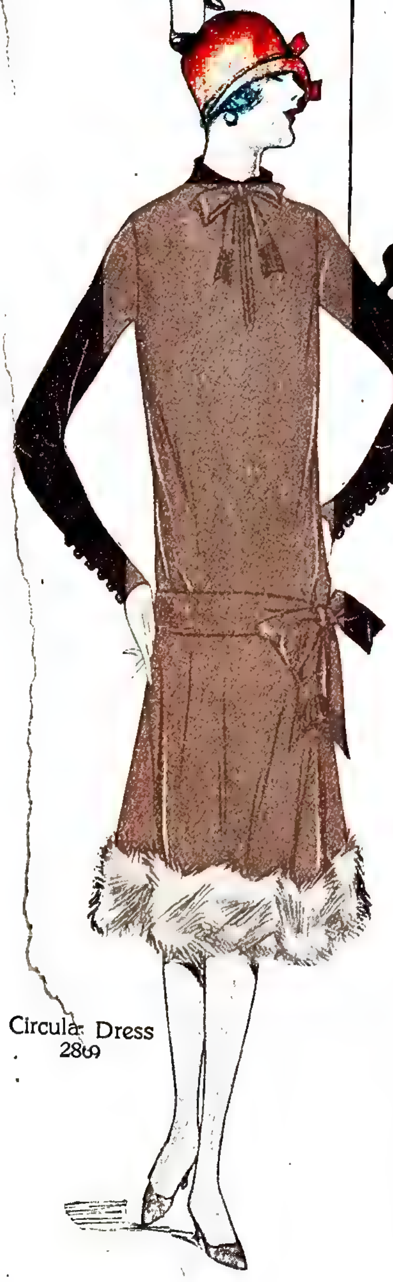
Circular Dress
2864
Embroidery 13004

Circular Dress
2865

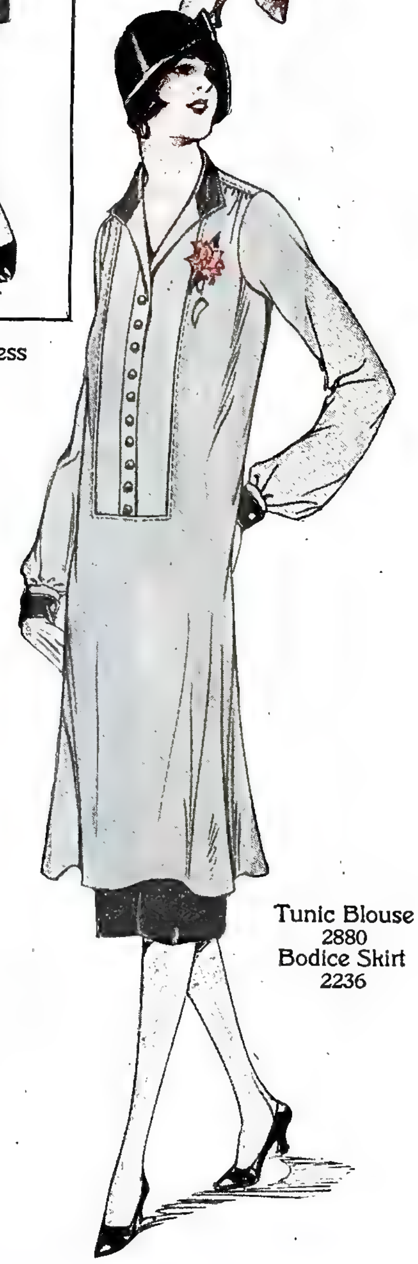
Plaited Dress
2877



Dress with Circular Fulness
2882



Circular Dress
2869



Tunic Blouse
2880
Bodice Skirt
2236

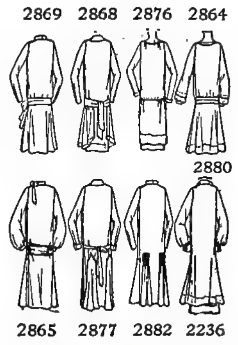
2876—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch satin. Fulness across the back is the theme of this attractive frock combining two materials. A row of buttons down the center of the back is an effective method of trimming. Frocks of this type will be seen this season wherever smart women are gathered together.

2864—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 123 inches. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch satin—2 yards 40-inch lighter contrasting silk crêpe. The circular cut of the skirt makes this dress one of unusual charm, its youthful lines being further accentuated by the puffed sleeves. Design 13004 is deftly applied and makes a most effective trimming.

2865—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 80 inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fine worsted—19¼ yards braid for trimming—1⅛ yard satin ribbon. Here is a model so delightfully different and so smartly flared that it easily takes a place among the foremost of the season's styles.

2877—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 59 inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch velvet—½ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for trimming. For the first cool days of Fall, a one-piece dress of velvet will be most appropriate.

2882—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 74 inches. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Godets are shirred to give fulness to the lower edge of this slender model.



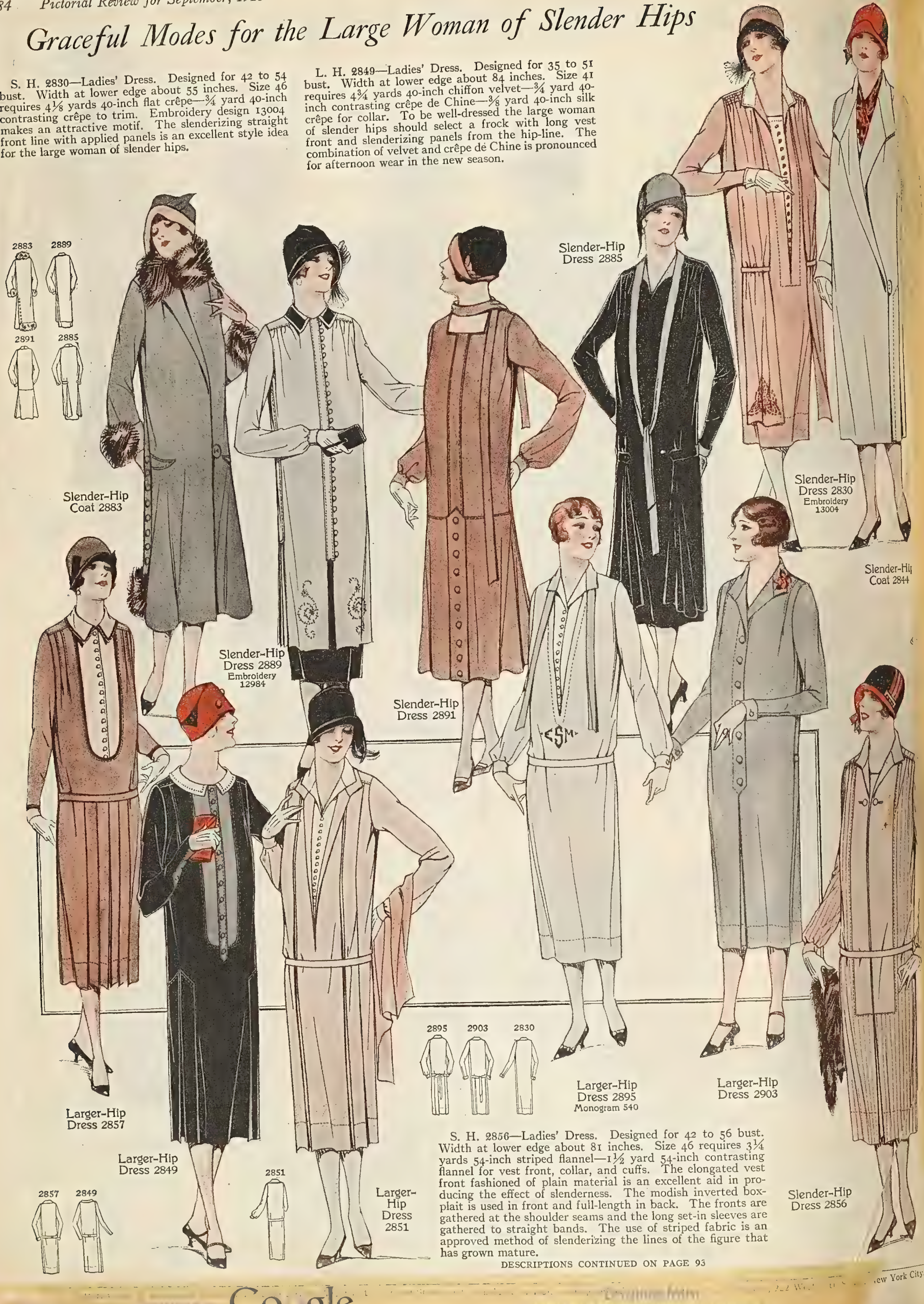
2880—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—2⅛ yards 40-inch satin for skirt and trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. The blouse portrays the new circular flare.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Graceful Modes for the Large Woman of Slender Hips

S. H. 2830—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 55 inches. Size 46 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch flat crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe to trim. Embroidery design 13004 makes an attractive motif. The slenderizing straight front line with applied panels is an excellent style idea for the large woman of slender hips.

L. H. 2849—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 35 to 51 bust. Width at lower edge about 84 inches. Size 41 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for collar. To be well-dressed the large woman of slender hips should select a frock with long vest front and slenderizing panels from the hip-line. The combination of velvet and crêpe de Chine is pronounced for afternoon wear in the new season.


2883
2889
2891
2885
Slender-Hip Coat 2883
Slender-Hip Dress 2889 Embroidery 12984
Slender-Hip Dress 2891
Slender-Hip Dress 2885
Slender-Hip Dress 2830 Embroidery 13004
Slender-Hip Coat 2844
ESM
Larger-Hip Dress 2857
Larger-Hip Dress 2849
2857
2849
2851
Larger-Hip Dress 2851
2895
2903
2830
Larger-Hip Dress 2895 Monogram 540
Larger-Hip Dress 2903
Slender-Hip Dress 2856

S. H. 2856—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 81 inches. Size 46 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch striped flannel—1½ yard 54-inch contrasting flannel for vest front, collar, and cuffs. The elongated vest front fashioned of plain material is an excellent aid in producing the effect of slenderness. The modish inverted box-plait is used in front and full-length in back. The fronts are gathered at the shoulder seams and the long set-in sleeves are gathered to straight bands. The use of striped fabric is an approved method of slenderizing the lines of the figure that has grown mature.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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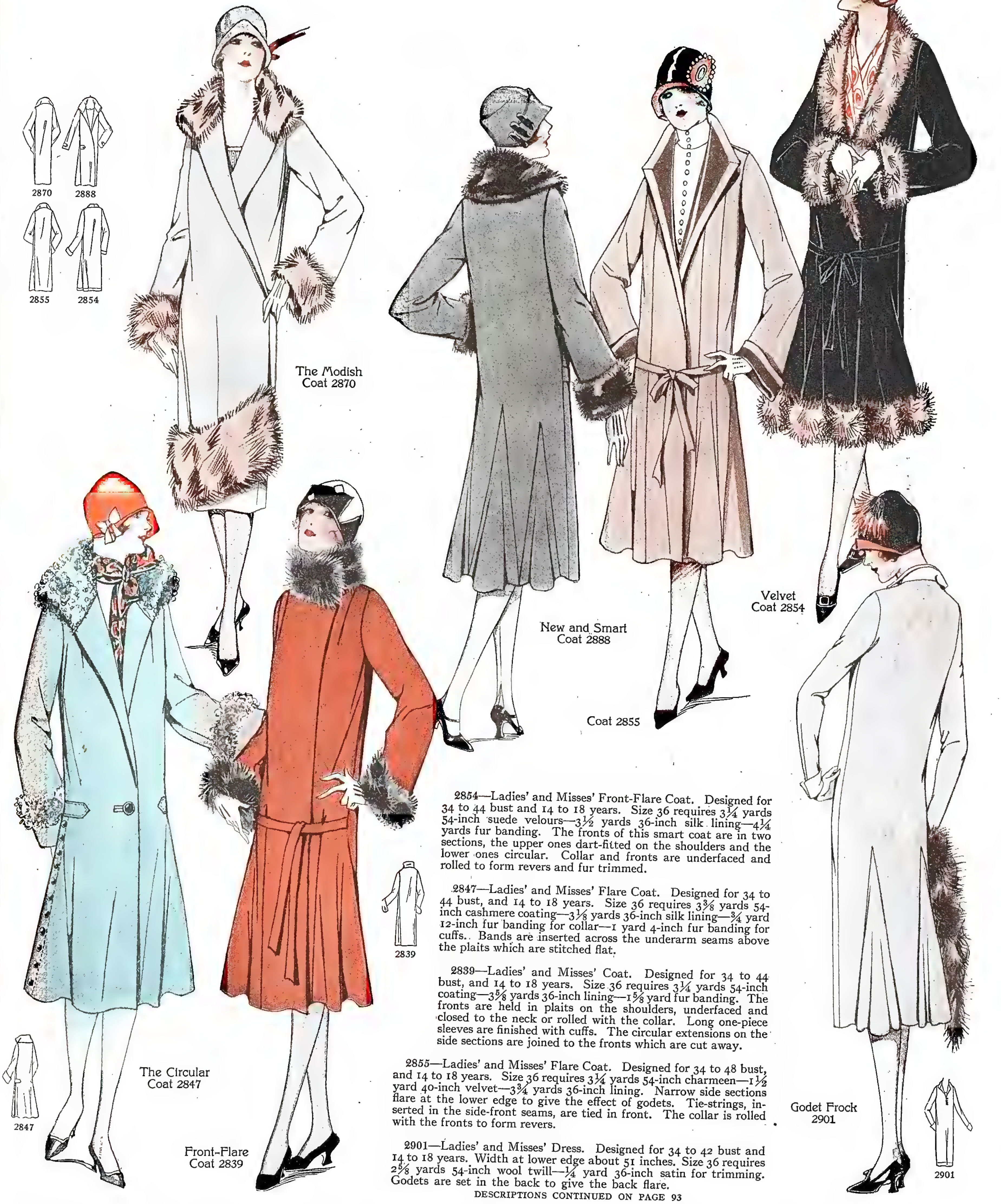
The Coat Mode Insists on Fur-Trimming and Flares



The Modish Coat 2870

New and Smart Coat 2888

Coat 2855

Velvet Coat 2854

The Circular Coat 2847

Front-Flare Coat 2839

Godet Frock 2901

2854—Ladies' and Misses' Front-Flare Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch suede velours—3½ yards 36-inch silk lining—4¼ yards fur banding. The fronts of this smart coat are in two sections, the upper ones dart-fitted on the shoulders and the lower ones circular. Collar and fronts are underfaced and rolled to form revers and fur trimmed.

2847—Ladies' and Misses' Flare Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch cashmere coating—3⅛ yards 36-inch silk lining—¾ yard 12-inch fur banding for collar—1 yard 4-inch fur banding for cuffs. Bands are inserted across the underarm seams above the plaits which are stitched flat.

2839—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch coating—3⅝ yards 36-inch lining—1⅝ yard fur banding. The fronts are held in plaits on the shoulders, underfaced and closed to the neck or rolled with the collar. Long one-piece sleeves are finished with cuffs. The circular extensions on the side sections are joined to the fronts which are cut away.

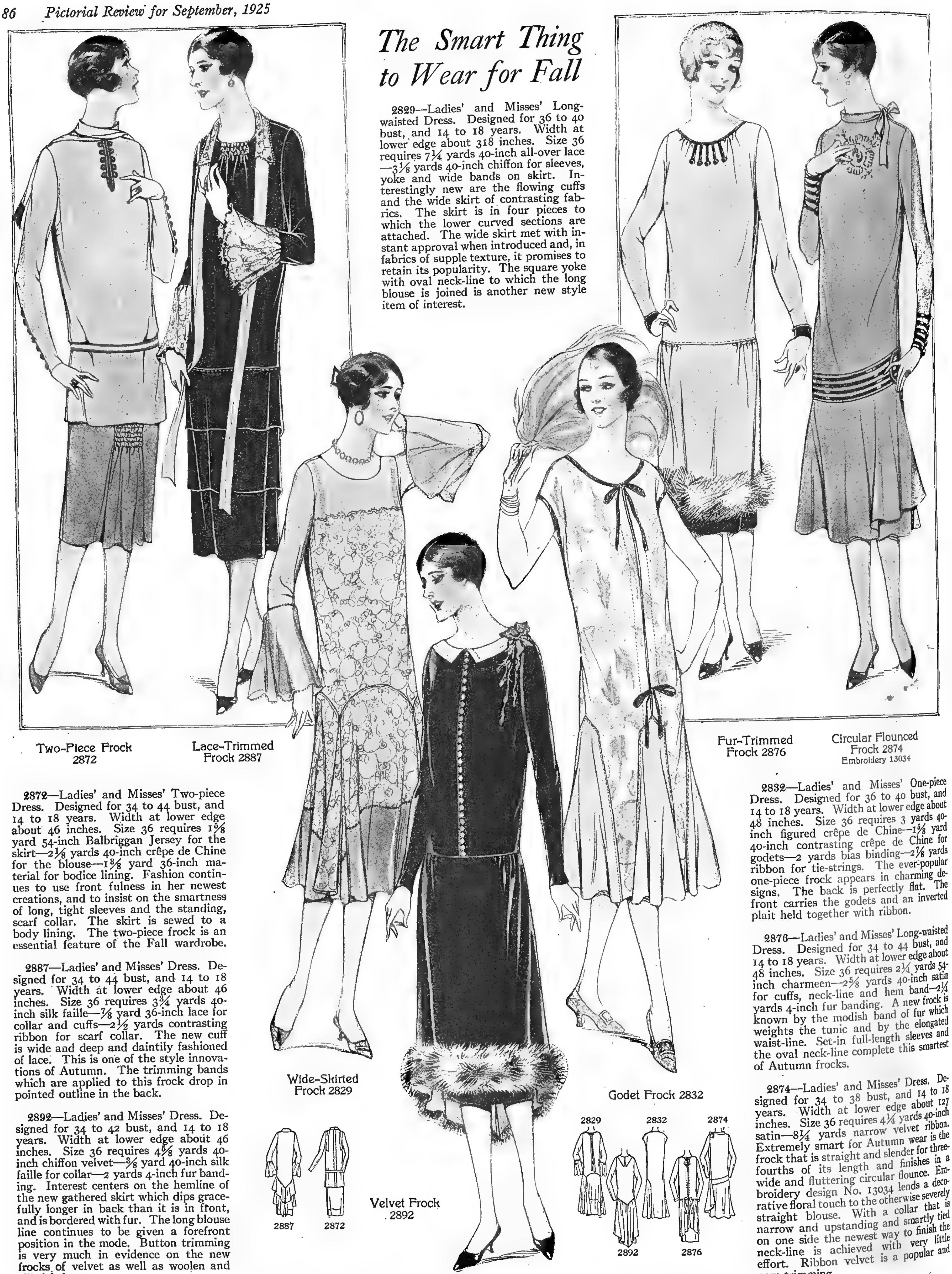
2855—Ladies' and Misses' Flare Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch charmeen—1½ yard 40-inch velvet—3¾ yards 36-inch lining. Narrow side sections flare at the lower edge to give the effect of godets. Tie-strings, inserted in the side-front seams, are tied in front. The collar is rolled with the fronts to form revers.

2901—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 51 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool twill—¼ yard 36-inch satin for trimming. Godets are set in the back to give the back flare.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

The Smart Thing to Wear for Fall

2829—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 36 to 40 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 318 inches. Size 36 requires 7¼ yards 40-inch all-over lace—3⅛ yards 40-inch chiffon for sleeves, yoke and wide bands on skirt. Interestingly new are the flowing cuffs and the wide skirt of contrasting fabrics. The skirt is in four pieces to which the lower curved sections are attached. The wide skirt met with instant approval when introduced and, in fabrics of supple texture, it promises to retain its popularity. The square yoke with oval neck-line to which the long blouse is joined is another new style item of interest.



Two-Piece Frock 2872

Lace-Trimmed Frock 2887

Fur-Trimmed Frock 2876

Circular Flounced Frock 2874
Embroidery 13034

Wide-Skirted Frock 2829

Godet Frock 2832

Velvet Frock 2892

2872—Ladies' and Misses' Two-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch Balbriggan Jersey for the skirt—2⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for the blouse—1⅜ yard 36-inch material for bodice lining. Fashion continues to use front fulness in her newest creations, and to insist on the smartness of long, tight sleeves and the standing, scarf collar. The skirt is sewed to a body lining. The two-piece frock is an essential feature of the Fall wardrobe.

2887—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch silk faille—⅞ yard 36-inch lace for collar and cuffs—2½ yards contrasting ribbon for scarf collar. The new cuff is wide and deep and daintily fashioned of lace. This is one of the style innovations of Autumn. The trimming bands which are applied to this frock drop in pointed outline in the back.

2892—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—⅜ yard 40-inch silk faille for collar—2 yards 4-inch fur banding. Interest centers on the hemline of the new gathered skirt which dips gracefully longer in back than it is in front, and is bordered with fur. The long blouse line continues to be given a forefront position in the mode. Button trimming is very much in evidence on the new frocks of velvet as well as woolen and silk fabrics.

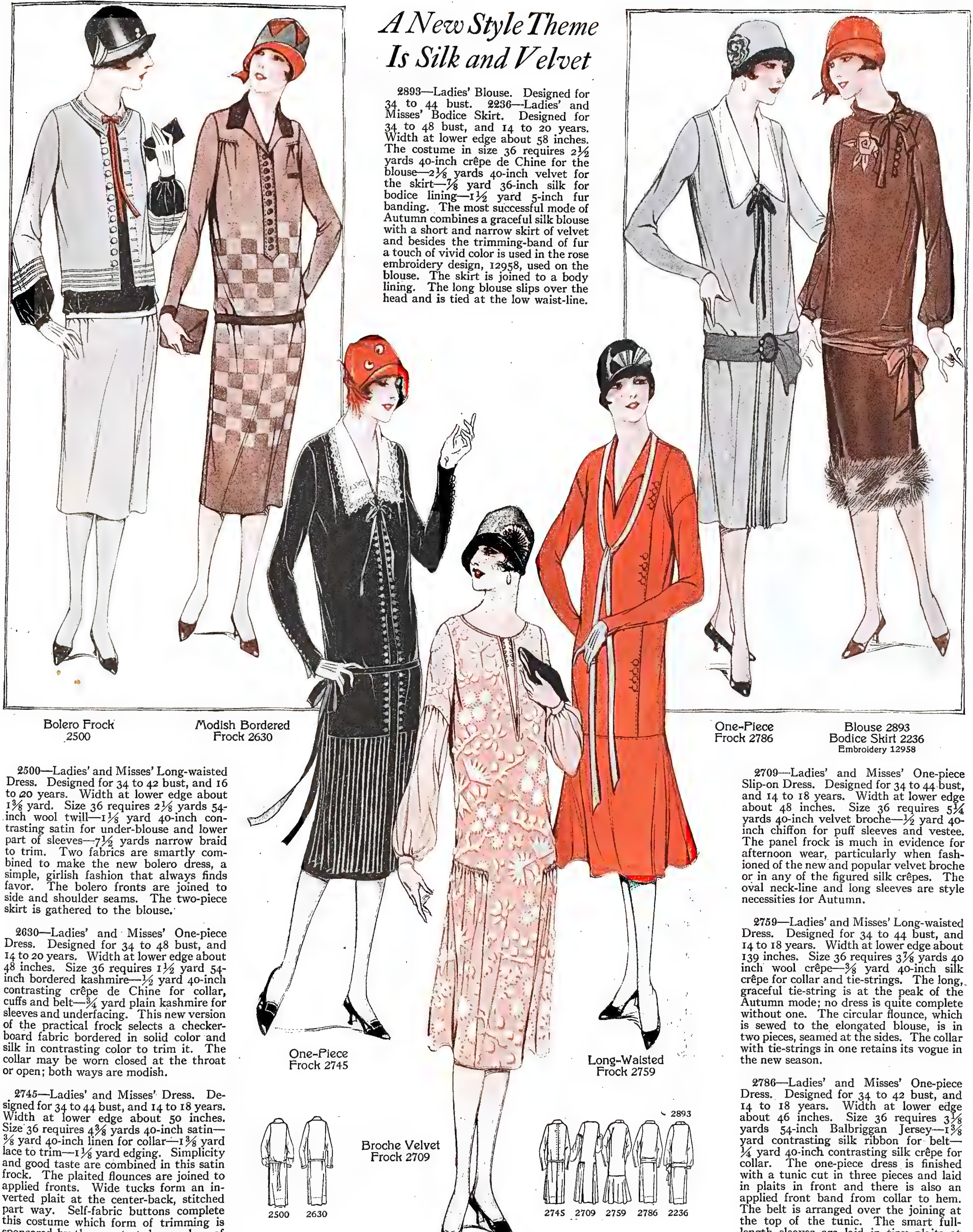
2832—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 36 to 40 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine—1⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for godets—2 yards bias binding—2⅞ yards ribbon for tie-strings. The ever-popular one-piece frock appears in charming designs. The back is perfectly flat. The front carries the godets and an inverted plait held together with ribbon.

2876—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch charmeen—2⅝ yards 40-inch satin for cuffs, neck-line and hem band—2¼ yards 4-inch fur banding. A new frock is known by the modish band of fur which weights the tunic and by the elongated waist-line. Set-in full-length sleeves and the oval neck-line complete this smartest of Autumn frocks.

2874—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 127 inches. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch satin—8¼ yards narrow velvet ribbon. Extremely smart for Autumn wear is the frock that is straight and slender for three-fourths of its length and finishes in a wide and fluttering circular flounce. Embroidery design No. 13034 lends a decorative floral touch to the otherwise severely straight blouse. With a collar that is narrow and upstanding and smartly tied on one side the newest way to finish the neck-line is achieved with very little effort. Ribbon velvet is a popular and new trimming.

A New Style Theme Is Silk and Velvet

2893—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 58 inches. The costume in size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for the blouse—2⅛ yards 40-inch velvet for the skirt—⅞ yard 36-inch silk for bodice lining—1½ yard 5-inch fur banding. The most successful mode of Autumn combines a graceful silk blouse with a short and narrow skirt of velvet and besides the trimming-band of fur a touch of vivid color is used in the rose embroidery design, 12958, used on the blouse. The skirt is joined to a body lining. The long blouse slips over the head and is tied at the low waist-line.



Bolero Frock
2500

Modish Bordered
Frock 2630

One-Piece
Frock 2786

Blouse 2893
Bodice Skirt 2236
Embroidery 12958

One-Piece
Frock 2745

Broche Velvet
Frock 2709

Long-Waisted
Frock 2759

2500—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool twill—1⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting satin for under-blouse and lower part of sleeves—7½ yards narrow braid to trim. Two fabrics are smartly combined to make the new bolero dress, a simple, girlish fashion that always finds favor. The bolero fronts are joined to side and shoulder seams. The two-piece skirt is gathered to the blouse.

2630—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch bordered kashmire—½ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for collar, cuffs and belt—¾ yard plain kashmire for sleeves and underfacing. This new version of the practical frock selects a checkerboard fabric bordered in solid color and silk in contrasting color to trim it. The collar may be worn closed at the throat or open; both ways are modish.

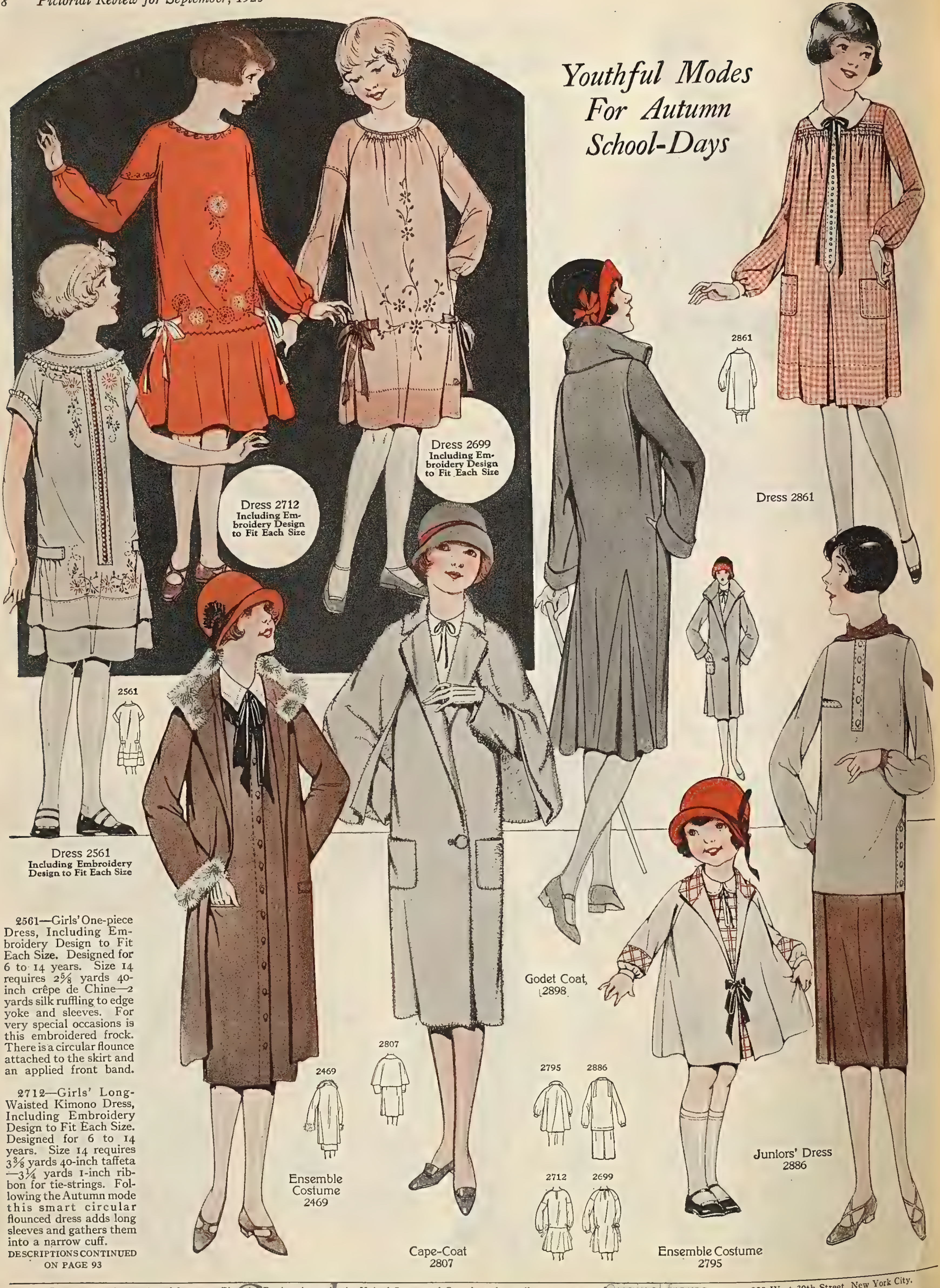
2745—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 50 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch satin—⅜ yard 40-inch linen for collar—1⅜ yard lace to trim—1⅛ yard edging. Simplicity and good taste are combined in this satin frock. The plaited flounces are joined to applied fronts. Wide tucks form an inverted plait at the center-back, stitched part way. Self-fabric buttons complete this costume which form of trimming is sponsored by the smartest dressmakers of Paris. The one-piece sleeves flare at the wrists.

2709—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 48 inches. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 40-inch velvet broche—½ yard 40-inch chiffon for puff sleeves and vestee. The panel frock is much in evidence for afternoon wear, particularly when fashioned of the new and popular velvet broche or in any of the figured silk crêpes. The oval neck-line and long sleeves are style necessities for Autumn.

2759—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 139 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40 inch wool crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for collar and tie-strings. The long, graceful tie-string is at the peak of the Autumn mode; no dress is quite complete without one. The circular flounce, which is sewed to the elongated blouse, is in two pieces, seamed at the sides. The collar with tie-strings in one retains its vogue in the new season.

2786—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch Balbriggan Jersey—1⅜ yard contrasting silk ribbon for belt—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe for collar. The one-piece dress is finished with a tunic cut in three pieces and laid in plaits in front and there is also an applied front band from collar to hem. The belt is arranged over the joining at the top of the tunic. The smart full-length sleeves are laid in tiny plaits at the wrist, assuring a smooth, snug fit. The V-shape neck-line is well liked.

Youthful Modes For Autumn School-Days



Dress 2712
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Dress 2699
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Dress 2861

Dress 2561
Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size

Godet Coat, 2898

Ensemble Costume 2469

Cape-Coat 2807

Ensemble Costume 2795

Juniors' Dress 2886

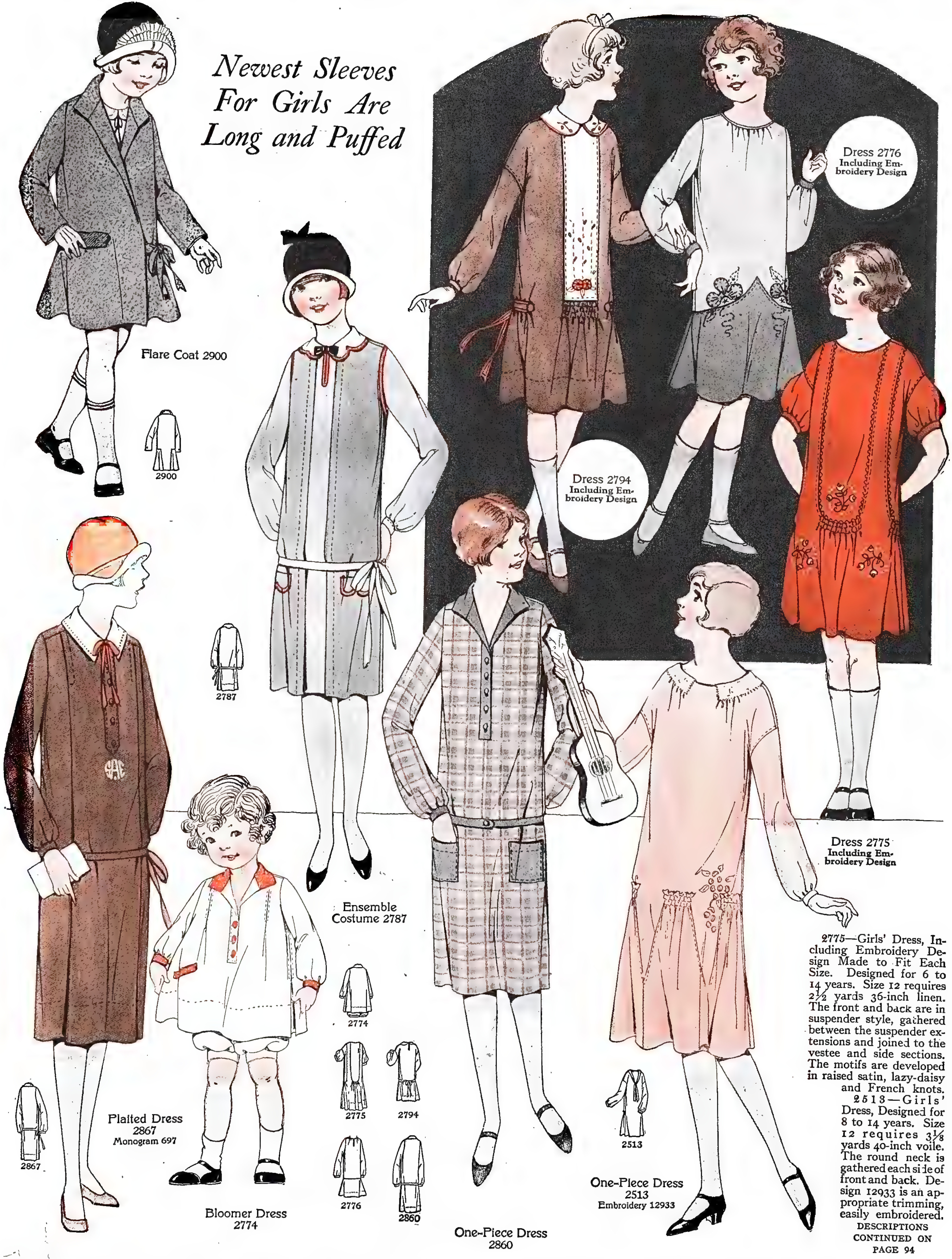
2561—Girls' One-piece Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards silk ruffling to edge yoke and sleeves. For very special occasions is this embroidered frock. There is a circular flounce attached to the skirt and an applied front band.

2712—Girls' Long-Waisted Kimono Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch taffeta—3¼ yards 1-inch ribbon for tie-strings. Following the Autumn mode this smart circular flounced dress adds long sleeves and gathers them into a narrow cuff.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Newest Sleeves For Girls Are Long and Puffed


Flare Coat 2900
2900
Dress 2776 Including Embroidery Design
Dress 2794 Including Embroidery Design
2787
Dress 2775 Including Embroidery Design
Ensemble Costume 2787
2774
2775
2794
2776
2860
Plaited Dress 2867 Monogram 697
2867
Bloomer Dress 2774
One-Piece Dress 2860
2513
One-Piece Dress 2513 Embroidery 12933

2775—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 36-inch linen. The front and back are in suspender style, gathered between the suspender extensions and joined to the vestee and side sections. The motifs are developed in raised satin, lazy-daisy and French knots.

2513—Girls' Dress, Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch voile. The round neck is gathered each side of front and back. Design 12933 is an appropriate trimming, easily embroidered.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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from insect bites, prickly heat, chafing, etc.

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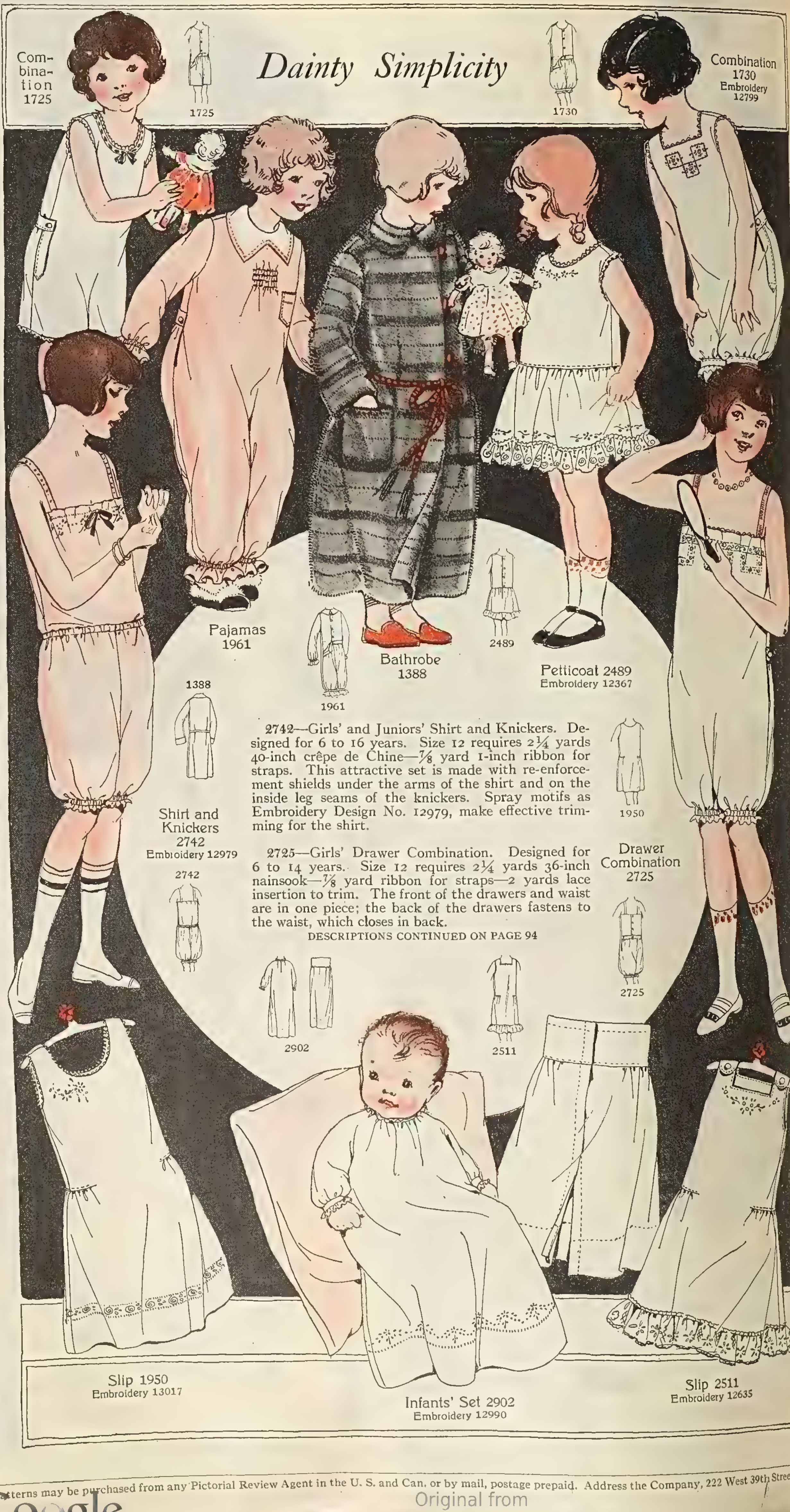
Dainty Simplicity


Combination 1725
1725
1730
Combination 1730 Embroidery 12799
Pajamas 1961
Bathrobe 1388
2489
1961
Petticoat 2489 Embroidery 12367
1388
Shirt and Knickers 2742 Embroidery 12979
2742
1950
Drawer Combination 2725
2725
2902
2511
Slip 1950 Embroidery 13017
Infants' Set 2902 Embroidery 12990
Slip 2511 Embroidery 12635

2742—Girls' and Juniors' Shirt and Knickers. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard 1-inch ribbon for straps. This attractive set is made with re-enforcement shields under the arms of the shirt and on the inside leg seams of the knickers. Spray motifs as Embroidery Design No. 12979, make effective trimming for the shirt.

2725—Girls' Drawer Combination. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch nainsook—⅞ yard ribbon for straps—2 yards lace insertion to trim. The front of the drawers and waist are in one piece; the back of the drawers fastens to the waist, which closes in back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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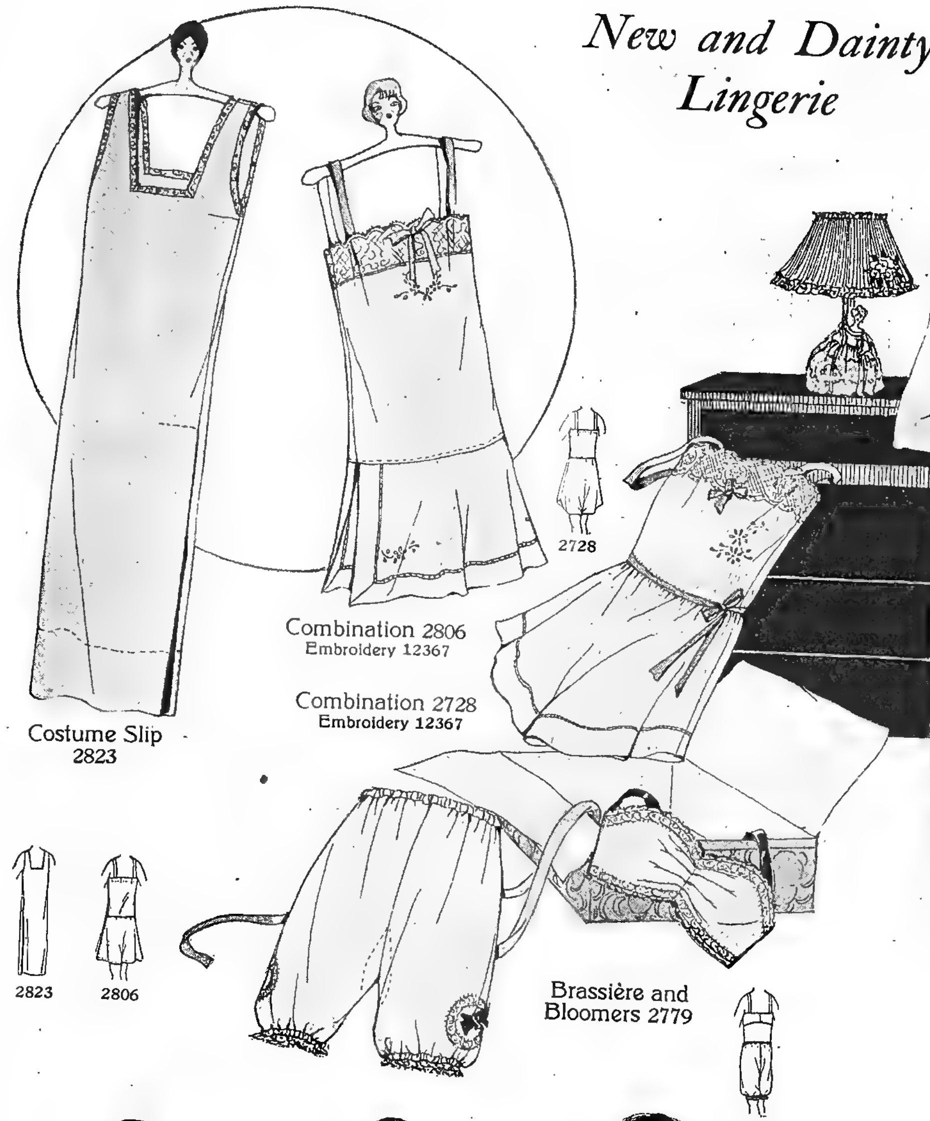
New and Dainty Lingerie



Combination 2806
Embroidery 12367

Combination 2728
Embroidery 12367

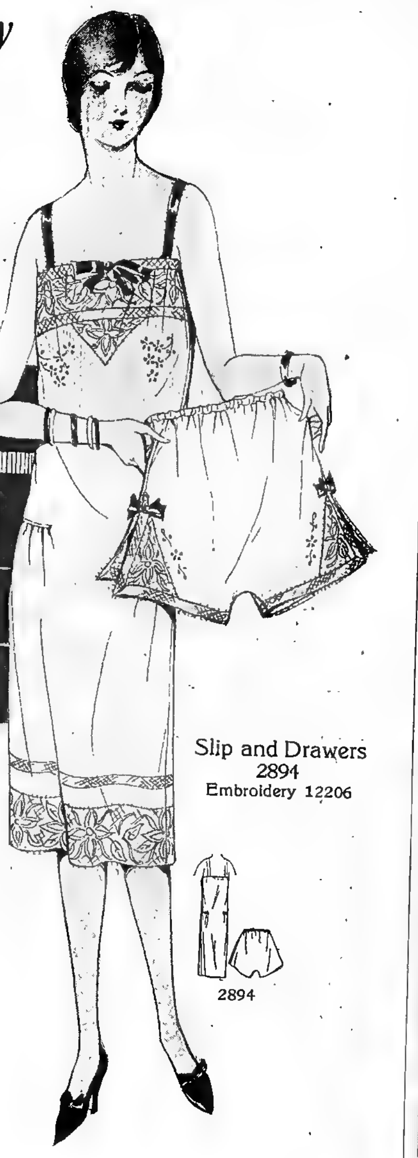
Costume Slip
2823

2728

2823 2806

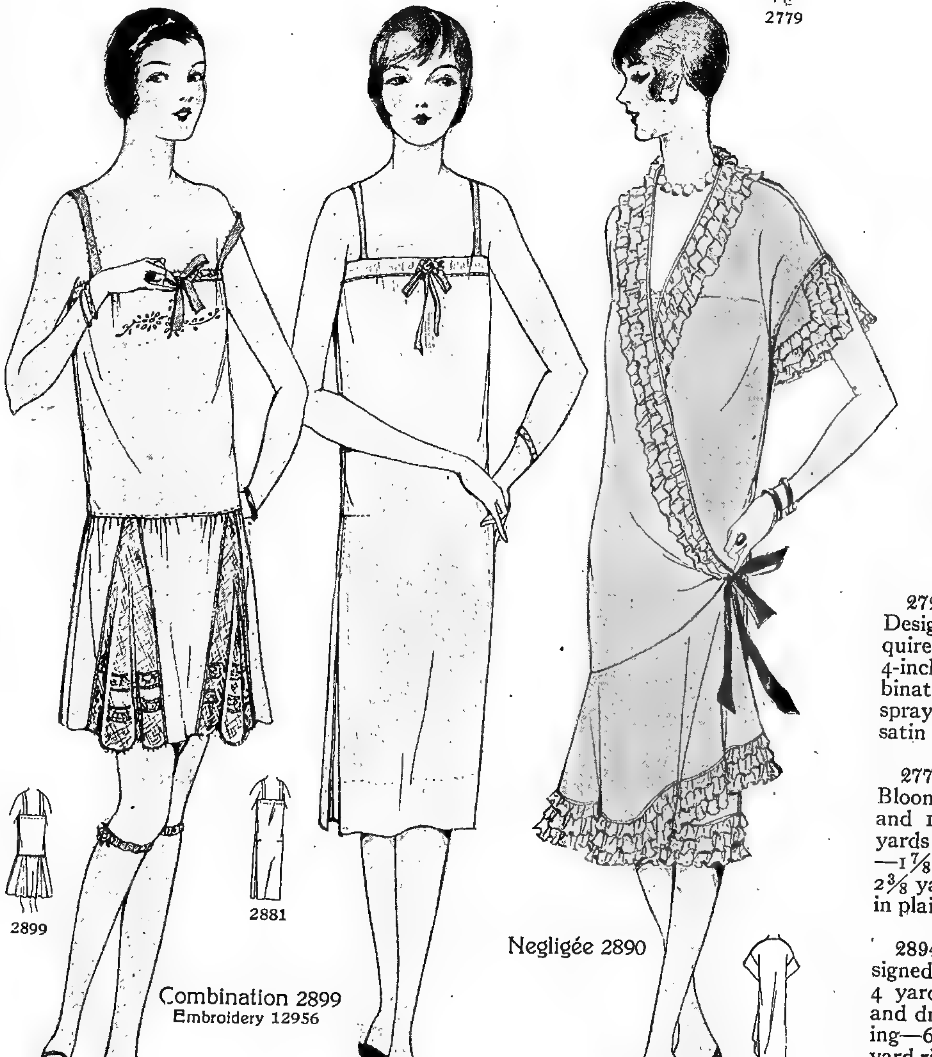
Brassière and
Bloomers 2779

2779



Slip and Drawers
2894
Embroidery 12206

2894



2899

2881

Combination 2899
Embroidery 12956

Negligée 2890

2890

Slip 2881

2823—Ladies' and Misses' Costume Slip. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—2⅝ yards lace. This practical slip is dart-fitted at the underarm seams above the waist-line and laid in backward-turning plaits below the waist-line.

2806—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch radium silk—1¼ yard lace banding—1⅛ yard ribbon for shoulder straps. The embroidery design, 12367, which trims this combination may be worked in raised satin and stem stitches.

2728—Misses' Drawer Combination. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch batiste—1⅛ yard 4-inch lace—3⅛ yards ribbon. The combination is trimmed with an embroidery spray, design 12367, carried out in raised satin and stem stitches.

2779—Ladies' and Misses' Brassière and Bloomers. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch voile—3¾ yards lace edging—1⅛ yard ribbon for shoulder straps—2⅜ yards insertion. The brassière is laid in plaits in front and closes at the back.

2894—Ladies' Slip and Drawers. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for slip and drawers—3⅜ yards 4-inch lace banding—6 yards narrow lace banding—1⅛ yard ribbon for shoulder straps—2¾ yards ribbon for bows. Dainty sprays of embroidery, design 12206, are worked on the slip and drawers.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

American Lady
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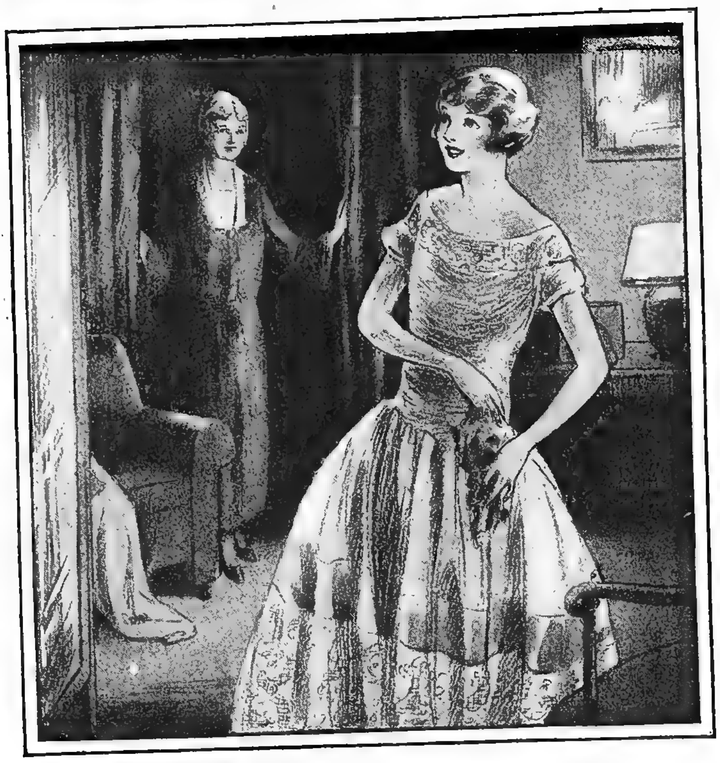

"Julie's a Wonder!"

By MARJORIE ADAMS

THE town-people see Julie going down the street in a dress that's like burnt maple for color and Fifth Avenue for smartness. "Julie's a wonder!" they say.

Ask her (if you can catch her when those laughing eyes aren't laughing too much) how she's earning enough to dress herself and mother and sister beautifully . . . to take little joy-trips where they've always wanted to go . . . and is having fun doing it! Chances are she'll say, "Oh, I got tired of ginghams and serges. Don't you think just getting tired of ginghams and serges is enough?"

But later, out comes the pathetic little story of drab dresses that had fairly made her cringe. She wanted bright things, she says. Gold in them, tawny yellow, bluish mists. Not only for herself, but for her mother and her grade-school sister. She had little money; not much notion of styles or right silhouettes. But she earned it, *learned* it in happy night-time hours after working in an office by day.

"How?" you ask, and then she'll say, quite simply, "The Woman's Institute."

THEN perhaps she leads you down a darling hallway to a bright wing of the house, and opens a door. "I want to show you the dresses first." But you scarcely hear her in your amazement. You are staring at a filmy silk, looped with chiffon; an exquisite corn-flower, smartly trimmed in white; or a violet like crushed grapes, touched with cobwebby lavender lace. Richness is in that simple, clean, gay little room where Julie stands looking at you, laughing!

"I've been making mostly evening things this last year," she explains. "I design them myself."

"But how?" you insist.

Then out rushes the story. "I wanted beautiful dresses—dresses that were more than clothes with price-tags on them. So I sent a coupon to the Woman's Institute.

"And I'll never forget the night I stood before my mirror and tipped it slowly, slowly, so as to see every inch of the first lovely party dress I'd ever made. Lessons put a kind of a spell upon me. I'd work way into the night, stopping only when mother would insist that I go to bed.

"YOU know what the Institute does. It starts you making things you want most . . . . shows you the loveliest, quickest way to make them. My new clothes cost less than anything attractive I could get ready-made — much less — and were far more becoming. It was fun making things for mother too. She had never had such good-looking clothes. And the precious things I could produce out of almost nothing for 'Lizabeth! The girls at the office begged me to sew for them. The Institute helped in every way; helped me copy high-priced things in windows; taught me to make without bothering about patterns. The first year's earnings seemed like a fortune.

"People ask if I'm happy. Do you think they need to ask? I'm doing what I like best to do and getting paid for it. The Institute keeps on giving me the friendliest help. Their magazine, *Fashion Service*, lets me know the coming modes. We have the clothes we want—mother, 'Lizabeth and I. A lot of luxuries we couldn't otherwise afford. The Woman's Institute certainly has solved the clothes problem for us."

WOULDN'T you, too, like to find some way to solve the clothes problem? Wouldn't you be happier almost every day of your life if you always had stylish, becoming dresses to wear, especially if you could have them for a half or a third of what you are now paying?

There *is* a way for you to be as well dressed as any woman you know. Right at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, you can learn to make any garment you desire—in the very newest and latest style—for just the cost of materials.

It makes no difference where you live because all of the instruction is carried on by mail. It is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just when it is convenient.

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The Woman's Institute is located in Scranton, Penna., but it has students in every section of the United States and throughout the world. There are 13,700 students in California, 7,700 in Texas, 14,200 in Ohio, 25,000 in the New England states, and 17,800 in Canada. Right in your own city and in your own neighborhood there are women and girls who have solved their clothes problem and found more happiness than they ever dreamed possible through the help of the Woman's Institute.

The Institute is willing and anxious to help you, no matter where you live, no matter what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just mark and mail the convenient coupon to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 2 W, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without cost or obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of earning money besides.

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

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(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address...

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

2873—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch jersey—1⅛ yard ribbon. The design is developed in bright colored yarn.

2858—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch white flannel—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining for jacket—⅜ yard 36-inch linen to trim.

2834—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch red linen—¼ yard 36-inch white linen for trimming. The appliqué chickie motif, 12948, is outlined in white.

2833—Boys' Suit, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch blue linen—½ yard 36-inch white linen for vest, collar and cuffs. The ship motif is easily worked in contrasting colors.

2875—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch tan silk crêpe—½ yard 40-inch gold crêpe to trim.

2835—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 36-inch lavender linen—⅜ yard 36-inch yellow linen for trimming. Monogram 697 is developed in raised satin stitch.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

2831—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 67 inches. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch mustard color satin—1 yard black ribbon.

2866—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 63 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch black satin—½ yard 40-inch cream color silk crêpe for collar and vest—⅞ yard edging—⅜ yard 40-inch light contrasting silk for trimming.

2896—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 71 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch light gray silk crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch white silk crêpe for trimming.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

2826—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 38 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 70 inches. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch dark green faille crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for vest—¾ yard novelty banding for collar.

2862—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 45 inches. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch black satin—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting satin for trimming.

2877—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 59 inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch medium blue charmeen—¼ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for trimming.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

2879—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 47 inches. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch black satin—⅝ yard 40-inch cream color silk crêpe.

2897—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 18 years. One of the newest silhouettes of the season is exploited by this one-piece dress with flared sides. Embroidery motif, 12935, adds a touch of bright color and is easily developed with silk or wool.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

2868—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch charmeen—¼ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for collar—2 yards fur banding.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

2869—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 38 bust and 14 to 18 years. Width at lower edge about 115 inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch finely woven worsted—3¼ yards fur banding.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

S. H. 2883—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 42 to 52 bust. The slenderizing straight front line and the inset godets are excellent styles for Autumn.

S. H. 2889—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 50 bust. The straight tunic blouse lengthens the figure lines of the large woman of slender hips. This design further emphasizes slenderness by the applied band in front. Single-stitch Embroidery motifs, 12984, in a scroll design, serve for attractive trimming.

S. H. 2891—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 46 bust. An excellent model for the larger figure is this one with box-plaits.

S. H. 2885—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 52 bust. Velvet is the smart material for Autumn and draped side pieces and a long collar the newest thing for large figures.

S. H. 2844—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 42 to 52 bust. Size 46 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch suede velour—4¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

L. H. 2857—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 35 to 51 bust. Size 41 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch jersey—⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine to trim.

L. H. 2851—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 35 to 51 bust. Width at lower edge about 73 inches. Size 41 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—⅞ yard contrasting satin.

L. H. 2895—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Width at lower edge about 71 inches. Size 41 requires 3 yards 54-inch flannel—¾ yard 40-inch crêpe for vestee—1½ yard ribbon for tie—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. Monogram 540 makes a decorative trimming.

L. H. 2903—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. The applied band in front and the inverted box-plait are smart mediums to affect slenderness.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

2870—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 18 years. Fur continues to be the favorite trimming for the Winter coat.

2888—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 18 years. Coats are wide at the hem, made so by the use of the modish godet.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

2699—Girls' One-Piece Dress, Including Embroidery Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch jersey.

2861—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch linen to trim.

2469—Juniors' Ensemble Costume. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 13 requires 3½ yards 54-inch kasha—2⅜ yards 36-inch lining for jacket—1⅞ yard 2-inch fur banding—¼ yard 36-inch silk for dress collar.

2807—Girls' Double-Breasted Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch camel's hair cloth—4 yards 36-inch silk for lining.

2898—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 16 years. For the fashionable young miss is this suede velour coat cut with godets.

2795—Child's Ensemble Costume. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yard 54-inch jersey for coat—1¾ yard 40-inch check silk for dress and trimming coat—1⅛ yard ribbon for tie-strings.

2886—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. One of the newest frocks is fashioned of jersey with long tailored blouse of crêpe de Chine. It is effectively girlish.

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Lane Bryant
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SIZES 38 TO 58 BUST

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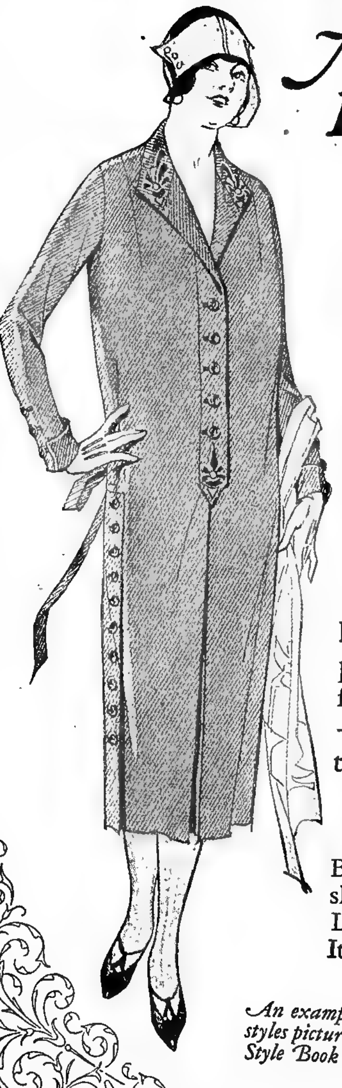

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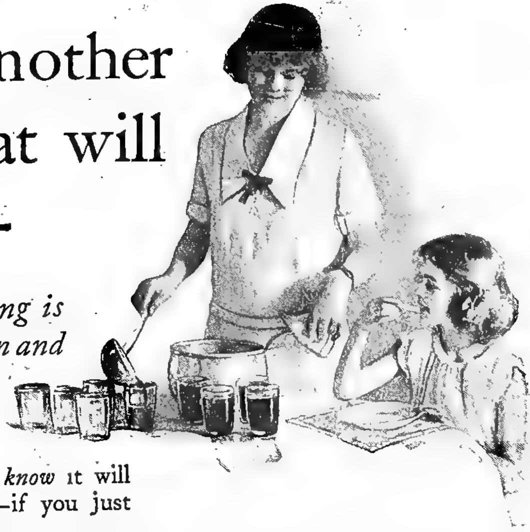

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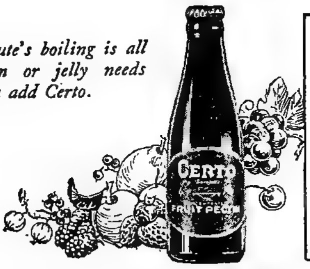

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

2900—Child's Coat, Designed for 2 to 6 years. A smart and practical coat is this model with circular skirt.

2787—Girls' Ensemble Costume. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch silk crêpe for dress—1⅞ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe for sleeveless coat—1⅞ yard binding.

2794—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch jersey—⅝ yard 54-inch contrasting jersey for trimming.

2776—Girls' Dress, Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen—1¼ yard 36-inch dark contrasting linen.

2867—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch flannel—¼ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for collar. Monogram 697 is carried out in raised satin stitch.

2774—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards 32-inch chambray—¼ yard 32-inch dark contrasting for trimming.

2860—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2 yards 54-inch wool check—½ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for trimming.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

1725—Child's Combination Undergarment. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch nainsook—4¼ yards lace edging—1⅜ yard ribbon—⅞ yard beading.

1961—Child's Pajamas. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe.

1388—Girls' and Juniors' Bathrobe. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch blanket cloth—1⅞ yard of cord.

2489—Child's Petticoat. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1 yard 36-inch batiste—2⅛ yards of edging—2 yards 3¼-inch embroidery for flounce. Embroidery design 12367 in floral spray motifs are used to trim.

1730—Child's Combination Undergarment. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch nainsook—4¾ yards lace edging. Dainty squares of embroidery, design 12799, are used.

1950—Girls' and Juniors' Slip. Designed for 10 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch batiste—2 yards edging—1½ yards lace insertion. Embroidery design 13017 is worked in running and solid stitches.

2902—Infants' Set. Designed for one size. The dress is daintily fashioned of sheer batiste and lace trimmed and the petticoat is suitable for flannel. Embroidery design 12990, worked in sprays, finishes the hem.

2511—Girls' and Juniors' Slip. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste—2 yards embroidery for ruffle. Embroidery design 12635 is an effective decoration.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

2899—Ladies' Slip-On Combination. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch washable satin—⅝ yard 36-inch net—3⅜ yards lace insertion—2¾ yards ribbon. Embroidery, design 12956, trims the combination.

2881—Ladies' and Misses' Slip. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch sateen—1⅛ yard ribbon for shoulder straps.

2890—Ladies' and Misses' Negligee. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch changeable taffeta—20 yards frilling—2⅛ yards ribbon.

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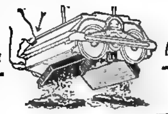

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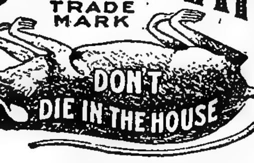
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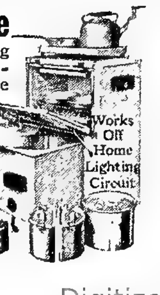
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The Book-Shelf

It is remarkable the number of times you run across a book, which has become a best-seller, that originally appeared in serial form in Pictorial Review. In the past ten years there is hardly a list of best-sellers that has not included one or more books which first saw the light in this magazine. Outstanding examples are "Alice Adams," by Booth Tarkington; "The Age of Innocence," "Glimpses of the Moon" and "The Mother's Recompense," by Edith Wharton; "The Rover," by Joseph Conrad; "Galusha the Magnificent" and "Doctor Nye of North Ostable," by Joseph C. Lincoln; "Butterfly," by Kathleen Norris; "Lew Tyler's Wives" and "The Golden Bed," by Wallace Irwin; and "The Crystal Cup," by Gertrude Atherton. The moral is obvious—if you would like to read the best novels of the day before they appear in book form read them in Pictorial Review. And please remember that a book-length novel is completed in just four issues. No waiting in Pictorial Review.

Keeping the Peace, by Gouverneur Morris (Scribner). A rather bitter story of a man's married life. He did not seem to have very good luck. The scene is laid in New York and Paris.

Ordeal, by Dale Collins (Knopf). Another sea story—this time a rather brutal one. The pen picture of Ted, the steward, who gets control of an American pleasure-yacht, will last in your memory for a long time.

Arrowsmith, by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace). It seems to us that Mr. Lewis is getting better and better. "Main Street" was good, but this story of "Arrowsmith," the medical student, who tried to be a small-town doctor and stay true to his science, is even more powerful.

A Woman of Fifty, by Rheta Childe Dorr (Funk, Wagnalls). This is the story of Mrs. Dorr's own life as a leader in the feminist movement; of her fight for her ideals; of her disappointments. It is indeed an autobiography of unique interest.

Weber and Fields, by Felix Isman (Boni, Liveright). An intimate story of the good old days when the Weber and Fields Music Hall was a national institution.

These United States (second volume), edited by Ernest Gruening (Boni, Liveright). It will do most any one good to read these two volumes of critical observation of the American commonwealth, each State being considered by a native son, who has gotten far enough away from it to attain a perspective.

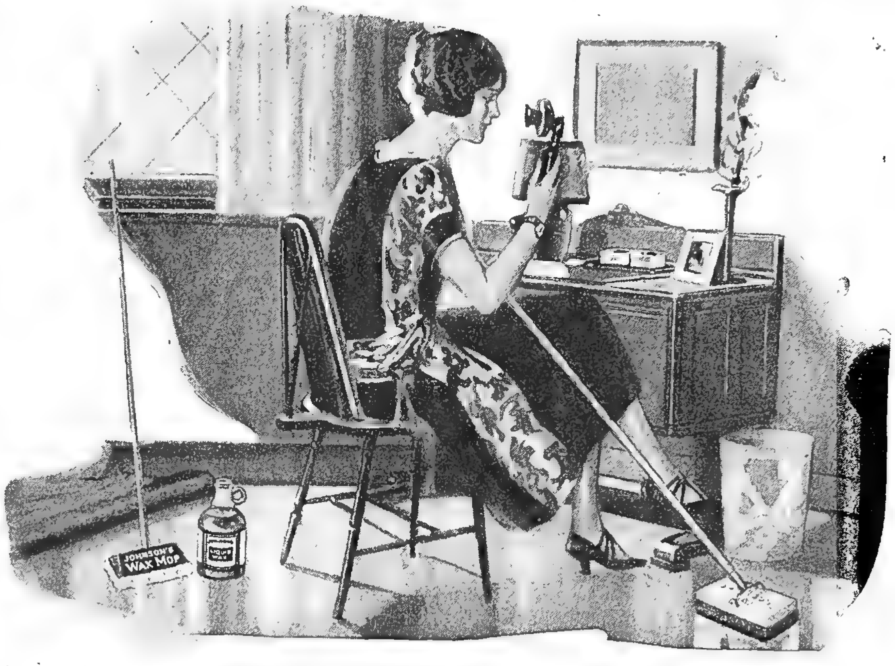
The Bishop's Granddaughter, by Robert Grant (Scribner). A story of the modern divorce problem by the author of "Unleavened Bread." It ought to be of interest to Pictorial Review readers.

The Doom Window, by Maurice Drake (Dutton). The first time we ever read a mystery-story written around a man who forges stained glass. It is striking and full of thrills.

Alias Ben Alibi, by Irving S. Cobb (Doran). In which the author of the "Judge Priest" stories fictionizes the career of a remarkable New York newspaper man.

Hudson Maxim Reminiscences, recorded by Clifton Johnson (Doubleday, Page). Hudson Maxim is one of the most remarkable and versatile men this country has ever produced—world-famous inventor, poet, publicist, all-round genius and philosopher. His has indeed been an eventful career, and Mr. Johnson very cleverly has not made a long-winded conventional biography of it. Rather it is a succession of high spots, interesting anecdotes, and experiences that will not only be interesting reading to the grown-ups but an inspiration to the youth of the nation as well.

The Constant Nymph, by Margaret Kennedy (Doubleday, Page). A much-talked-about book, bound to be a "best seller" because it is a good story told in a most unusual and fascinating manner.



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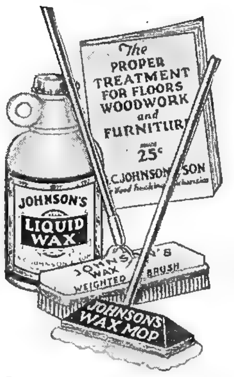
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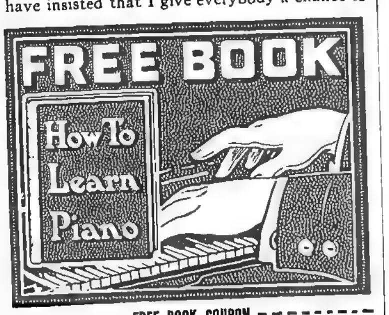

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Wild Geese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

even." Her voice was reedy and petulant as a child's.

While she was gone Lind looked around the room, one of the two in the house.

The linoleum on the floor had been washed in streaks. A little iron stove in the corner had spilled its ashes from the grate. On the oilcloth of the table were little clots that looked like dark gum. A smell of old rags filled the place.

Dora came back presently from the other room, the door of which was closed. She had put on a pale-blue figured cotton dress ornamented with rosettes of black velvet, and looked listlessly pretty.

She sat down in a chair by the table and rested her cheek on her hand.

"My, it's getting warm, ain't it?" she said with a sigh. "How do you like it up here?"

"I like it very well. I find the people most interesting," Lind told her. "You and your husband have been back only a short time, your mother tells me."

"Yes—and long enough. I'm near dead, I'm so lonesome," she fretted. "This is the slowest place on earth. Nothin' ever happens except the weather, and it's rotten most of the year."

"Does your husband expect to stay here long?"

"Expect? He never thinks of anything else. Never been anywhere else, except the six months we was away in Nykerk. I wouldn't care if we had a little pleasure once in a while, or if I could get some decent clothes, or somebody to look at 'em. But he don't care whether I've got anything or not. Don't know the difference between a coat and a hat." Her eyes traveled discontentedly out the window.

"You have no children, Mrs. Brund?"

"No—thank God, and I'm not goin' to," Dora asserted. "That's a pretty waist you got on, Miss Archer. Get it in the city?" She scrutinized it avidly, biting her under lip with her small white teeth.

"Yes. But you could make one very easily."

Dora shrugged.

"I ain't got any sewing-machine, and if he got me one he'd expect me to do all my own sewing." She surveyed Lind from head to foot with a sort of grudging admiration and envy. Then she rose and went to the stove, from which she took a small graniteware coffee-pot. She emptied the grounds out of it into a pail that stood near the sink, rinsed it out briefly with cold water, filled it again, and replaced it on the stove. With limp hands she measured out two large spoonfuls of coffee and put them into the pot. All of this without a word.

SHE sat down again by the window to wait for the coffee to boil. Lind asked her how long she had been in Loyola, where she had been employed. She brightened.

"I was there nearly six months, on the lunch-counter. Before I was married, that was. Blundell's place—maybe you been there?"

Lind had not been there, and Dora went on to tell her about the town. Then a smell of coffee rose in the air, and the teacher was served with a cup of it—wan stuff with grounds floating on the top. While they sat at the table Dora told her of the "guys" who used to come to Blundell's lunch-counter, and of how all of them were "stuck" on her. She was sighing over the romances of her past when the door opened and Joel Brund stepped in. He was ponderous as an ox, nearly as tall as Fusi Aronson. He looked abashed when he saw the teacher, and half turned as if to go out again.

Dora called him languidly. He came forward and took Lind's hand in his own huge, hairy one. Without a word he turned away and opened a tool-chest that stood under the window. Dora glanced at him sideways and shrugged her pretty shoulders. Lind pitied the man—so like a great, kindly ox.

When he left the house he barely looked at the teacher, and nodded. Dora did not say a word to him.

In a short time Lind took leave of Dora Brund, promising to call again. When she got outside she breathed with deep relief. Down near the thatched barn she saw Joel moving about as if he were as heavy in spirit as in body.

RIDING home, Lind met Mark Jordan, who was on foot. He had been at the Sandbo's. She felt that she had known all along that she would meet him—she needed him to-day. A fleet wonder passed through her mind that they had not acknowledged each other long ago—what was keeping them apart? When the thought was gone she would not believe that she had harbored it. It was not for her to make overtures, after what he had said.

"Lind," Mark said softly, his arm across the pommel of her saddle, "you always come at the right moment—like hope."

Lind looked down into his eyes. "It's ages since I saw you last. I've been so busy promoting the children. What have you been doing?" She strove to keep her voice even.

"Well, I have most of that brush cut down. I'm starting to burn it now, before the leaves get too dry. I don't want to start a bush-fire." Mark stroked the muzzle of the horse.

As she was silent, he said, "Come home with me. I need scientific nourishment. I'll walk slowly beside you while you gallop your horse." Lind laughed at his nonsense. Impulsively she reached down with her hand and tugged at his hair.

"Are you so vain that you have to show your hair off to the birds?" she teased. "Better be careful or they'll be wanting it for their nests."

She consented to ride to the Klovaczs'. On the way she told him of Dora Brund and her husband, and of the absence of Caleb Gare.

"I've heard more of that man Gare," Mark commented. "One of the Icelanders was saying that he has something on his wife and is blackmailing the whole family into staying on the farm. He must be quite a character. Are you still against my calling on him?"

"No. But Mrs. Gare hasn't changed her mind about your coming. She is afraid it would rouse the children to revolt, it seems."

"Poor kids! That girl Judith has fine stuff in her. Sven Sandbo was telling me a little about her to-day. He's thinking of carrying her off bodily out of the clutches of the old man. Sven is a decent chap, too. Funny how you see interest in classes up here that you would ordinarily not think about. Too much civilization is a stifling thing'"

They went easily along through the aisle of shadow formed by the rough spruce-trees, down the hollow that led to a clearing, and beyond that to another hollow filled with clustering dogwood-bushes. There wasn't the lifting of a leaf; the air hung in a leaden haze. The palms of Lind's hands were moist on the reins; a spoken word seemed scarcely to leave one's lips.

"I am afraid it's going to rain," Lind said, looking up at the sky. "I really ought not to come."

"Oh, but that's just when you ought," Mark corrected her.

At the Klovaczs' place Lind made a custard, and set it away on a shelf. Then she spread a white cloth on the table, and Mark went about preparing the meal. She was outside, feeding the chickens. She thought about him, in spite of herself, and finally gave up trying not to. She saw his other pair of shoes standing under a chair and thought how familiar, how friendly, they looked.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

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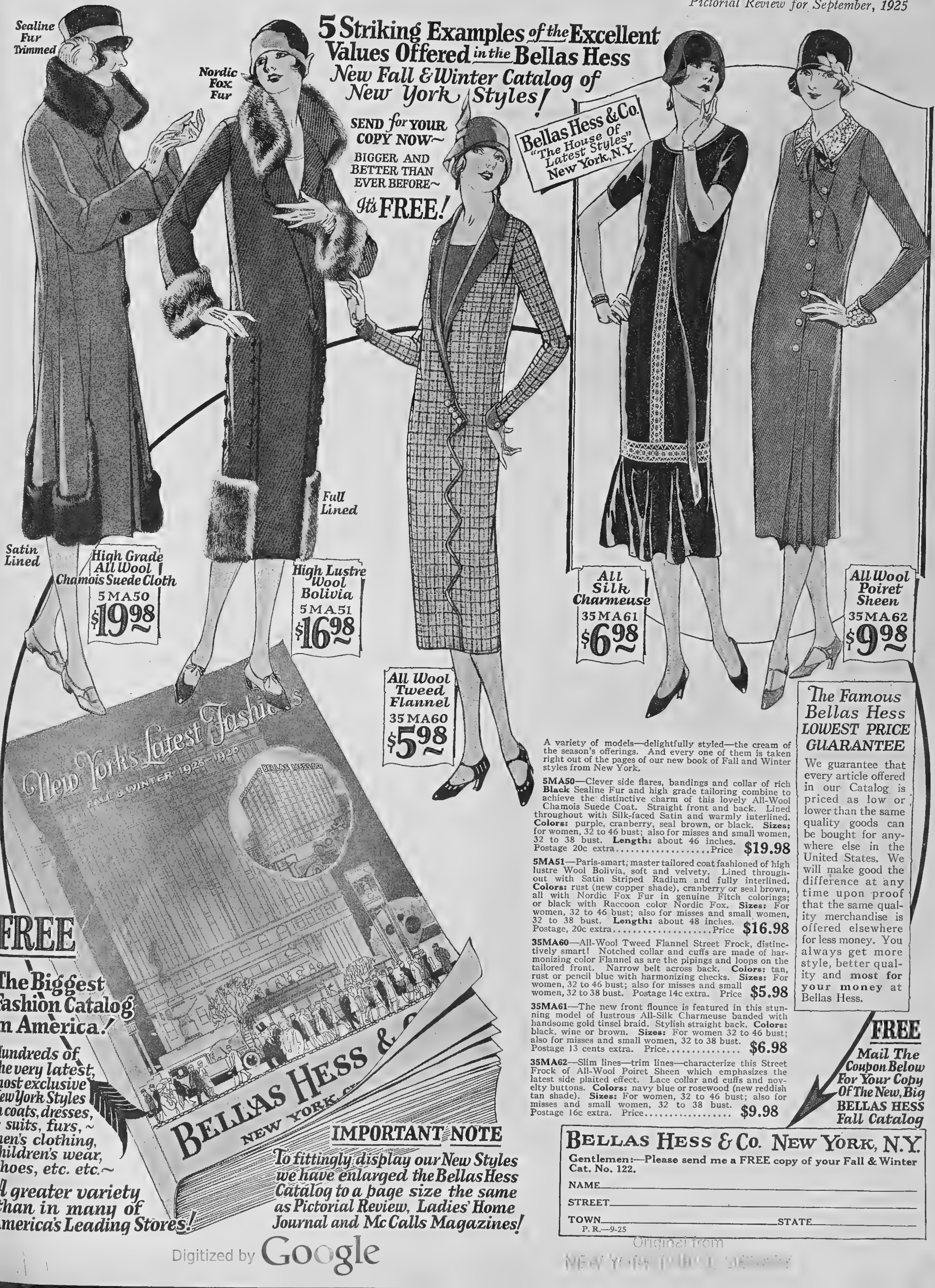
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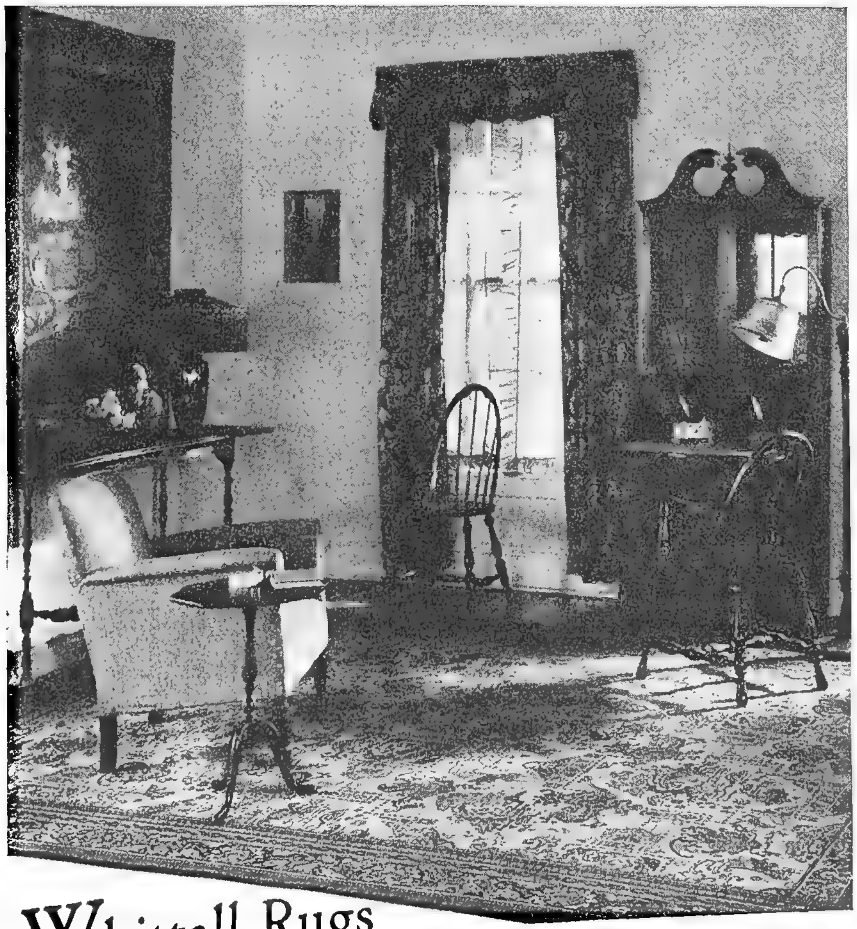

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Wild Geese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

After the supper they sauntered out to the chicken-house, where Mark showed her twelve newly hatched chicks. They looked at the sky and found it heavy with rain. Lind decided it would be better not to start for home until it had gone over, and they returned indoors with great round drops falling about them.

Lind played the phonograph while Mark smoked his pipe. He looked more remote than ever when he smoked, as if he found in the blue spirals an irresistible mystery. Suddenly Lind went over to him and snatched his pipe away. He looked up in boyish surprize. Lind thrust the pipe between her lips and puffed violently.

"Nothing much to that," she said, handing it back to him.

"Most satisfying thing in the world."

"Must be, the way you concentrate on it."

"I thought you were listening to the music. I'll get you a pipe, if you like." He got up as if to find a pipe. She smiled and went to the window to look at the rain. It came down in great curves, and with it came the dark.

MARK lit the lamp, and while he plucked at the wick Lind held the chimney. He took it from her, and their hands touched briefly. Mark's lips almost touched her hair. He drew away quickly, and Lind clasped her hands together and began to hum a little tune.

When the rain had gone the evening was as soundless and clear as if it stood over a newly created earth. Lind and Mark walked down the wood road, leading their horses. Above the darkening cedars the moon rose, and the night opened upon them like a tender, gloomed flower.

They moved together involuntarily. Lind looked up and saw his face clear and intent upon her in the ashy light. His absorption was gone now. He was all human and very near to her. They stood still in the road and looked at each other. The moonlight seemed to form a globe over them, locking out every alien sound. Without a word Lind went to him. His arms, his breast, and his lips possessed her. She yielded herself to the dark, warm entirety of him, knowing the full moment. "Lind—Lind—" he whispered her name over and over.

The horses walked on ahead, keeping to the road.

ON THE day that Caleb was expected home Mrs. Sandbo became suddenly aware that life was tedious. True, Mrs. Thorvaldson over westward was "expecting," and she, Mrs. Sandbo, would be present at her confinement, but that was at least two weeks away. No wind of gossip had blown her way for a long time; no choice morsel of scandal had fallen into her hands to knead and reshape. The teacher, who must surely hear things, was not the one to recount them generously. On the day that Caleb was expected home, then, Mrs. Sandbo's curiosity won her over to its side completely.

Sven having gone to Yellow Post, she maneuvered the cattle into the Gare's hay-field, and proceeded in an elaborately unscientific manner to herd them out. Lind, watching her flying across the east field, wondered what her purpose was in driving them toward the Gares'. Presently the scheme behind it became obvious to her, and she smiled to herself.

When Mrs. Sandbo had finally cornered the beasts up against the fence, Martin came to her rescue and opened the gate into the yard, through which she drove the cattle, heading them toward the road. Then she turned, panting, with a hand on her chest, to see who was about. Lind, who had been looking at Ellen's sweet-pea vines, came toward her and smiled a greeting.

Mrs. Sandbo responded absently, apparently overcome at finding herself at last on the spot where she had craved to be. She looked past the teacher toward the house with eyes greedy for revelations.

"And vhere is Mrs. Gare—and the girls?" she asked, her words stumbling over each other with eagerness. While she talked she noticed the garden with its clean, straight rows, the new wagon-shed, and the plump white Leghorns tilting tails as they pecked and scratched in the screened yard. Her cows had ambled out into the road, but they could wait.

"Ellen is working indoors, Mrs. Sandbo," Lind told her. "Judith is at Yellow Post, and Mrs. Gare is busy at something." She knew Amelia would be embarrassed at finding the woman here.

"Vell—issn't—vell!" Mrs. Sandbo found no expression for her feelings at the moment. She was too disconcerted at seeing no one rush to meet her, as she would have done had a caller approached her home under such circumstances, that it did not occur to her at once to turn to the house.

Before she could say any more, Mrs. Gare came into sight among the outbuildings, her white apron gathered up in front of her and bulging roundly. She shielded her eyes with her free hand as she approached them.

"Vell—vell—Mrs. Gare," said Mrs. Sandbo, in the manner she used in her own parlor among the bright-brown leather furniture and the looming photographs of all the Sandbos. "You look just like you alvays vass! My, vhat eggs! Do you get so many every day?" Her eyes traveled quickly over Amelia's dress, her shoes, the look of her face.

AMELIA smiled, glancing with amusement at Lind. She had never cared particularly for Mrs. Sandbo on the two or three occasions when she had met her before, but she would nevertheless have liked to ask her in were it not for her old fear of Caleb's criticism. "Not every day," she replied. "And how are you keeping, Mrs. Sandbo?"

"Oh, me, I'm not vell lately. Since he vent it's been purty hard. A farm goes up—phoo!—vit'out a man. Sven, he's got no use for the place after he been to town. He vill back—and vhat can a poor voman do?" She glanced disconsolately toward the house. Was not Amelia going to ask her in?

"Yes, it must be hard for you," Amelia said. She looked toward Mrs. Sandbo's cattle scattering in the road.

"I had such a time to get those lubbers out of your field, Mrs. Gare! They vill after sveet hay. I have Sven fix the fence vhere they got through. And vhere is the girls?" she asked, sweeping the place with a sharp look. She had heard Lind's reply to that question well enough.

Amelia told her.

"Oh, Ellen is sewing? New Summer dresses, now, maybe?"

"Well—not exactly. How is Dora?"

"Oh, that one." Mrs. Sandbo composed herself with her hands across her waist, glad of a subject that would prolong the conversation. She had a feeling that was nettling and at the same time gratifying because of its implication, that Amelia was trying to get rid of her.

"Vhat a life she hass! With such a man! I always says to her, I says, you have no bissness to marry him. But she hass her way, and now you see vhat it iss! She vass a purty girl, Dora, an [illegible] good girl. Everybody vass after her in Loyola, vhere she vaited on table. But vhat can you say to them—the young ones? Sven—he vill run off and marry some dirt, too, maybe. If Judith" (she pronounced it *Yudit*) "vill not look on him. Hee, hee! Vhat you t'ink of dose two, Mrs. Gare?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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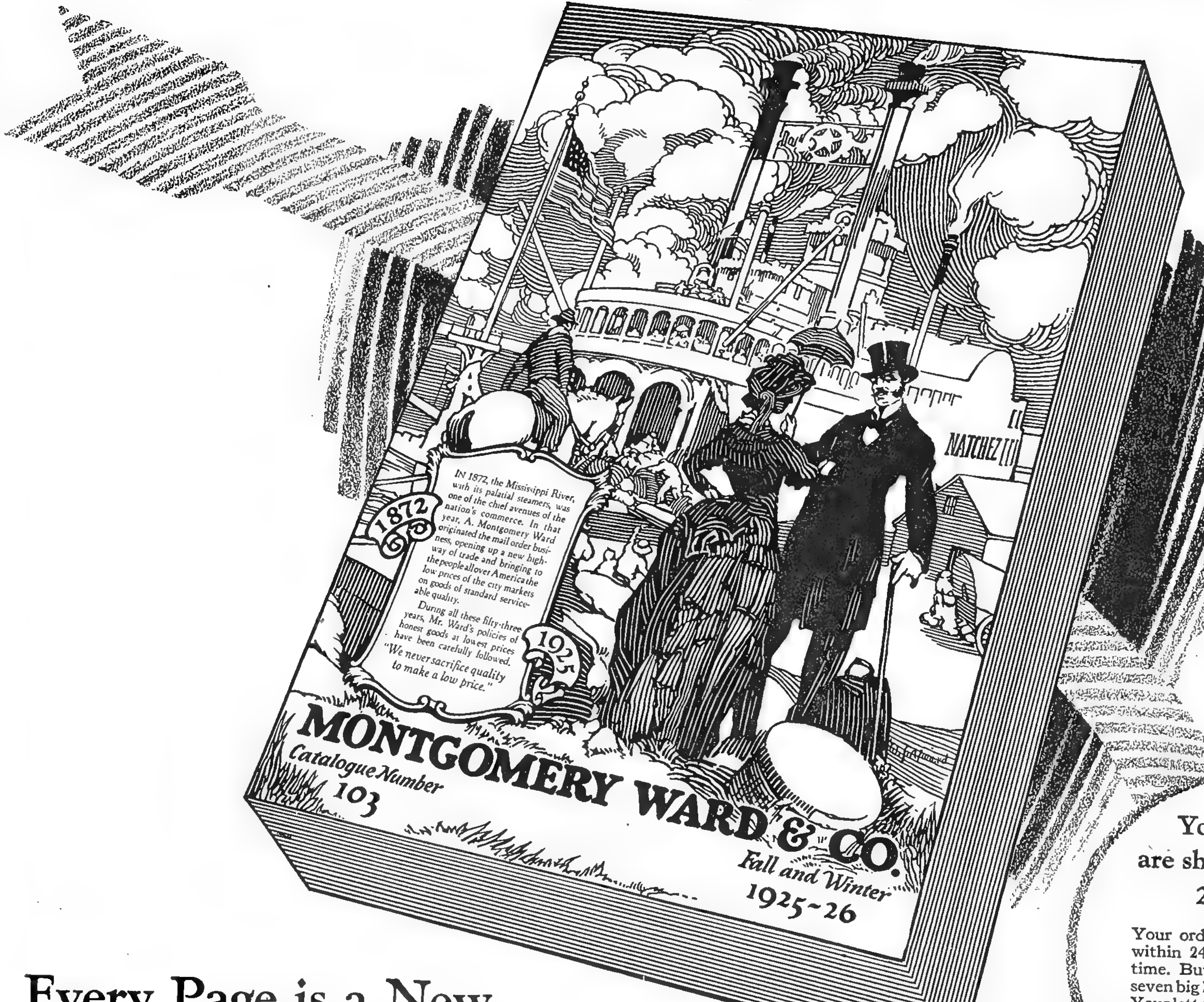

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Wild Geese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

She tittered at Lind, and looked again toward the house. Surely now that this much had been said Mrs. Gare could do nothing but ask her in. A cup of coffee, anyway.

"I don't think Dora is so badly off, Mrs. Sandbo," Lind said, "now that I've called on her. I think her husband looks like a good man."

"H'm! you don't yet know him."

Amelia took a securer grip on the eggs in her apron. Lind touched Mrs. Sandbo's arm. "Let me help you drive the cows home, Mrs. Sandbo. They'll be all over the place in a minute."

"I hope you get them in safe," Mrs. Gare smiled. "Good-by, Mrs. Sandbo."

On the way down the road Mrs. Sandbo could not contain her chagrin and amazement at the fact that she had not been invited into the Gare stronghold.

"Iss it him? Iss she so scared of him that she can't ask a neighbor in to coffee?" she demanded of Lind.

"I think it's because he's away," said Lind, clearing her throat.

"Vell—so I vill come one day vhen he iss home. The stinker!" she said emphatically.

Mrs. Sandbo was well acquainted with the situation on the Gare farm, but occasionally when life hung dully about her she liked to regale herself by freshening her knowledge of the state of affairs. So that now she was doubly thrilled, first by her renewed awe at the tyranny of Caleb Gare, secondly by the personal affront she had suffered.

JUDITH had not counted on finding Sven at Yellow Post. Somehow, he had gone out of her mind, to give place to that dark thing that had agonized her thoughts ever since she had overheard the conversation between Amelia and Caleb. For some reason unknown to her she was wretchedly unworthy, even to live.

Sven was hiring a half-breed for the haying-time when Judith first saw him. Out of the corner of her eye she watched his dominating gestures, watched him flip a match out of the open window with a male grace that tantalized her. It was only necessary to see him, then— She hated herself suddenly.

He turned and saw her, leaning against the enormous vinegar-barrel near the counter. The corners of her lips tightened, and she looked away. Sven dismissed the half-breed with a word and sauntered lazily toward her.

"So that was all you wanted me for, eh?" he mocked. He strove to look indifferent, but his lips worked nervously. "Well—it's all right with me. I just want to know where I stand."

Judith raised her eyes, but could not keep them on his face.

"Listen, Jude. I mean what I say. You make up your mind one way or the other, and meet me at the water-hole in the bush. I'm not throwing myself around like a fool for anybody. Be there for the cattle to-night."

"Not to-night—to-morrow night," Judith said shortly, and turned to Johanneson.

PERPLEXED, Sven went away. He could swear in his heart that Judith loved him. But she was strange. What on earth had he done to make her avoid him? Nothing that she herself had not incited. He was half tempted to force her to ride home with him, to frighten her into submission, as he had done.

The morning was pure and mobile with a soft wind. It would be sweet riding together. He would tell her again of the town where he had worked, and where he would take her when they were married. He would—oh, what was the use? She, likely as not, would lash him across the face with her whip if he spoke to her again that day.

Judith rode home in a flux of emotions. To demand of Amelia what there was to prevent her marrying Sven might perhaps lead to the unfolding of secrets that would forever bind her to the life on the farm. And yet this agitation of the spirit would not cease until she knew.

As she jogged along in the cart her eyes idled across the flat, unsurprizing earth that went on and on into the north with scarcely a perceptible undulation. Here was the bush-land, without magnificence, without primitive redundance of growth; here was the prairie, spare as an empty platter—no, there was the solitary figure of a man upon it, like a meager offering of earth to heaven. Here were the little wood trails and prairie trails that a few men had made on lonely journeyings, and here the crossings where they had met to exchange a word or two.

THE sky above it all was blue and tremendous, a vast country for proud birds that were ever on the wing, seeking, seeking. And a little delicate wind that was like a woman, Jude thought to herself, but could in a moment become a male giant violating the earth.

She could find the sky and the wind in a more profuse place, where life was like silk, and she belonged there. She would have to ask Amelia what that was.

Amelia was spraying lice-powder on the interior of the chicken-coop when Judith returned. The girl stood at the door and watched her for awhile in silence, then told her there was no mail. Amelia had not expected any. There never was any mail with any meaning for her. She went on with her task without comment.

"What were you talking about with him that night you told him about Sven?" Judith asked abruptly.

Amelia had her back to her and did not turn. "Why—I can't remember anything special," she replied slowly. "He wouldn't listen to it, of course."

"There's something else—I heard you. I have to know right now what it is," Judith kept on.

Amelia faced her. "I guess you heard what he said about my family," she began haltingly. "He's always reminding me that he came from better people than I did. He makes my parents out a lot worse than they were—they were only poor, nothing worse. You know how he is, Judie. That was all."

THE chicken-coop smelled pungently of lime. It was suffocating. But Amelia apparently did not notice it. Judith looked at her hard for a moment. Amelia's face was blank. She turned again and continued spraying the roosts.

Judith turned doubtfully away. It was like Caleb to make a great to-do over so little, but——

In the chicken-coop Amelia's hands were inert. She set the spray down. Judith had not heard Caleb's reference to Mark Jordan, then. She would have to submit to anything hereafter rather than create a scene that would lead to disaster.

The next day Caleb returned. He had shoes for Judith, stout leather things with room for heavy woolen stockings. There would be another Winter.

The farther you get in this unusual novel the easier it is to see why "Wild Geese" was selected from 1,700 manuscripts to receive the $13,500 prize. When you consider that the author began this serial-novel when she was just twenty-one years old, the maturity of her style seems almost incredible.

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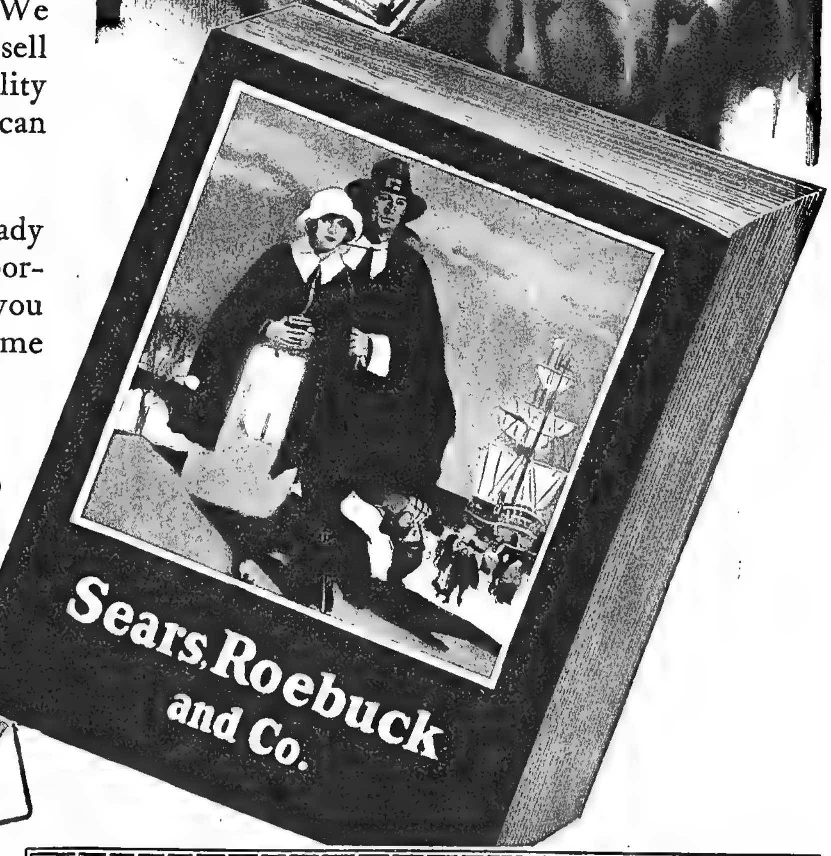

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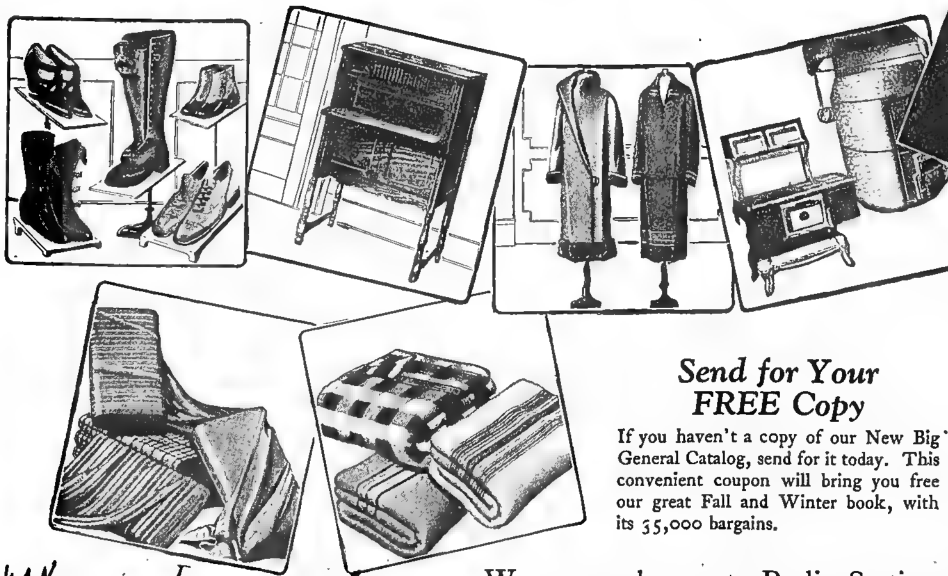

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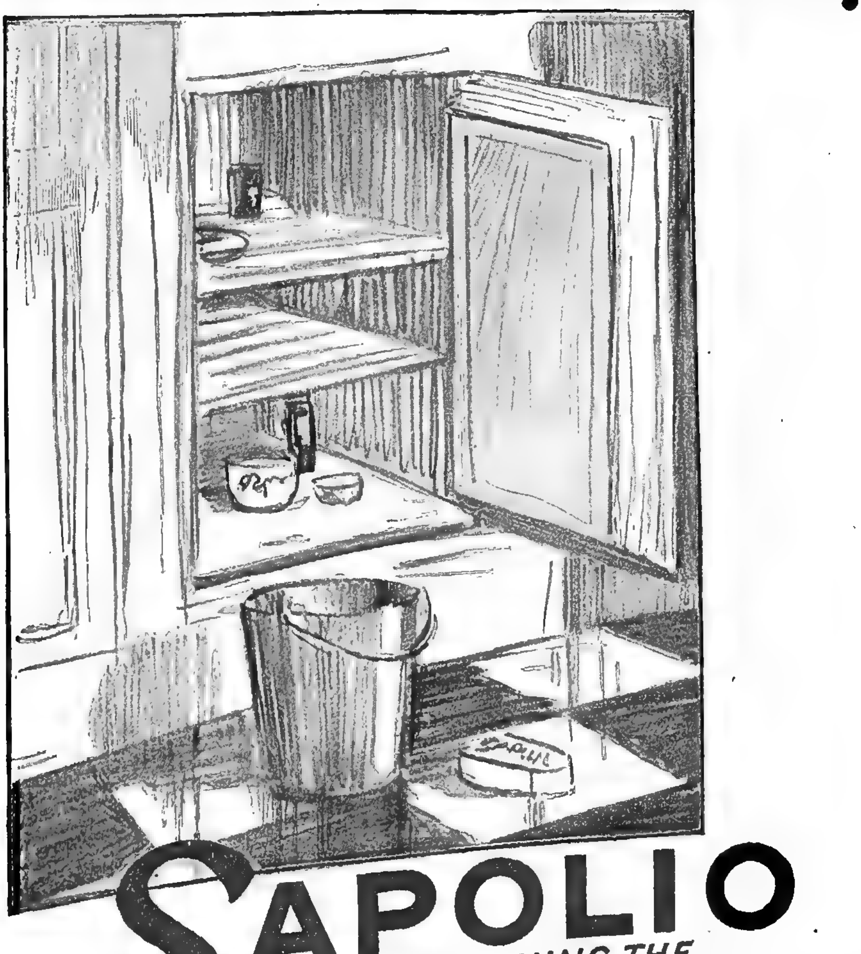

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His Perfect Wife

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

ridin', and managed him into a shady lane, and managed her head on his shoulder, and when he came out of his trance he already had the license in his pocket, and she had the announcement in the paper.

"She managed him up to the preacher, and the first thing he knowed he was once more a mere single-standard husband with a high-power female efficiency expert on the job as general manager. Again he was a butler in his own home, and his old familiar haunts knew him no more.

"Mrs. Lulu was nicer about it than his first wife, but the results were about the same. She fixed up a dainty little room that she called his den, but she wouldn't let him smoke in it because it was bad for the goldfish. Worse than that, she made him wear a smokin'-jacket when he mowed the lawn, and got him a pale-pink bath-robe that was too short on one end.

"Of all the low-down tricks she did was when she made him read her speeches. It would make a Mormon take the veil to hear poor Jeff wailin' out one of them addresses before an audience of gloatin' females. I can just hear him now:

"'The women of this country must take the place that rightfully belongs to them. Shall we continue to be the pampered pets of masculine mankind? When we behold man, the poor fish, struttin' in the delusion that he is the superior sex, it is enough to make the angels weep.' And there poor old Jeff would stand provin' every word of it by the way he acted.

"One day he says to me: 'As a picker of wives I'll admit I'm a failure. They both have their way. One beat me into it and the other talks me out of it. I have as much to do with runnin' my own home as a tick on a cow's hind leg has to do with sayin' which way the cow will jump.'

"I felt so sorry for him that once in a while I'd go up to his house for supper. In spite of her highbrow ways Mrs. Lulu was right handy with a skillet. I was up there the evenin' this terrible thing I started to tell you about happened.

"We was just startin' to sit down to supper when the door opened and in walks Jeff's first wife.

"We just sat and stared like we'd seen a ghost. But she wasn't no ghost. Far from it. She dropped her suitcase on the floor, glared at Jeff, and says: 'Well, I've come home.' Then in the next breath she says: 'Who is this woman in my house?'

"Mrs. Lulu turns haughtily to Jeff, and says: 'Jefferson, please remove this person. You may explain later.'

"Right then was when I grabbed my hat and lit out on a high, hard lope. I could hear them two females tearin' into each other and Jeff pleadin' and squealin' like a pig caught under a gate.

"IT WASN'T until later that I found out all about this Enochess Arden stunt. You see, the first Mrs. Calhoun hadn't been dead at all. It seems like she was thrown around by that cyclone, and hit on the head with a house or something, and when she came to she was unconscious in a hospital.

"She slowly got better, but was all mixed up in her memory. Couldn't remember her name or anything. Another one of them complexes.

"This relief committee tried to do the right thing, but were careless, and never did sort out all those folks the way they had been before. Somebody identified one of the victims as Jeff's wife, and they just took his word for it and sent her home.

"Well, there was Mrs. Jeff, not knowin' she was Mrs. Jeff all those months, and Jeff himself committin' unintentional bigamy by marryin' with Mrs. Lulu. It was one of those situations that are pregnant with possibilities.

"Mrs. Jeff the first recovered her health, but her mind was still foggy until one day some busybody recognized her and told her who she was. Then she remembered. When she heard about Jeff marryin' the milliner she got mad as a wet cat, and was her natural self again. "With blood in her eye she caught the next train for Tondo City, and walked in on Jeff's little love-nest, as the papers call it, just like I told you.

"There he was, the agreein'est man in town, with the two fightin'est wives in Texas both on his hands simultaneous at the same time.

"The first Mrs. Calhoun moved into a room on one side of the house, and Mrs. Lulu she camped in another room, and poor Jeff took to the wood-shed. For a couple of days there came rumors and the sound of battle. The whole town took a deep interest and divided into factions, some bettin' on the first Mrs. Jeff and others bettin' that Mrs. Lulu would manage some way.

"It wasn't long before them two women realized that neither one was goin' to give up. So they both centered their attack on Jeff. What that man went through is terrible to think about. There wasn't any escape for him.

"ONE day he came into my office lookin' like a sick spook, locked the door, and flopped weakly into a chair.

"'Somethin' has got to be done,' he whispers, tremblin' like a man with the chills. 'Send for Judge Odom.'

"You know Judge Odom, a good lawyer, a dignified-lookin' man but a little inclined to chuck his education around all over the place. The judge came, and we barricaded the door and sat down to deliberate.

"'Judge, this is no time for half-way measures,' Jeff says. 'It's time all good men and true must stick together. If this goes on there's bound to be a murder or a scandal in this town.

"'My first old lady is a regular hellion on the war-path. She demands that I fire Lulu out and recognize her as my one and only wife. If I don't she's goin' to make herself a widow.

"'Mrs. Lulu claims she lawfully wedded me and it isn't respectable for my first wife to come back from the grave. Anyway she won't budge an inch. Both of them females is as hard as granite and as set in their determination as Pike's Peak. Good Heavens! Out of fifty million women in this country why did I pick out them two?'

"We conferred a little while, and then Judge Odom put on his glasses and said in that legal way of his:

"'Jeff, let us face the facts as they here stand before us. We must recognize the fact that you have committed bigamy. That is a felony under the law, but the law takes cognizance of the intent and there is no proof that you did it wilfully. It is accidental bigamy, we may say.

"'It resolves itself into a question which you alone can decide. On the one hand you have your first wife. On the other hand you have your second wife. If you wish to continue livin' with your first wife in the conjugal state, you must dismiss Mrs. Lulu from your premises.

"'If, however, you wish to continue in your present relation with your second wife, you must get a divorce from your first wife and remarry your second wife after your legal separation from your first wife. Is that clear?'

"'All I can make out of it is that I got to make up my mind to take one of these wives and discharge the other one,' says Jeff, lookin' gloomy. 'Ain't there no other way out?'

"'No,' declared the judge. 'You alone can decide. There is no way, however, in which a man may be legally held in involuntary matrimony.'

"Jeff sat there with his feet upon the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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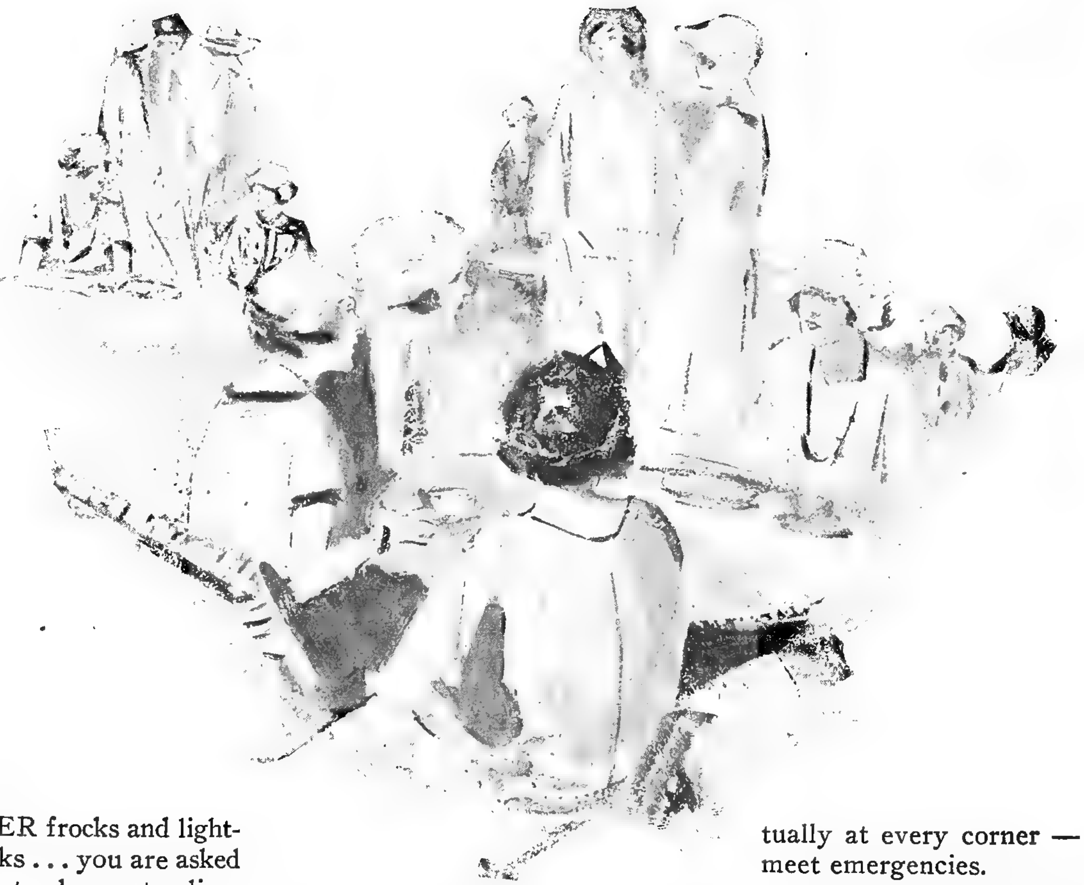

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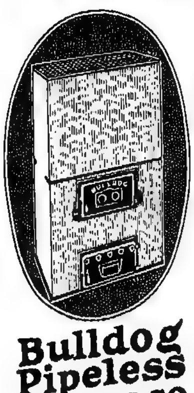

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His Perfect Wife

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

desk and thought and thought, until gradually his chin began to stick out and a desperate look came into his eyes.

"'If there ain't no other way then I'll decide right now,' he roared, poundin' the desk with his fist. 'Judge, I want you to draw up two deeds, one for the house, made out to Mrs. Lulu; one for that little farm of mine out west of town, made out to the first Mrs. Jeff.'

"The old judge sat down and wrote out both of them instruments as directed. Jeff put them in his pocket and says to us: 'Now, if you two fellows are my friends and real he men you will come with me up to the house and back me up in my judgment.'

"We couldn't very well back out on old Jeff, so we went along, the judge as his legal adviser and me as a kind of bodyguard. When we arrived at the house both of them wives was there.

"'Come into the dinin'-room!' Jeff yelled at them, and sort of dumfounded they did. Jeff was like a different man. His eyes was bloodshot and wild, and he looked like a cornered wolf. When a meek man like that goes on the war-path it's kind of awesome. Somethin' like a rabbit matchin' a fight with a bulldog.

"Jeff sits down and pulls them papers out of his pocket. 'Here,' he says, throwin' one of them to Mrs. Lulu, 'is the deed to this house. It's yours.'

"The first Mrs. Jeff starts to go into action, but Jeff turns on her and yells: 'Sit down, and shut up!' Then he hands her the other paper and says: 'Here is the deed to my farm. It's yours.'

"Gettin' up, he puts on his hat and remarks, 'That's finished. You're both provided for. I don't ever want to see either one of you females again.'

"They both started to talk at once, but Judge Odom stopped them with a wave of his hand and turns to Jeff.

"'But, Mr. Calhoun,' he argues, 'this is a generous act on your part, but it does not settle the main question. You must decide which one of these women you intend recognizin' as your wife.'

"'Neither one of them,' calmly declared Jeff.

"'Why, what do you mean?' asked the judge.

"'What I mean is this,' Jeff roars, stabbin' at the two women with his finger. 'The only wife I recognize is the one in the cemetery. She is the only lawful wife I ever had and I sure am goin' to be true to her. I'm goin' right out there now and mourn,' he declared, startin' for the door. 'You two can go to the devil for all I care. You're nothin' but accidental bigamists anyhow.'

"Out he walks and headed straight for the cemetery. He sat on that tombstone a long time makin' a public display of his grief. Along about supper he came back to the hotel, bought a two-bit cigar, and sat in to the poker game. Old Jeff was a man again."

"And did that settle the question?" I asked the old cattle-buyer, who was showing signs of running down.

"It certainly did," he answered. "Jeff wouldn't be moved. That wife he'd buried after the cyclone was the only one he'd claim. He mourned and mourned around that cemetery until it was real touchin'. I never did see a man get so much downright pleasure out of his grief.

"Every time one of them other wives came near him he'd grab a bouquet and hike for the graveyard. Finally they both give up hope, and the first Mrs. Jeff got a divorce and took the farm, and the second Mrs. Jeff took the house and went back to trimmin' hats. They do say she has a worse opinion of the men than ever.

"Old Jeff is the happiest man in town. At last he has found the perfect wife. He solemnly proclaims that from now on drinkin' is his only vice."

Is New York Society as Slack as It's Painted?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

dishonest people in New York"—a statement which is, of course, quite untrue; but if she, living in New York, can have such an idea, it is not surprizing that many other ideas about not only cabarets but private parties and the people who attend them can be formed by listening to a few interesting fairy-tales.

Unquestionably, in spite of the fact that life for people of society (indeed for all people) is freer, less restricted, there has never been a period in which the so-called leisure class—the class, in other words, which is supposed to have the time and money to pass in mere enjoyment—there has, I repeat, never been a period in which those people had as many interests outside of pleasure—that is, pleasure derived from the pursuit of pleasure—as to-day.

Any number of girls and women whose names are often to be read in the list of guests at some smart dinner or dance have definite daytime jobs that are rarely mentioned. For example, when one sees Mrs. Nathalie Laimbeer out at a large dinner and dance, the picture of a "society woman," one would never think that she has just been given a most important position in a large bank and has to be at her office every morning at nine or nine-thirty.

Needless to say, she did not get the job without having earned it. She has been working for years, and now has been given probably the most important banking position as yet held by a woman.

We have had two other examples of society women who work in the cases of the daughters of two very rich New York families: one, Mrs. Roderick Tower, the daughter of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney; the other, Consuelo Vanderbilt, the younger daughter of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt 2nd.

Leading the same society life that has been led for years, they had unobtrusively been working at sculpture, and this year exhibited, under assumed names, work that was well spoken of. Another girl, not as well known to the newspapers, but also socially prominent, has been painting lamp-shades, boxes, etc., for some years and, what is more, finding a market for them.

I could tell of many more such examples that all show a tendency, not toward faster, more lax living than heretofore, but just the opposite. For we all know that it is almost impossible to make good even in a small way at a job or work of any kind if we are spending all our vitality and energy on merely "amusement."

I firmly believe that the purely "society" amusement-seeking girl will soon be entirely a thing of the past. I hope that soon the attitude of mind which takes it for granted that those of society have no sense of responsibility, no capacity for work, no ability to stick to a job, will change.

Society has been spoken of as "going to the dogs" many times before—in Italy, in France, in England—and in spite of all the alarmists the world has progressed. We are to-day living during a period of change in forms, conventions, etc., but I believe society is not "going to the dogs," but, on the contrary, is producing fewer parasites, fewer selfish, self-absorbed good-for-nothings than ever before.

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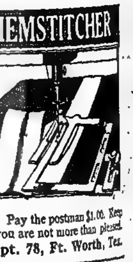

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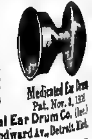

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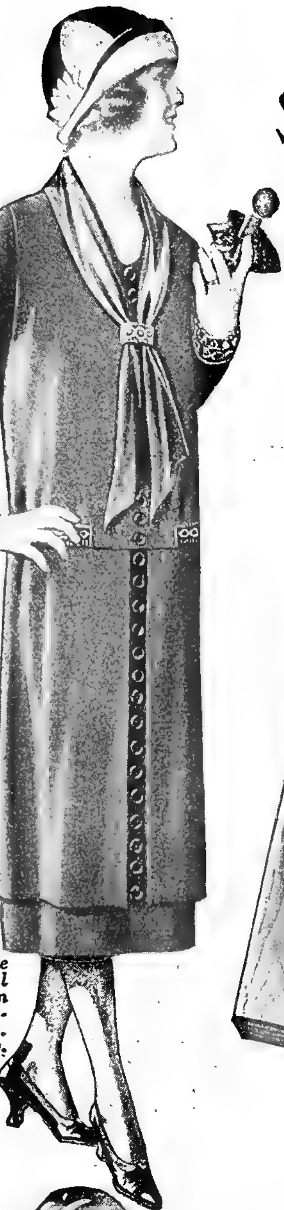

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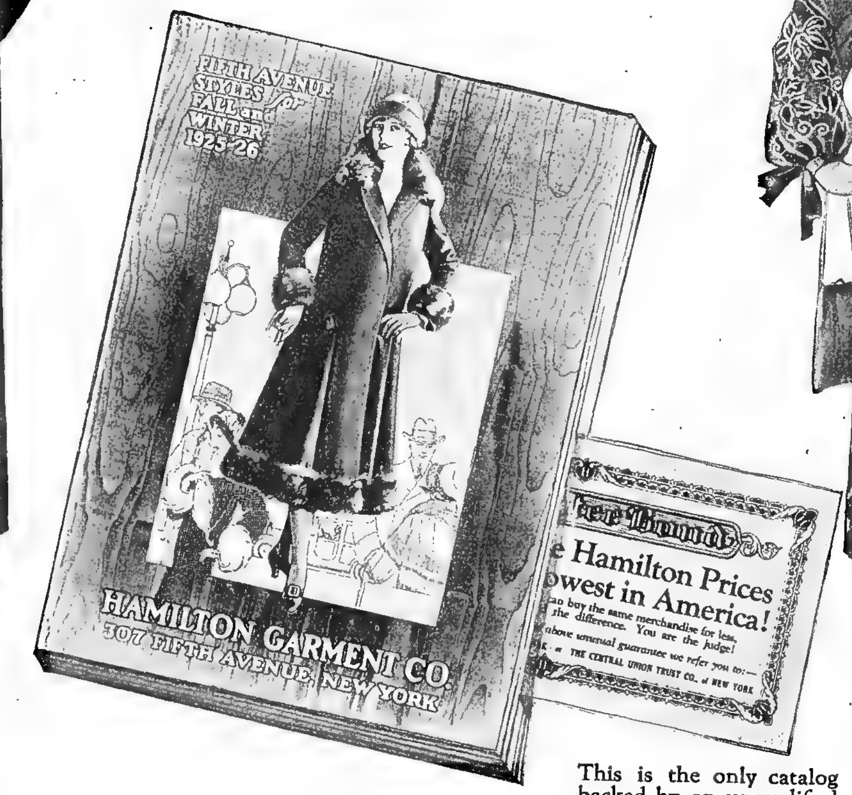

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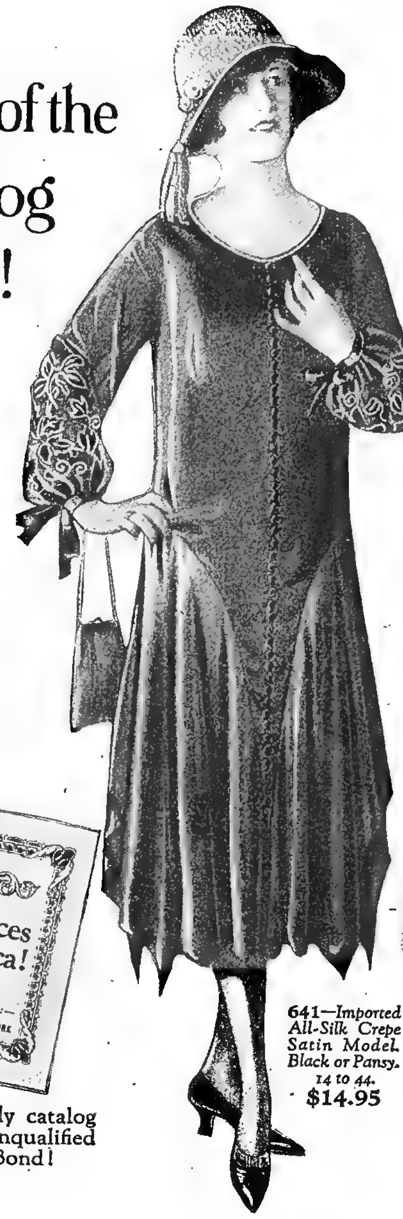

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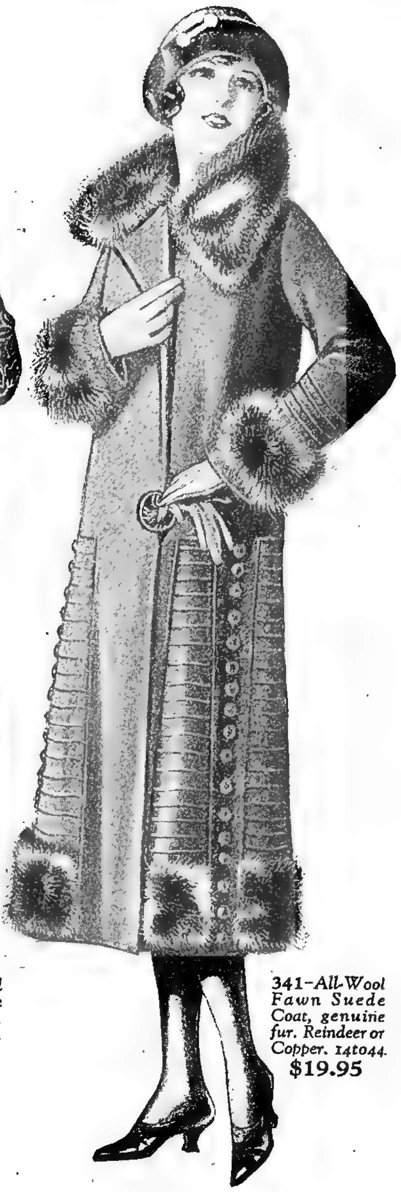

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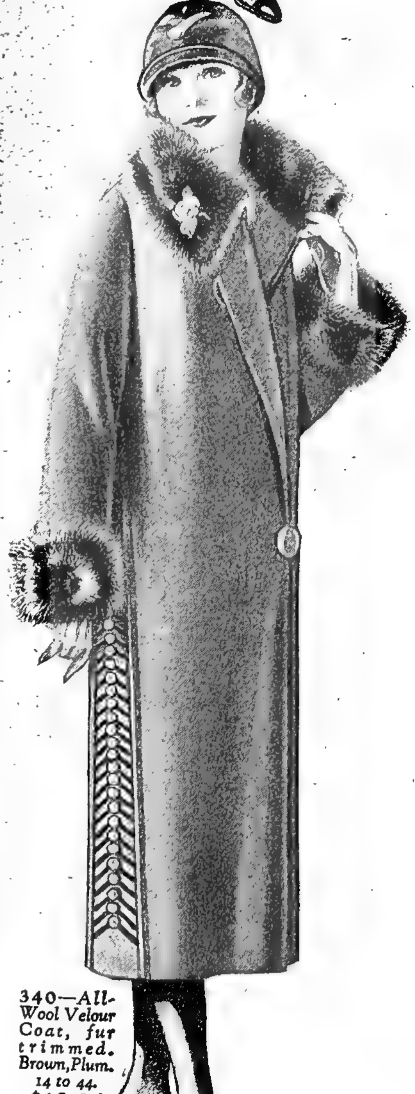

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Read the guarantee bond shown above. Nowhere else can you get this remarkable protection. It *means* that, if you can buy the same or similar merchandise of equal value for less money before December 1st, we will immediately send you a check for the difference. It *means* that you can remain right in your own home and shop on Fifth Avenue, knowing that you are getting the best values your money can possibly buy. You are the judge!

We know, of course, that some unscrupulous persons may impose upon us under such an unqualified guarantee. But the American people appreciate a square deal—so the guarantee stands.

How can we do this? Simply because we are the only manufacturers selling direct to the wearer at little more than wholesale prices!

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Gentlemen: Please send me FREE your Catalog of FIFTH AVENUE Styles for Fall
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If you prefer, just send a one-cent government post card.

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No more freckles, no more blackheads, no more sallow skin! A new discovery called Golden Peacock Bleach Creme clears and whitens your skin with amazing quickness! Now you can clear your skin of redness, roughness, blotches, muddiness or any blemish.

Make This 3 Minute Test

There is hidden beauty in your skin. Dust, wind, and clogged pores may have injured it. But underneath—just waiting to be brought out—is a clear, vividly beautiful complexion. Make this 3-minute-before-bedtime test. Smooth this cool, fragrant creme on your skin. The very next morning, look into your mirror.

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So wonderful—so quick—are the results of this new scientific cream that we absolutely guarantee it! Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme now—today. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed at the transformation, your money will be instantly refunded.

If your dealer cannot supply you just mail the coupon below. When package arrives pay postman only $1.

FREE—Special Gift

If you will act quickly, we also will send you a lovely gift absolutely FREE, with our compliments.

Paris Toilet Company
29 Oak St. Paris, Tenn.

Dealers: Golden Peacock Bleach Creme is proving to be one of the biggest selling toilet items. Get an ample supply from your jobber or write us direct.

PARIS TOILET COMPANY,
29 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.

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Name..

Address..

Dealer's Name..

For that throbbing
NERVOUS HEADACHE
massage the temples
with cooling, soothing
Mentholatum
Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Wichita, Kans.

BUNIONS

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The Hump vanishes as though by magic. THEN YOU WILL HAVE SHAPELY FEET.

SENT ON TRIAL

I want you to have relief from Bunions. I want you to know the pleasure of foot comfort. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try PEDODYNE." Address—
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Enjoy Your Work! Hundreds of openings in big hotels for women to act as Hostess. Fascinating, uncrowded field that develops charm and personality. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment house in a fashionable section—salary $3,600 per year, with beautiful apartment for my girls and self." Write for FREE BOOK.

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Introducing PRISCILLA DRESS FABRICS, DRY GOODS, HANDKERCHIEFS, etc. Is pleasant and profitable. We want more representatives now at good pay. Full or spare time. Everything furnished Write
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GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off! W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 50, East Orange, N.J.

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Earn $18 to $60 a week **Retouching** photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish **Working Outfit Free.** Limited offer. Write today. **ARTCRAFT STUDIOS,**
Dept. B-8 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago

You Are All Pardoned

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Through the thick oak door, closed behind him, Mendoza heard Herr Brett's voice raised once more in tearful expostulation.

For a moment Mendoza was uncomfortable. He was standing at one end of the big square room, with no one near him, and no one said anything, and the room was by now in vague twilight. And then he saw more distinctly the tall, completely bald, too well-dressed, blackish man near the tea-table getting reluctantly to his feet, and, in the circle of the alcohol-flame, as she leaned over to regulate it before welcoming her guest, the face of his woman companion.

The face came out of the shadows for a moment of pallid distinctness—the long eyelashes, the perfect curve of the cheek, the straight, scarlet, imperious lips, and the wide, dark eyes as, once her task completed, their owner raised them again.

Mendoza's heart gave a jump. He saw beauty with the quickness of a painter, and he had not expected Gloria to be so beautiful. He had heard, of course, that she was, but he discounted tales of footlight loveliness. You could work wonders with grease-paint and lighting. But this purity of line—that was the real thing.

Subconsciously he was a trifle angry. Even the most generous of men feels slightly ill-used if the girl who breaks her engagement with him develops into a magnificence that her youth, delightful as it may have been, had not predicted. Moreover, no man, whether he has met a woman before or not, likes to come upon her sitting alone with another man in twilight vagueness. Friendliness turns on lamps; a forgetfulness of electric switches shows too much mental absorption.

But Mendoza's good humor returned as he realized that a great deal of the present scene was being staged for him—staged with a deliberate sense of values. For out of the silence floated a voice saying a single word, "Pedro!" saying it—what an extraordinary voice!—so that it dropped like a petal of a flower. And the next moment Gloria was at his side, her hand in his.

"My dear Pedro! How enchanting!"

Mendoza had seldom felt the physical presence of another person in such an enveloping and startling way. The room sprang into light, thanks to the tall, dark man who had touched a button. Half reluctantly Mendoza let go of Gloria's hand.

"Mr. Mendoza, this is Mr. Fairfax, my producer," said Gloria.

Mendoza experienced confusion over the name. He somehow could not associate the obviously Oriental personality with the forthright Saxon syllables that had once belonged to a friend of Oliver Cromwell's.

NOR did he like Mr. Fairfax any better upon further acquaintance. Mr. Fairfax reminded him of a hairless spider. He wished, too, that Gloria wasn't so generously—and he couldn't but admit, to a large extent, unconsciously—feminine. She flung her femininity about a trifle too much.

Suddenly, softly, with an almost imperceptible opening of heavy doors, Kent reappeared with a chastened Herr Brett. Gloria seemed annoyed. She leveled dark and penciled eyebrows. Herr Brett, deprived of the armor of his rage, trembled.

"If he comes back," said Gloria musingly and to no one in particular, "he will have to act like a normal human being and a manager—a business man."

She held out a hand.

Herr Brett, like an obese spaniel, crept over and kissed it.

"Give him some tea, Gloria," said Kent cheerily, in the placid, commanding tones of a middle-class husband sure of his position. "He is weak from temperament."

Mendoza was not a bad man. He was not even a weak man. At least he assured himself so often that he was neither of these things that there must have been some truth in the statements. To begin with, he was by far too conscientious and hard-working an artist to waste time playing the fruitless rôle of a Don Juan, and, to end with, he was a sportsman and fairly honest, and therefore hated intrigue. But he was human and unattached, and so could stand just so much. It was not fair to expect more, especially when the lady in the case put things on such a high level of spiritual necessity.

His conversations with Gloria, becoming more and more intimate, were still extraordinarily abstract; but Mendoza was not a fool, and he was aware to what such abstractions frequently led. But that was one of the charms of Gloria for a man of Mendoza's disposition.

Unlike most women, once you got her into a corner and she failed for a moment to remember her temperament, she was philosophical and cool and amused. She, unlike most women, was able to transmute her opinions and her experiences into wide, general rules. And this made her peculiarly fascinating, for all the while, implicit, in the background, was that warm undercurrent of her vitality.

SHE talked a great deal about the necessity the artist has for emotional release. As time went on she talked more. How artists are not the masters of their own careers, but merely guardians of a talent for the preservation and increase of which they must sacrifice, if necessary, all the rules by which ordinary people are bound.

She seemed to regard these sacrifices as more of a nuisance than anything else, but there you were. And what was to be done about it? Personally she was a good woman; all her instincts were good; but here was this constant urge to experiment and experience life and keep one's soul from atrophying.

Mendoza listened and wondered. He salved his conscience by once remarking warningly that if, in your passion to see the wheels go round, you took the machine apart too much, "you had rather a dreadful time putting it together again, didn't you?" But beyond that he could not go. That was far enough, wasn't it?

In his life he had heard a good deal of the same sort of talk as Gloria, with increased frequency, indulged in, but not as a rule from people as significant and obviously intelligent. But that was only because he was not used to actors and opera-singers. His own intimate friends were painters and writers, and with these, in almost direct ratio to their importance, was their silence about their more secret reactions. And as to actual behavior, most of them behaved well, and those who didn't, kept quiet about it.

Gloria was puzzling. But Mendoza did feel sure of one thing, about one thing she had not been lying or deceiving herself; whatever she might do or not do, fundamentally she was a fine woman. Underneath all nonsense, and the liberty her position gave her to exercise a hearty and tyrannous temper, she was exceptionally fair and honest and broadly thoughtful.

Beyond that, Mendoza was sure of nothing. He told himself, as many other men have in similar circumstances to their great peril, that his interest in Gloria was purely intellectual curiosity.

He knew that his growing interest in her husband was intellectual curiosity. But intellectual curiosity of an entirely different kind. There was little admiration in it, altho there was a sort of reluctant liking. You could not help but like Kent, altho you could not help but deprecate him. Mendoza deprecated him especially on those occasions when,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

You Can Not Afford to be Gray

PRESENT day hair dressing makes no allowance for Gray Hair. The shingle, the boyish bob, or closely bound hair, accents gray, faded, streaked or unevenly colored hair. You can not afford gray hair. It's easy to keep your hair youthful. A little Brownatone combed or brushed through tints gray, faded or bleached hair any shade from lightest blonde to varying shades of brown or black.

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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Shampoo or bath do not affect the permanency of color. No rubbing off or washing out. Easy to apply, acts quickly, no day after day procedure. Apply Brownatone only as new hair grows in. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed to be harmless to hair, scalp or skin. Millions of bottles used with uniformly gratifying results.

Sold by over 50,000 drug and department stores. Two colors: golden to medium brown and dark brown to black. Two sizes, 50c and $1.50. Trial bottle sent direct on receipt of 10c.

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Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.

We recommend NaTone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct, 50c a bottle

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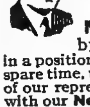

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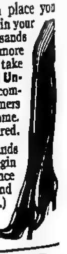

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Unadulterated
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DINGEE ROSES
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Our New Guide to Rose Culture for 1925 Autumn Edition, also offers new Darwin Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Crocus, Lilies, Shrubs. Send for copy.
The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 955, West Grove, Pa.

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Embroider Them

Your towels, napkins, bedspreads, handkerchiefs. Everybody's doing it. On everything, with REFORM FOUNDATION LETTERS. *Amateurs* get same effective results as experts. Why? Ask your dealer for these latest improved letters and monograms and learn with delight.

REFORM
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Dentons Now Have

Extra-Heavy Romper Feet

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for
Bed.

This
picture
is on the
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to every genuine
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Your Child's Health

depends on the fabric used in the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

Denton
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are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

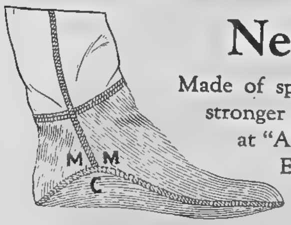
To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded.*

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. ***The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.***

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap or water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape *and elasticity.*

Body, limbs and feet are covered, (also hands in small sizes) protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

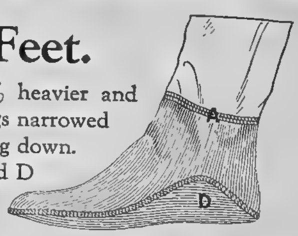
Our patented, extra-full drop seat provides ample room in crotch, and in seat to avoid binding when sleeping with knees drawn up.



INSIDE OF FOOT.

New Romper Feet.

Made of special Denton Fabric 40% heavier and stronger than the body fabric. Legs narrowed at "A" to keep feet from slipping down. Extra fabric at M, M, C and D to prevent ripping. (Patented). Die-cut soles and uppers insure shapely feet.



OUTSIDE OF FOOT.

Our Flexible Rubber Buttons

will not break in the wringer. Do not cut threads. Easily buttoned but do not come unbuttoned as readily as hard buttons. No more sewing on buttons after each washing. *A real joy to busy mothers.*

Sizes 0 to 5 have Drop Seat and open down the back. Sizes 6 to 14 *retain the popular Drop Seat* but *also open down the front* enabling older children to button their own garments.

Sizes 0 to 5 have turn-down cuffs; sizes 6 to 14, plain cuffs. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

Dentons are well made. *Strong, elastic outside seams avoid hard threads next to body.* Collars double thickness, strong button holes, facings all stayed.

Ideal for fresh air sleeping, camping or touring.

Dentons have a mottled, light-gray color not readily showing soil.

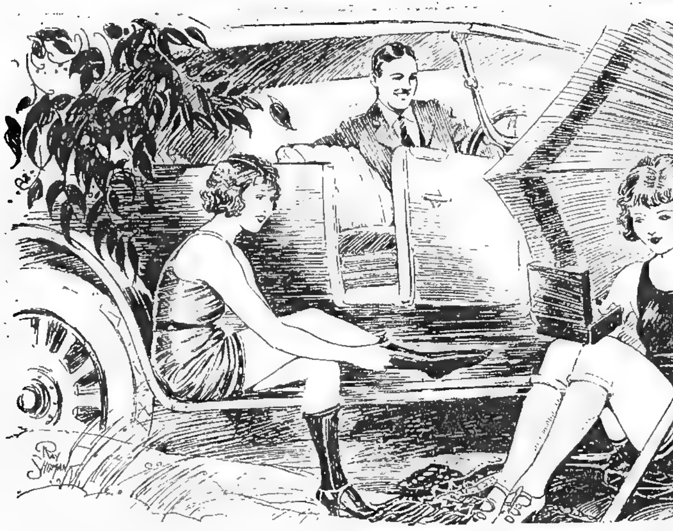
Each size amply proportioned. Our prices are always low *in relation to quality.*

Insist on genuine Dentons. If you cannot get them from your dealer, write us.

Over 5,500 Leading Dry Goods and Department Stores Sell Dentons.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,

Denton quality is rigidly maintained. **CENTREVILLE, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.**



Glorious Freedom from unwanted hair—gain it quickly and thoroughly with the dainty cream, Neet. Then you are certain of lovely satin-smooth skin without any suggestion of former presence of hair.

Not the slightest trace to suggest its removal—that, today, is as important as removing hair that offends. To meet the standards of daintiness that good taste demands you simply must avoid any suggestion of the former presence of hair. Your first use of Neet will show why hundreds of thousands depend on this velvety smooth cream to bring thrilling beauty of skin where unwanted hair had been. With it you simply rinse the hair away. No other method so convenient and so rapid and satisfactory, especially for the larger surfaces of legs and arms—to remove hair from the entire forearm takes but a few minutes. Learn what Neet means to you—Buy Neet at your drug or department store, today. Test it critically if you wish. You will agree that no other method, regardless of cost, equals this quick, simple, hair-removing cream. Neet is really quicker than shaving and you use it with absolute assurance that hair will not come back thicker and coarser than before—as it does after shaving. Following its use, note the whiteness of underarm in contrast to darkened skin where the razor has been used. Neet is 50c per tube and is always sold on the basis of complete satisfaction or money back. More than 35,000 Druggists sell Neet. Every Drug and Dept. Store has Neet or will gladly get it for you.

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Very Special

Ask your Neet dealer for IMMAC also. IMMAC is the dainty, snow-white Cream Deodorant that rids underarm perspiration of all odor and insures personal fragrance.

Neet

The Hair Removing Cream

Winifred Barlow, Altoona, Pa.

"My Mother used Dr. Hand's"

When Baby is Teething

It's so easy to bring relief to those poor little aching gums. *"Dr. Hand's removes the fever and swelling, eases the pain, and helps Baby to rest,"* writes Mrs. J. W. Fletcher, Johnstown, Pa. Just wet your finger with

DR. HAND'S
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Rub it on the gums and Baby's pain will stop. Tested and proved by millions of mothers for three generations. Contains no narcotics. At all druggists.

Send 2c to cover postage for generous sample to Hand Medicine Co., 109-D No. 5th Street, Phila., Pa.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

You Are All Pardoned

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

Mendoza having tea with Gloria, Kent came in and sat down and listened to Gloria's orations on the emotions, and nodded his head as if he thought they were admirable.

As December faded into January and January sped with unaccustomed haste into February, Mendoza found himself reflecting at all odd moments upon a situation which, he assured himself, had not been of his making. He felt that if he stretched out his hand—but something prevented him from stretching out his hand.

It was not compunction. Long ago he had decided that if women, over twenty-five anyway, can not take care of themselves no one else can, or should, take care of them; and as for Kent, he was a fool, placidly satisfied with husks.

Moreover, there were other factors at work. At the very beginning of his renewed friendship with Gloria there had been knight-errantry and a subtle conflict, not hidden to Gloria's amused eyes; and to add to Gloria's indisputable present desirability there were always those memories of fifteen years before, when, for three years, neither her attitude nor Mendoza's toward each other had been one of mental investigation.

After that first meeting, Mendoza had been asked to come again. And he had come, and then he had fallen into the habit of coming two or three times a week—for tea; for that small, quiet hour when Gloria was tired and human and sweet and, for her, fairly defenseless. It was heavenly to leave in the early dusk his own familiar paint-smelling studio and walk a few blocks in the crisp, cold air and find himself in the flower-scented illumination where Gloria sat. She began to keep these hours for him.

At first the obnoxious Mr. Fairfax would be found there as well, but after a while Mr. Fairfax went away and did not come back any more.

It was in this that Mendoza had accomplished the initial knight-errantry referred to and had brought that amused and grateful look to Gloria's eyes. One couldn't oneself drive away or refuse to see one's motion-picture producer who was paying one fabulous sums of money, but one could silently thank another who accomplished this desired end by tact and a polite but biting wit.

AND then it was Kent, suddenly not absent-minded for the time being, collected a few of these tangled skeins and brought definite action of a sort, by coming up to Mendoza one February afternoon where he was sitting alone sipping his coffee in the club both patronized for luncheon, and proposing that Mendoza join him in a visit to a young man who, apparently, was attempting to blackmail Gloria. He proposed this in a pleasant and undisturbed voice.

Mendoza's jaw dropped.

"Bu— Wha—! What are you talking about?" he demanded.

Kent drew up a chair and sat down.

"It's all perfectly simple," said Kent. "We won't have a bit of trouble; I know my man. The best course always in blackmail is direct action. Just go in and demand the letters and tell the fellow not to make an ass of himself. The only reason why I drag you in—outside of the fact that you really are an old friend of Gloria's and I trust you personally—is——" He hesitated and colored.

"Well, I may as well admit it," he continued hurriedly, "and thank God I'm old enough to do so, but the fact is I'm a good deal of a coward physically. I hate actual rows and always have. Not that there's the slightest chance of a row in this case, but if two of us go together we'll make certainty sure. Besides, I'm always better in company. I'd search a dark house at midnight in company."

"You seem to be a good deal of an expert with blackmail," observed Mendoza.

"Oh, no," objected Kent hastily. "A good many things have happened, but never blackmail before except once—and that was merely a cook."

"And—er—has the young man any real grounds?"

Kent colored. "I would be doing it alone," he commented gently, "if he had. He's a young Englishman, a poet, whom Gloria met four or five years ago. They were both very much interested in free verse, which at the time, if you remember, had some vogue. They exchanged letters and, I imagine, in a purely intellectual way, Gloria let herself go. Well, you know. You've heard her talk.

"And then she showed me his letters. Awful! Dear me, what a nuisance young poets are! At all events, he's followed us over here, and Gloria won't see him. He seems to be down on his luck financially, too. I imagine it's a combination of pique and poverty and the fact that he isn't altogether a gentleman—tho Englishmen are queer in love and money matters. Very arbitrary. However, he isn't really a bad sort."

MENDOZA, sunk back in his chair, his eyes closed, listened to this amazing tale. And then he laughed and sat up.

"I'll go with you," he said. "Now?"

"Right," acclaimed Kent gratefully. "It would be horrid to have to sick the immigration officials on him. Ruin him as a poet."

They procured their hats and coats and came out upon the gray, crowded inconsequence of Forty-fourth Street.

"Feels like snow," commented Mendoza, turning up the collar of his ulster. "Shall we take a taxi?"

Kent shook his head. "The top of a Fifth Avenue bus," he announced, "if you don't mind. I want to do rather a lot of frosty thinking."

"I have on a union suit," agreed Mendoza grimly. "Go ahead."

He observed his companion from time to time on their elevated chilly ride down the wide street that ended in a converging illumination of lamps as they proceeded and evening overtook them. Kent said nothing; he removed his hat and stared in front of him. Mendoza looked at the crowds and at the shop windows, sprung now into light.

The material things so definite; humanity so wind-blown. But there was no use thinking of such things. They made you unhappy. You should think rather of the romance and biting mystery of all great towns on Winter evenings. And of the fact that you were on a preposterous and not unromantic mission. Suppose any of those people on the sidewalk knew that you, Mendoza, were on a journey to preserve the good name of the great and beautiful Gloria Kent. There was a movie for you. But—and here was the rub—no one ever does live in a movie no matter how luridly he tries to live. As a matter of fact, the more likely he is to live in a world of bicarbonate of soda.

There was the paradox; the great tragedy of mankind. The only person who could never feel like a king was a king himself. And at the moment, Mendoza didn't feel in the least like a motion-picture hero, merely like a mature idiot who was wasting an afternoon in allowing his curiosity to get the better of him in order to do a good turn for a woman who, he found himself thinking, was a good deal of an idiot herself. He had half a mind to tell Kent to go to the devil, but the bus stopped and he discovered that Washington Square had been reached.

"He's in a hotel over there to the west," said Kent, speaking for the first time. "Or, rather, a lodging-house. On a side-street."

They clambered down the narrow stairs and passed below the starlit tracery of trees, and came at last to a narrow street. They stopped before an evilly lighted,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

Comb your hair *to make it lovely and luxuriant*

The life and lustre of *your hair* depend to a large degree on the circulation of the blood just underneath your scalp.

Combing gently pulls *the hair*, exercises the scalp, stimulates the flow of the natural oils and the circulation of the blood. Five minutes of combing every night will help to start it growing with new life and lustre.

It is very important that you have the right comb for this nightly exercise. Inferior combs often cut and break the hair.

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Safeguard your hair by using your own personal ACE comb. Never use another's comb, or allow your comb to touch another's head.

Department, notion and drug stores sell ACE combs. Ask for them by name.

Just to show you how wonderful these ACE combs are, a special miniature comb—purse or pocket size—has been made which we will send you for 15 cents including postage and packing charges. You will love its fine quality, its good looks.

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You Are All Pardoned

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

dirty red-brick house, with some sort of restaurant in the basement. "This is the place," he announced.

The front door was unlocked, and they went up through a hall, where a single dull electric bulb hung from a dirty iron rod, and up uncarpeted stairs that smelled vaguely of evil—not real evil, perhaps, but the evil that finds normal things, such as soap and water, of no consequence.

There was no one on the stairs, and no door was open, but behind each door, as they ascended, there seemed to be life. A talkative, squeaking sort of life.

"Curious!" murmured Mendoza. "All probably innocent enough, but you have such a sense of rottenness. Not a bit like the Left Bank in Paris—but then, over there, we really were workers and students. It makes a difference."

They reached the fourth floor, and Kent paused before a door to the left, under which a narrow band of light showed itself. He knocked.

"Come in," said a fine voice.

Kent pushed the door open, and he and Mendoza found themselves in a tiny room with a sloping roof. It was a singularly bare, grim, little room, with dirty whitewashed walls and no furniture at all, save a miserable iron cot over in one corner, a wash-stand, a deal table pushed against the wall and used as a desk, and, before the table, a deal kitchen chair.

The one light was a naked electric light hanging above the desk, and at the desk, leaning over and writing busily, was a tall young man, his back to them, the electric light turning to gold the curls of his careless and overlong hair.

Mendoza, for all his former misgivings, would not have missed that moment. It was obviously so carefully arranged by the young man to give an impression of creative absorption and it became, suddenly, so dramatic. For the young man turned slowly, as if annoyed at the interruption, and saw Kent standing just beside him, a smile on his lips, and, back of Kent, Mendoza.

He did not speak or arise; he simply let his hands drop to his sides and waited, his lantern-jawed, rather beautiful, weak face white with terror.

"Well, Rupert," said Kent genially. And then, as if he were trying to put everybody at his ease, he pulled out a cigaret-case and offered it about.

"No, thanks," said the young man mechanically.

"Well, I'll have one," said Kent, and struck a match. "You haven't many places to sit down, have you? Let's take the bed, Pedro."

The atmosphere had become distinctly more bearable; the rigidity of shock was gone. The young man got to his lean height and looked over at Kent and Mendoza, by now installed upon the bed. He was an extremely shabby young man, with a somewhat haunted expression.

"I suppose," he said, "you've come to threaten me. I might have known it. I'm not very good at this sort of thing. I never did it before." He regarded Mendoza somberly. "Is that a detective?" he asked.

Kent laughed at Mendoza's indignant start. He became surprizingly articulate and direct and self-contained.

"No, that's a portrait-painter," he corrected. "And I haven't come to threaten you, my dear Rupert. In fact, I'm not sure I could, even if I was in the habit of threatening people. This letter—" he drew a letter out of his inner breast-pocket—"isn't really a definite attempt at blackmail; it is merely a veiled suggestion that unless Gloria saw you, you would have to do something unpleasant about it. It was unfortunate that, in the next sentence, you mentioned that you had preserved her letters. Coming so close to the threat, it looked badly."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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WILDROOT
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You Are All Pardoned

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

"I don't think I meant just that," said the young man. He passed a hand across his brow. "I don't know just what I did mean." He attempted to smile. "I haven't eaten much lately. I think—I think I just wanted to see Gloria. You see, I don't know another soul in this place. I haven't got any money. Who would buy these letters, anyhow? The newspapers?"

"Some newspapers." Kent reflected for a moment. "Well, if that's the case," he continued cheerily, "and I thought it was, then you'll give the letters to me now, won't you? They're a temptation for a young man, Rupert—even as nice a young man as you. Letters should never be kept."

He stood up and crossed over to the desk.

A mutinous look came into the long, weak face confronting him.

"No, I won't!" almost shouted the young man. "No, I won't! Not that I'll make money out of them—I don't know. It would serve you right, and I'm —— near starving. But I'll keep them anyway, because I hate you. I hate you, do you understand? You've got Gloria, and I haven't."

"That's not my fault," said Kent gravely. "Nor is it altogether Gloria's fault that you fell in love with her. Give me the letters, Rupert." He made another step forward, and Mendoza was astonished at the voice that issued from his mouth. "Don't argue with me. I have no time to waste, neither has Mr. Mendoza. Come! Do you want me to have you arrested? Remember, Mr. Mendoza is a witness. Besides, whatever else poets may do, they're not blackmailers."

There was a moment's silence, and then the young man shrugged his shoulders wearily, and opened the drawer of his desk and brought out a packet.

"There," he said, but he did not close the drawer of the desk, and the next instant the quiet of the room was shattered, and the world swam before Mendoza in broken fragments of incredible events.

HE SAW the gleam of a revolver, and he said to himself, "The hell-hound! He's going to kill Kent!" And then he saw the two men down in a heap on the floor and heard the crashing sound of a shot. By the time his urban nerves, paralyzed by this sudden ferocity, had sufficiently recovered to allow him to step forward, Kent, the revolver in his hand, had arisen and was assisting the young man to his feet.

"Don't do that!" he was saying in a strained, disgusted voice. "Whatever you do, don't kill yourself."

He brushed off his clothes. As certain aghast and disheveled heads appeared inquiringly at the door, he slid back to his place on the bed and lit a cigaret with hands that were fairly quiet.

"Mr. Braithwhite's revolver went off accidentally," he announced to the heads. "No harm done."

He waited until the door was closed again, and then he turned to Braithwhite. "I don't see why you didn't come to me in the first place?" he said.

"To you?"

"Yes, why not? Look—and don't be proud." He walked over to the desk before which Braithwhite, slumped forward, was sitting. "Here's twenty dollars—pay me back when you can. And come to see me to-morrow. I'll get you a job of some sort; I'll get you a job in the movies. Fairfax, my wife's producer, eats out of my hand. He'll do anything for me." He chuckled. "I think he's afraid of me."

NEITHER Kent nor Mendoza spoke as they went down the dark, narrow steps again and out into the thick February night. As they recrossed Washington Square, Mendoza broke the silence.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

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You Are All Pardoned

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

"I thought you were a physical coward?" he said.

"What?"

"I thought you were a physical coward?"

Kent seemed to catch the drift of the question. "Oh, that! Well—" He seemed embarrassed. "I don't call it very brave to stop a man from committing suicide. You can't let people commit suicide. That's the most horrible thing there is."

They overtook an empty bus going north. At Forty-sixth Street Kent said, "I've got another club I'm a guest of somewhere around here where I think I can get a drink. Want one?"

"Yes," assented Mendoza.

THEY found the club and went into a back room, where there was no one else but a bartender. Seated at the small round table, Kent became absent-minded again, to emerge unexpectedly into absent-minded confidence.

"That was easy," he said, shaking the ice in his glass and staring at it. "It isn't always so easy. There was a young Italian tenor in Milan I had really to double my fists up at. God knows what would have happened if he hadn't been more afraid than I. But then that's the trick—they always are more afraid. Right's on my side."

"And you mean—?" interjected Mendoza with open-mouthed amazement.

"I mean nothing of the sort—they fall in love with Gloria. So far as I know Gloria has never in all her life been in love with any man but myself. That is—I meant to say, not since she married me. Oh, silly things, you know. All up in the head. But nothing that counts."

"But can't you stop even the silly things before they reach the point where they seem to give you so much trouble?"

"Why stop them? Gloria says they're necessary. She's an artist, so she ought to know. Besides, have you tried to argue with her about anything? What?"

"Nothing, I— I'm not married. I'm no judge. I was merely wondering if it was worth it. You won't think that an impertinent question, will you?"

"Not at all. Worth it?" Kent looked at the ceiling, then at his glass, and then into Mendoza's eyes. He was smiling. "There are three Glorias," he said. "One more than most people. There's Gloria the opera-singer, and she's very great, and I don't know much about her, and then there's the nervous and tired and ragged-edged, sensitive artist, clawed at by the world, who needs, I dare say, all kinds of stimuli, sometimes even folly, and she—well, she's slightly trying at moments. Yes, that's true—she's trying. And then there's the third Gloria, and that is what I married."

"Oh!" said Mendoza. "And your own career? Most men like one."

To his surprize, Kent burst into a series of chuckles. "I have a career," he said; "I'm James Parkman. But don't tell any one, and above all don't tell Gloria. It isn't perhaps that she would mind so much, but I might begin to think too much about myself."

Mendoza's mouth opened in amazement again. "James Parkman! The man who writes those books for children? Why, but—but, he's a genius."

Kent nodded gravely. "Thank you. I don't think so myself, but I've always been fond of children. It's great fun." He paused, and the customary absent-minded look came back to his face. "I'm afraid I'm talking too much. Young Mr. Braithwhite must have excited me. I must be going. And you won't tell any one, will you—I mean about James Parkman?"

"Never!" breathed Mendoza soberly.

They walked together to the corner.

"I probably won't see you for a while," said Mendoza abruptly, "altho I'll try to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

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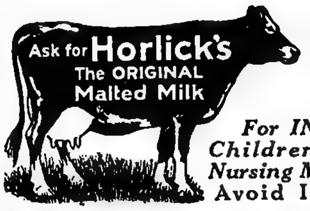

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You Are All Pardoned

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

drop in to-morrow to say good-by. I'm off for Panama on Tuesday, you know."

"No, I didn't know. But you'll be back?"

Mendoza felt unaccountably sorry for himself, desolate, lonely. "No, I won't be," he said with sudden passion. "Not until Spring. I'm horribly fagged out. I've been painting too hard."

He watched Kent's tall, slim figure as it was swallowed up in the distance. He wondered whether Kent was smiling to himself, or if all this had been accidental. It suddenly occurred to him what a handsome man Kent really was.

"If I were Gloria," he said to himself, "I don't think I'd bother with folly, no matter how harmless or necessary for her temperament. I think—" he found it hard to say, even silently—"I think I'd hold that fellow close in my arms."

And then, in astonishment, he said to himself, "Why, by thunder! and that is just what she does."

Don't Be a Deadhead

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"G. B. S.," and even "Babe" registers the world over. But we must spell out Jane Addams, and even the women would have to stop and think who "C. C. C." is! Why didn't we think of "Keeping Up with Carrie" instead of a silver loving-cup? And in Alabama, where Mrs. Pattie Ruffner Jacobs is so well known as a leading leaguer, "Standing Pat with Pattie" might have prevented that decrease.

One thing about us is that we take things too seriously. And how much fun we really could have if we would! Suppose, for example, we should offer a prize next year for the woman who would point out man's most glaring inconsistency. Take that matter of married-women teachers. The law that man himself has made says that teachers shall not be dismissed "except for cause." And men judges have said that "cause" is inferentially defined as "bad behavior or incompetency." Follow this reasoning out and it would seem that *any* women who marries *any* man is guilty of either "bad behavior or incompetency." Rather hard on the men! Anybody can see how humorous that is.

Mrs. Sherman, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is quoted as saying that "The delicatessen wife is cause for divorce." Others are criticising the duplex wives—those who divide themselves between their husbands and their careers.

But do not the roots of our problems go deeper than these things? The delicatessen has its proper place in the modern scheme of things, and few women choose careers to escape their marital responsibilities. More often they work in order to share these responsibilities.

Besides many of us are glad that the home isn't always a physical place of abode for which the husband pays, and the wife slaves. If that were true, many of us would live starved lives. A real home is where one really lives. It may be a hall bedroom or a tiny tenement or a hotel. It isn't even always a *place*. It may be a state of mind. One may feel at home in a pullman car or a hospital bed, if only one feels right about it.

Give us homes and more homes and increasingly better homes! Give us causes and more causes and increasingly greater causes! But may we be brought to perceive life's true spiritual values, and to realize that that home is best and that cause is worthiest in which we as individuals may serve with the maxmium of our capacity.

Let us not be deadheads on letterheads, or in our careers, or in our clubs, or in our homes. Let us live and learn, and grow and *go!*

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Dorothy Donnelly in a Double Rôle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

her pictures, her piano, her books, her capacious old chairs would be around her all the day and her friends could come in for dinner and talk around the fire until the edge of midnight. She not only wanted her own small farm wrung from the rocks in the Mt. Kisco hills, but wanted to know that she herself would gather in June the flowers she had planted and watered in the Spring.

Dorothy Donnelly was a born actress in more senses than one. She came of show folks, for long before her own first entrance her father and mother, who came humbly to this country from Dublin, had established themselves in the theater. Mrs. Donnelly's first-born had made *his* entrance on the top floor of a shabby lodging-house in Spring Street, and since it is an Irish legend that a baby's first progress in the world should be upward, and since it is difficult to ascend from a floor already under the roof, the young mother decided that it might be acceptable to destiny if her first step with the baby in her arms should be from a chair to a table. This was gravely arranged for, and, as it turned out, the baby whose future was thus gymnastically assured, was a Justice of the Supreme Court in the making.

But by the time Dorothy Donnelly was born the elder Donnelly was manager of the Grand Opera House, and the family dwelt in the comparative elegance of Twenty-second Street, within a step from the still gracious Madison Square, of which the booming clock, as it cries out the hours, is now the last thing she hears at night and the first thing she hears in the morning. The folks sent her to a convent so cloistered that the good sisters thought of the stage as a livelihood to which a needy girl might retreat only if she did not master enough arithmetic to be a bookkeeper. But up the street a little way her brother, Henry V. Donnelly, was directing the famous Murray Hill Stock Company, and, of course, its door was open to her when her time came.

THE player born of show folks has, in addition to such an open door, the advantage of a family that never fills the air with the suffocating perfume of compliments, but looks critically at each performance to see how it might be made better. Thus the young newcomer to the Murray Hill was taken aside by her brother at the end of her second season and assured that whereas she might now be described as an actress who could walk on and off without falling on her face, he could not say much more for her than that. It was as one reared to expect and dodge such helpful tributes that Dorothy Donnelly laughed when she heard I was going to write this piece about her. The Irish in her bubbled up and she whispered, in the manner of a lobbyist at Washington, "Strike the harp gently."

Yet it is my painful duty to record the fact that at two crises in her career a flagrant mendacity ruined whatever chances there may have been of this capsule biography's ever being used as a moral tract. The first shocking deceit was practised on the innocent Arnold Daly the rainy November afternoon in 1903 when he called her over the telephone to propose her playing *Candida* to his *Marchbanks.*

"Candida" was, I think, the finest comedy which had been written in the English language in nearly three hundred years, but it was the work of a prophet; and Richard Mansfield, to whom it had been submitted eight years before, was of a generation that had not eyes to see its incomparable beauty. Wherefore the matchless play still lay mute upon the shelf that day when Daly called.

"Of course you know the play," he said casually.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

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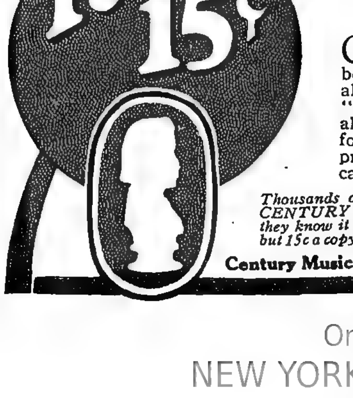

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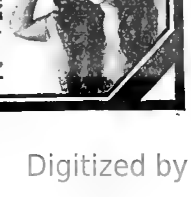

Dorothy Donnelly in a Double Rôle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

"Who doesn't?" exclaimed Miss Donnelly enigmatically, thereby concealing the fact that she had never read a line of it. Well, then, Daly would come around immediately and talk it over. At that unfortunate suggestion Miss Donnelly managed to remember six pressing engagements and could not promise to see him before the next day. In the interval she swathed herself in a mackintosh and padded over to the bookstore, so that by the following morning she had not only read "Candida" through and through, but could give a tolerably good imitation of an actress who had loved and yearned to play the rôle for years. As they say in more moral anecdotes, she got the job.

Then, on the eve of her sailing to join the A. E. F. in 1917, she found Bertha Kalich struggling with the manuscript of a German play, and it was the deceitful Miss Donnelly's notion to journey to the Public Library, cram her head with Danish names, towns, titles, and terms, and then adroitly shift the enemy drama to a neutral territory, palming it off as the masterpiece of a young Danish dramatist whom she invented on the spot.

THIS play profitably toured the land as "The Riddle Woman," and the unwary critics chronicled it with many learned references to dramatic art in Copenhagen, until the frequently annoying George Jean Nathan, reviewing the piece for the *Smart Set,* punctured the bubble in an article entitled "The End of a Perfect Dane."

Thereafter came tinkerings with other plays, and, through her work in a musical comedy called "Florabella," the trick of taking old scripts and transforming them into musical comedies. "Blossom Time," of which, during one season, no less than five companies toured this country, was such a libretto, based upon the life of Franz Schubert. "The Student Prince" is a reworking of the romance you used to know as "Old Heidelberg." And, amongst other irons in the fire, Miss Donnelly has a musical version of Tarkington's comedy of adolescence, "Seventeen"—*Genesis, Jane Baxter, Lola Pratt,* and all. You will not be able to escape it.

IN a recent interview Miss Edna Ferber, the successful author, confessed that her earliest ambition was to become an actress; so, I suppose, since there is a good deal of irony in this world, that when she attended "Madame X" and saw Dorothy Donnelly drenching a vast audience with her tears and theirs, Edna Ferber, the novelist, would have given her right arm, her chance of winning the Pulitzer Prize, her future royalties of "So Big," and whatever money she then had in the bank just to have the ability and the chance to do what that other woman there on the stage was doing.

And Dorothy Donnelly, had Miss Ferber gone behind the scenes to visit her, would have looked at her wistfully, and wished that she, too, could be a writer and a member of the Authors' League. Well, of course she *is* a member now. Indeed, I saw her presiding once at a league dinner, sitting at the head table with Robert Benchley on her left and Father Duffy on her right (the two best after-dinner speakers in New York). And between them *Madame X* sat gravely, but wearing, I thought, the inscrutable smile of the cat who has swallowed the canary.

Carl Sandburg—Poet of the Prairie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

men, and after completing a course at Lombard College he followed the wide horizon.

The next ten years saw him touching the vivid life of the country, doing odd jobs on newspapers, attending city council meetings and legislative assemblies, learning the ins and outs of ward politics as secretary to the Mayor of Milwaukee, rubbing elbows with labor unions, bandying words with hod-carriers, teamsters, bricklayers, demagogs, hunkies, shovel-stiffs, and all those who may have inspired his lines: "I am the people—the mob—the crowd—the mass. . . . I am the seed ground. I am the prairie that will stand for much plowing. Terrible storms pass over me. I forget. The best of me is sucked out and wasted. I forget. Everything but death comes to me and makes me work and give up what I have. And I forget."

The people, or just the mass, they find a place in the Sandburg repertory and live their day in "Chicago Poems," "Cornhuskers," "Smoke and Steel," and other records of a growing, building, destroying, and creating America.

This wide experience gave Carl Sandburg an understanding of what places and human contacts mean in life; how careers grow partly because of the man, partly because of his surroundings; incidentally it helped make Abraham Lincoln real to him. He reflected on the changes that had come about in human relations since he was a child in the eighties, since he was thirty, and he remembered that Lincoln lived in an age of transition. Homely facts gave him an insight into the times.

"Lincoln wore home-made moccasins when a boy," said Carl Sandburg; "as a lad he had rawhide boots from the factory, and in later life his shoes were of dressed calf leather." He saw the man against the background of his age and wondered in how far events helped to shape his career.

"There were the railroads," said Sandburg, "largely non-existent when Lincoln's life began, of strategic importance when he died. Steam-power came into general use when he was in his twenties. When he made his second flatboat trip to New Orleans the New Orleans and Pontchartrain Railway, then being constructed, was boasted of as the only stub-line on the continent. Take a railroad map of the United States for 1850 and compare it with that for 1860. In those ten years the stub-lines were connected up and the trunk-lines began operating. In 1850 the products of the West were moving South, mostly by water: the North could not have fought the war in 1850. By 1860 products were moving East."

Carl mused on the theme. "To-day blind forces are at work. We go on to world colonization, whether by systems of rails or powerful steamships. What's it all leading to?" Then he chuckled and quoted the opening lines of Lincoln's "house divided" speech at Springfield in 1858: "If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could then better judge what to do, and how to do it."

We who know Sandburg to-day as a serene, patient character, a slow-spoken man who always has something to say, and who will always be listened to; who talks the plain, homely language of his

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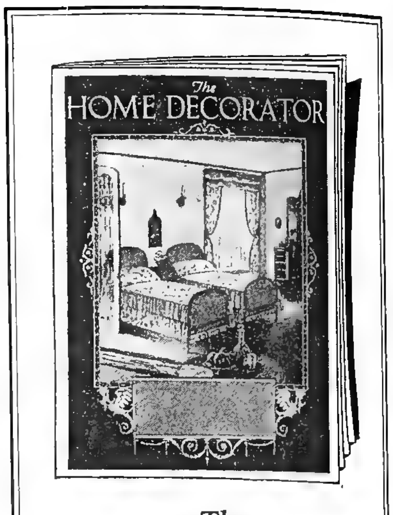

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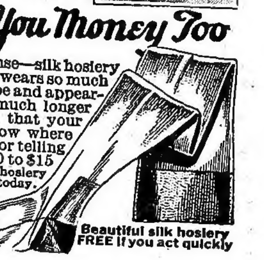

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Carl Sandburg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

native West, and whose eyes light up when he begins a "sto-o-ory," may be pardoned if we see in him some resemblance to the hero of his biography.

If Lincoln was at home with the boys, and traded tales in the office, in the court-house, or in the country store, so Sandburg is no less a story-teller and a mixer. Of late he never comes without chuckling over a tale about "what Lincoln told Stanton" and what happened "that night at the telegraph-office," and if he agrees that some of them are too apocryphal to be authentic, he still feels that their flavor is real and that they ought to be.

"My book ran much longer than I expected," said Sandburg the other day, "because I found Lincoln a more companionable personality than I had expected. I found that the vitality of the Lincoln legend is due to his being a vivid companion of men rather than to his being a hero. He never had the ways of ambition; he never lived up to a great-man theory. I like to remember that he once said, at the Tremont Hotel in Chicago: 'Nobody has ever seen any cabbages sprouting from my lean, lank face.'

"Lincoln would have been worth portraiture in a large way even if he had never been elected President. This might easily have happened, for the change of one vote in twenty-seven in the Northwestern States would have thrown the election of 1860 into the House of Representatives, where the South would have controlled as it had for thirty years."

The ease with which Carl Sandburg tells this story of Lincoln is like the leisurely flow of the Sangamon; his paragraphs have the tang of the wheat-fields and the corn-lands of Central Illinois, and whether he follows his subject through the fields and the towns, into his Springfield law office, or on the debating-platform, Carl Sandburg conveys a feeling of intimacy with the human Lincoln.

THE reader may well suspect that such nimbleness and grace best fit an impressionistic portrait, in which the biographer permits his imagination to fill gaps in the documented chronicle. But the Sandburg "life" is hardly impressionistic or imaginative; far from it, it is perhaps more closely associated with records, letters, documents, and personal investigation than any that we have.

Sandburg uses no foot-notes, makes no display of learning, yet there is no statement of even the most casual kind that can not be backed by proof. His method is akin to that of Élie Faure, who remarks in the first chapter of his "Napoleon" that the reader may take for granted that any quotation from Napoleon is authentic, even if the book is not burdened with foot-notes.

For many years now Carl Sandburg has followed all the trails that lead to the Lincoln legend, and there are many; has traversed the length and breadth of the land; has made the pilgrimage to Hodgenville, Ky., and Elizabethtown; to the hill at Gentryville, Ind., where the Lincolns with tears bade good-by to their second home and turned into Illinois; to New Salem and all the rich native sites in Illinois.

Sometimes he has added to his knowledge of Lincoln in the Library of Congress; in the Huntington collection, so magnificently housed at Santa Barbara, Cal., or in Seattle, Wash. Letters, documents, speeches, reports have passed under his eyes, and finally he has met most of the men now living who actually knew Lincoln. The list of these veterans is short and every year their numbers diminish. Most of them are octogenarians, and so did not belong to Lincoln's generation, but to that of his sons, coming in contact with him only in their teens.

Addison Proctor, who cast his vote as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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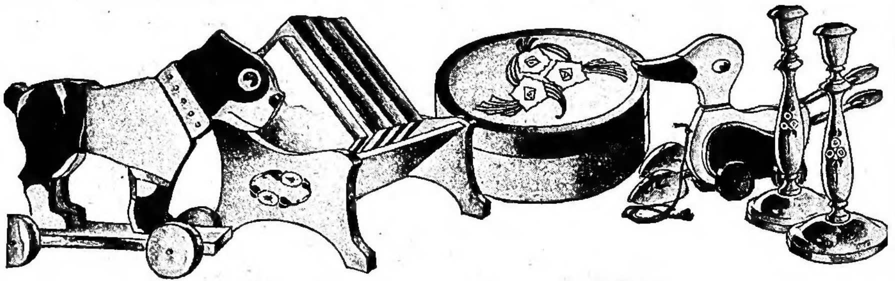

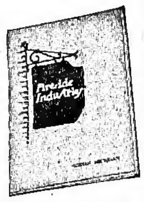

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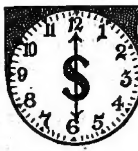

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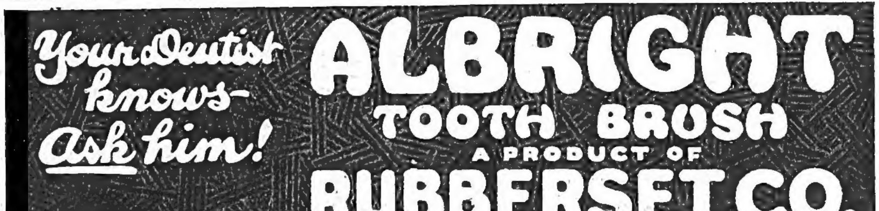

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Carl Sandburg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

a delegate for Lincoln in the historic Wigwam convention in Chicago in 1860, died within the year; Henry Rankin of Springfield, Ill., is eighty-eight and infirm, and, lying on his back, recalls dimly the man who passed his way. Carl Sandburg talked to these and others; he spent long hours with Joseph W. Fifer of Bloomington, Ill., Governor of Illinois in the late eighties, a private in the Civil War, who numbered among his chief law clients and political sponsors such historical characters as David Davis, Richard Oglesby, and Milton Hay, uncle of John Hay, all intimates of Lincoln.

What they have to tell to-day is perhaps only a reiteration of a tale told long ago, and yet with them Sandburg has bridged the time between Lincoln and to-day. "One day Governor Fifer was talking about Lincoln," said Sandburg, "when he remarked how he had come by driving a gig. Not a buggy—a gig. There's a word that fits into our past, into the fifties and sixties of the last century."

Sandburg delights in finding a word with an authentic ring, for he has a great memory for words—for words of the plain people, words that fit into the mouth that utters them. It was Sandburg who wrote once:

> Speak, sir, and be wise;
> Speak, choosing your words, sir,
>   like an old woman over
>   a bushel of apples.

Through his poems runs this careful choice of words, and all of them are strong and straightforward. Whether they have an Anglo-Saxon or mongrel ancestry, they leap out of the mouths of the people he writes about. When he writes about Chicago it is, "stormy, husky, brawling, City of the Big Shoulders," and none has yet improved on his phrase.

"When I began to think about writing this book," explained Carl Sandburg, "I decided that a biography should have the time values of a novel—that is, I would start at the birth and go through his career without telling the reader how great he was, or mentioning, 'Such were the circumstances attending the birth of the President,' or referring to his fate.

"I would let his life develop for the reader as it developed for the people around him, and in a way for himself. This put any theory out of the running. You couldn't fit to a theory a man who was as hard as Oliver Cromwell and as soft as Charles Lamb. Some men had tried to do that, and maybe that was why they missed something of the intangible and invisible Lincoln. I had read enough and seen enough to realize that much of the raciness and horsiness of the folk-lore Lincoln was being rejected.

"LINCOLN belonged to a vivid breed of men. Of his time and stripe was Peter Cartwright, the Methodist circuit-rider who ran as a Democrat against Lincoln for Congress. Once a deacon had offered a long, formal, frigid prayer, at the end of which Cartwright remarked to him: 'Brother, three prayers like that would freeze hell over.'

"The crowd of lawyers of the Eighth Illinois Circuit gathered often at the court-house, and there was much of good-fellowship, of easy drollery, of the sort of horsiness best represented to-day by Will Rogers, in that group. You had to forget any attempt to make Lincoln sit for a portrait. Moreover, it was plain that common sense could be applied to biography and so rescue Lincoln from bigots and professional politicians. I started with no view-points or assumptions. I wanted to say, as Lincoln did to David Davis: 'Don't bind me.' "

To supplement his knowledge of the Lincoln country and his contact with the men who knew Lincoln, Sandburg inspected letters, documents, and objects

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

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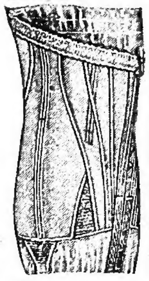

As you value your health and the life of your babe, send today for this new soft and flexible maternity corset of white coutil, that protects as well as effectively conceals. Stylish straight-line effect. Four deep tucks to allow expansion. **Sizes 24-40 waist.**

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Malloch Knitting Mills, 2513 Grant St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Carl Sandburg—Poet of the Prairie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

that bring the Lincoln story close to us. "I had fine collaboration from Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago," said Sandburg. Mr. Barrett is a lawyer who began collecting Lincoln material when a boy, and to-day he has one of the few great collections in the country.

"The late Charles F. Gunther, a candy manufacturer, who used to send a box of candy to notables in exchange for an autograph letter, had much data, and when he died a great deal of it went to Mr. Barrett, and some of it to the Chicago Historical Society.

"In Mr. Barrett's collection I first saw the ax-handle with Lincoln's name and 'New Salem, 1834' cut into it. And many letters and precious files, such as those of the old New York *Herald*, in which I found the last speech Lincoln made in Illinois—at Tolono. Mr. Barrett has lately published the hitherto unknown speech made by Lincoln on the last night of the campaign of 1858 in Springfield, Ill.

"I found much original and corroborative evidence in other collections of the country, such as the McClellan manuscripts in the John Hay Library at Providence, R. I., which is notable for its unpublished letters and law briefs. It is singular how little attention has been given to Lincoln as a lawyer. One of the few existing treatises was written by Frederick Trevor Hill, the novelist, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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2831	.45	1/6	2879	.45	1/6	13043	.40	1/6
2832	.45	1/6	2880	.35	1/-	13044	.35	1/-
2833	.30	1/-	2881	.35	1/-	13045	.35	1/-
2834	.30	1/-	2882	.45	1/6	13046	.35	1/-
2835	.35	1/-	S.H.2883	.45	1/6	13047	.35	1/-
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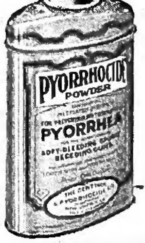

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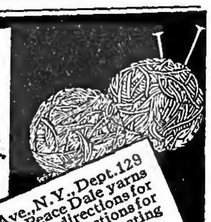

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Peace Dale Mills, 25 Madison Ave., N.Y., Dept. 129
Send me FREE over 200 samples Peace Dale yarns—15c to 27c per oz. Also free knitting directions for 95c sweater—can be knit in 10 hours. Directions for beginners' and children's garments. Interesting Peace Dale story.

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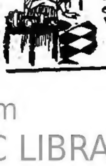

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Blue=jay is the delightful way to end a corn. A tiny cushion, cool as velvet, fits over the corn—relieving the pressure. The pain ends at once. Soon the corn goes. Blue=jay leaves nothing to guesswork. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each soft downy plaster is a complete standardized treatment with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn.

A Corn will mar a pretty face

That corn is reflected in your face. Pain is disfiguring. If you keep that corn it will hasten crow's-feet. . . . To carry a corn for days is to show those days, unfavorably, in your looks. The constant dull irritation makes its mark in frown lines which do not always come out. . . . Then there's the undaintiness of it. . . . For the sake of personal charm and comfort—let Blue=jay end that corn.

Blue=jay

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For vanity, dressing table and bath there are Gainsborough Puffs, in deep-piled Australian lamb's wool or luxuriously soothing velours. White and pink are attractively cartoned and the new peach glow is charming in its cellophane envelope. *The latest Parisian mode!* Select your Gainsborough to harmonize with lingerie and other feminine accessories.

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POWDER PUFF

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Carl Sandburg—Poet of the Prairie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

among the best is one by the Chicago attorney, John T. Richards."

It was evident that writing a life of Abraham Lincoln was a task of years and that Carl Sandburg had served a hard apprenticeship. When he told me of the books he had read I marveled at his patience. Many of them he tore apart, carrying them in his pockets in sections and reading on railroad-trains.

In the course of the last fifty years much Lincoln material has been published, and no biographer can afford to ignore it. In 1906, Daniel Fish listed 1,080 books and pamphlets on Lincoln. In 1925, J. B. Oakleaf of Moline, Ill., owner of a large collection of Lincolniana, adds 1,500 books and pamphlets. The first widely read book, outside of campaign documents, was by Josiah Gilbert Holland, who tried to make of Lincoln "a Christian gentleman." In 1872 Ward Hill Lamon attacked the claims of Holland.

Sixteen years later William H. Herndon, who had been Lincoln's junior law partner in Springfield, Ill., came with his three volumes of memoirs. Then appeared the twelve-volume "History of Abraham Lincoln," by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. Henry C. Whitney's "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln," is one of those fugitive books that have their own field. So is the reprint, in 1921, by the Woman's Club of Elizabethtown, Ky., of the history of that community, written by old Samuel Haycraft and published in the town newspaper in 1869. Then there is the memoir of 600 pages by Henry Onstott of New Salem, Ill., which he called "Pioneers of Menard County."

Carl Sandburg said of these authors: "Haycraft and Onstott—they were hickory sticks of men with sap in them in their late years. Onstott violates grammar, yet he and Haycraft give the feel of their communities."

Further, Sandburg found of interest the reminiscences of Allen Thorndike Rice, Henry B. Rankin, Dorothy Lamon, A. K. McClure, Horace White, Eleanor Atkinson's hunting sketch of Dennis Hanks, the Old Salem League publications, the transcript by Henry C. Whitney of the lost speech of 1856, and the "Centennial History of Illinois," published by the University of Illinois, in which has been gathered excellent material on the Lincoln-Douglas debates. The researches of Jesse Weik, Miss Ida M. Tarbell, and Dr. William E. Barton are well known.

Sandburg was particularly impressed with the extent of the interest in Lincoln. "In the Clark Bissett collection in Seattle, Wash., embracing over 2,000 items, I found biographies of Lincoln in Hawaiian, Chinese, Korean, Russian, German, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, French, and other languages," said Sandburg.

Was it insight, or just chance, that led Carl Sandburg to close his story with Lincoln's departure from Springfield to assume the Presidency of the United States? Here he has given us the prairie Lincoln, "the stalking and elusive Lincoln," and the Lincoln of Middle-Western folk-lore. For fifty-two years Lincoln lived in the West. "If he was what he was during those first fifty-two years of his life," writes Sandburg, "it was nearly inevitable that he would be what he proved to be in the last four." Lincoln might have said, in Sandburg's lines:

> O prairie mother, I am one of your boys.
> I have loved the prairie as a man with a
> heart shot full of pain over love.

Out of his experience and background Sandburg was well fitted to create anew this Lincoln of the Middle West; in his own words, to attempt to "deliver the enigmatic Lincoln, whose range of laughter and tears was far and deep."

Contents for September, 1925

Art and Poetry

PAGE
Cover Design . . . . . *Earl Christy*
Loss—*Verse* *Roselle Mercier Montgomery* 10
"Pals" . . . . *Piglhein* 17

Fiction

Wild Geese (Serial—Second Instalment) *Martha Ostenso* 20
The Great City . . *Alice Duer Miller* 5
The Hand of Gladys Cockley *W. L. George* 7
His Perfect Wife . . . *Edward O'Reilly* 11
Malowan . . *Raymond Leslie Goldman* 12
"You Are All Pardoned" *Struthers Burt* 14

Special Articles

Carl Sandburg—Poet of the Prairie *Harry Hansen* 2
Don't Be a Deadhead on a Letter-Head *Ida Clyde Clarke* 16
Is New York Society as Slack as It's Painted? . . . . . *Julia Hoyt* 19
Dorothy Donnelly in a Double Rôle *Alexander Woollcott* 26
A Lifetime with "Mark Twain" (Concluding Instalment) . . *Mary Lawton* 29
What the Modern Woman Has Done to Corsets . . . . . . *R. C. Stirton* 56
The Book-Shelf 95

For the Children

The Pin-a-Peep Show—Little Red Riding-Hood . . . *Berta and Elmer Hader* 47

Home-Making

PAGE
The Study in the English House *Winnifred Fales* 30
Does Your Baby Go to School? *Hetty Lovejoy Sorden* 39
Suggestions for October Brides *Anna Steese Richardson* 42
The Babies' Health Department *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge* 54
Delicious Ice-Box Cakes *Elsie Fjelstad Radder* 66
A House of Simple Dignity *Collier Stevenson* 69

Embroidery

To Make Needlework Simpler for You, These Designs Are Colored 61
In Artistic Detail Lies the Beauty of Your Home 71

Fashions of the Month

Modèle Parisien 57
Making Better Dresses *Mary Brooks Picken* 74
Newest School Clothes Are Simply Designed 79
There Are Many Ways to Wear Plaits, Godets, and Flares, but None of Them Are Smarter Than These. . . . 80-81
The Chic Silhouette May Be Flared or Straight 82
Circular Fulness Is Sponsored by the Mode 83
Graceful Modes for the Large Woman of Slender Hips 84
The Coat Mode Insists on Fur-Trimming and Flares 85
The Smart Thing to Wear for Fall . . 86
A New Style Theme Is Silk and Velvet. . 87
Youthful Modes for Autumn School-Days 88
Newest Sleeves for Girls are Long and Puffed 89
Dainty Simplicity 90
New and Dainty Lingerie 91

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